Record of Christian Work

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Brief American Notes. A Presbyterian church has recently been organized among **the Persians of San Francisco.** The minister is the Rev. L. K. Nweeya, a graduate of the seminary in Urumia, Persia.

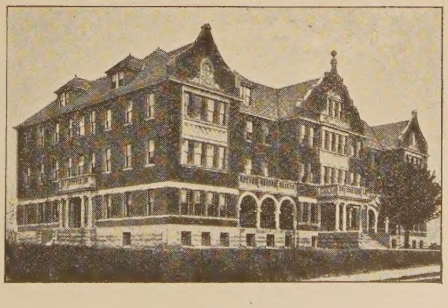
Capt. Neil McQuarrie of **the Gospel motor boat** *Evangel,* running in Florida waters, has organized five Congregational churches and three Sunday schools in two years. Two church buildings have already been built for these, and a third is projected. Mr. McQuarrie has further secured over five acres as a site for a Bible Conference and Sunday School Institute.

To the six thousand people on the hundreds of little **islands between Little Machias Bay and Pemaquid Point on the Maine Coast,** the missionary yacht *Sunbeam* ministers in a variety of ways. This vessel has been provided by Mrs. John S. Kennedy at a cost of $7000. The missionary in charge is the Rev. Alexander McDonald, a graduate of Bowdoin and Andover Seminary. Mr. McDonald has regular stations at more than fifty settlements where no other Gospel services of any kind are held. Sunday schools are established; the sick cared for. At Crowley's Island are beginnings of social settlement work. Mr. McDonald is seeking to arrange for the education of the children in lighthouses, whose opportunities are extremely limited.

The Harvard Zionist Club is the first group of students at Harvard organizing for specifically Jewish ends. Menorah associations are also being founded among Jewish students in American universities. These are composed of both Zionist and other Jews, and are federated into the Intercollegiate Menorah Association with a bimonthly organ which is to begin publication this month. The purpose of these associations is to band the future leaders of American Judaism into one body and to aid in the dissemination of Jewish culture.

The celebration of the Catholic festival of Fête-Dieu this year in the Province of Quebec brought to light various unpleasant manifestations of the Romanist temperament. At Montreal, Grande Mère, St. Boniface and elsewhere the militia were requisitioned by the clergy for their processions in the face of a ministerial order forbidding the participation of troops with rifles at religious exercises. At Grande Mère various Protestants were ordered to uncover when the procession passed. Refusing this they were forced by the police to leave the street.

The (Presbyterian) German Seminary at Dubuque, Ia., is 62 years old, having been started in 1852 by a godly German tailor, Adrian van Vleet, in his own home with two converts who wished to acquire the elements of Biblical theology. During the intervening years more than a hundred churches in the Central West have come into being as a result of the evangelistic zeal of its students. The great influx of immigrants from Central and Eastern Europe has led to a widening of the college's aims and



DUBUQUE (IOWA) GERMAN SEMINARY.

activities. There are at present in attendance Germans, Bohemians, Mexicans, Danes, Jews, Swiss, Bulgarians, Armenians, Chaldeans, Poles, Hollanders, Hungarians, Servians, Spaniards, and representatives of English-speaking lands. Dr. Steffens, of Dubuque, Ia., will give information to those desiring it concerning this useful school.

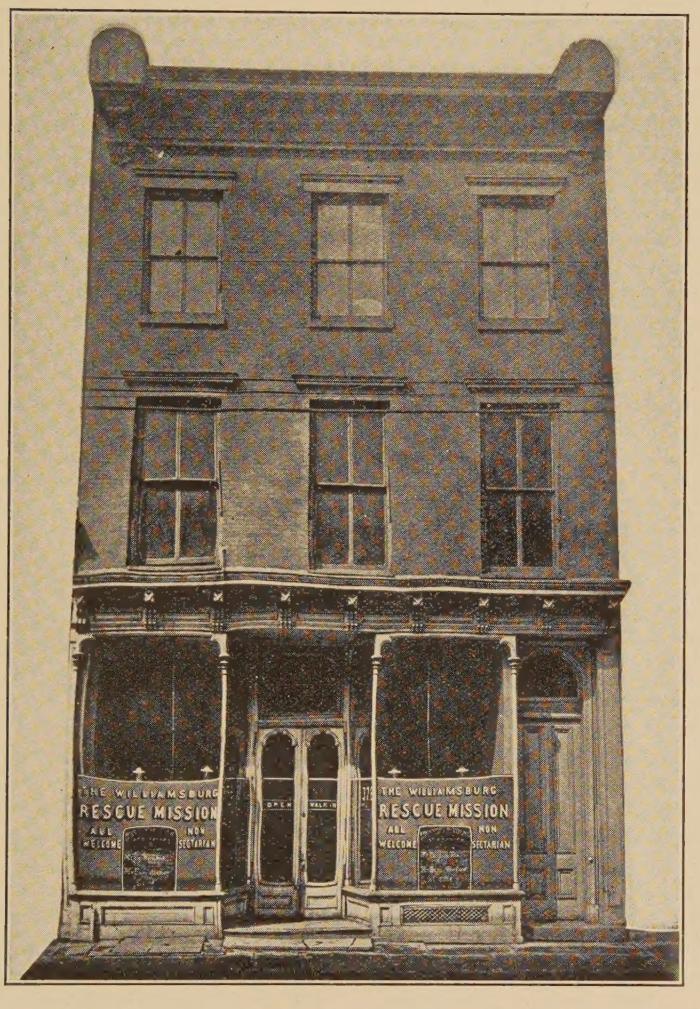
The Central Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association offers an elaborate educational course for the coming winter. This includes modeling, drawing, stenography, commercial instruction, millinery, dressmaking, embroidery, trained attendance, cooking, modern languages, gymnastics, music and Bible and Mission study. There is a course for speeding up typewriters, another in preserving and canning, a third in feather-curling, a fourth in invalid cookery, a fifth in parliamentary law and so on. The Association is as invaluable an educational agency for girls as its brother organization for young men.

The Gospel Team movement is spreading in Kansas, Oklahoma, and other parts of the Southwest. Large landowners and hired men, as well as business men, are participating in it. It is wisely led, free from eccentricities, and a great aid to the struggling pastors of little places on the prairies. Interest in Bible study has greatly increased in consequence of it, and religion has become a topic of common conversation in offices and clubs.

The rescue mission should, if for no other reason, receive the hearty support of the Church in that it so often stretches out the hand to the Church's own children. In **the Williamsburg (Brooklyn) Mission** Yearly Report are various short biographies of saved men. Mr. Benj. B. Morrison, who leads the Monday night meeting, started in business with Bruce and Cook, the well-known metal merchants of New York. Early in life he connected himself with the Presbyterian church. His advance in business was steady, but drink ruined all until he touched bottom. On Dec. 7, 1912, he was saved, and on the anniversary a year later Mr. Gardner Cooper, a member of his old firm of Bruce and Cook, came to the mission to rejoice with him over his return to the Master's house. Another convert, Mr. Samuel Winslow, was, according to his own story, a "mission fakir." Sitting in Madison Square Park one Sunday afternoon in May, 1913, wondering where to make the next "touch," a friend suggested the Williamsburg Rescue Mission. "The superintendent is easy. If you work him right you can get lodgings and meals for two or three

A Gospel Team in Oklahoma Ready to Start on a Trip.

By courtesy of The Congregationalist.



THE WILLIAMSBURG RESCUE MISSION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

weeks." But something touched *him* that night, and the man who had panhandled every mission from 42d Street to the Battery gave his heart to Jesus. The tramp, park bum and fakir was born again. "Old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new." Mr. Winslow is to-day assistant to the superintendent and Tuesday night leader.

Breaking the Way with a Hospital. In *Mexico,* the organ of the Methodist Mission in Old Mexico, an account is given by Dr. Salmans of the remarkable effectiveness of a mission hospital in preparing the ground for mission evangelization. For 16 years an evangelistic mission with two schools was carried on in the fiercely fanatical city of Guanajuato. Some 500 persons were converted in this period, but so severe was the persecution that hardly 50 were at the end living in the place. A long list of American and Mexican workers, who had done their best and gone elsewhere, was to be seen at the mission's headquarters. At this juncture Bishop Ninde decided to establish a Christian hospital. This has been in existence, at the date of writing, 21 years, and during that time the Board at home has appropriated to it some $43,000 (Mex.)—that is, less than $2000

(Mex.) a year. But the earnings of the hospital, together with gifts from Mexicans, have, in the same period, amounted to $275,000, and as an indirect result local church contributions and school income have reached a total of $54,000.

Thirteen hundred people have been received into membership in this church. Nearly all the present members owe their conversion directly or indirectly to the influence of the hospital. Ninety thousand persons have been treated—practically all of whom have heard the Gospel in ward or dispensary, and have carried it, with the thousand portions of the Scripture sold annually, into their homes in city or country.

"We can see on every hand a change of feeling as we move among the people within a hundred miles of Guanajuato. Whereas formerly we were met only with a frown and cold shoulder, we are now received on every hand with signs of appreciation, love, and confidence. The schools and church come in for a generous share of this regard, as well as the efficient nurses' school with its three-year course."

The present disastrous situation in Mexico is, however, pressing hard on the Hospital of the Good Samaritan and its devoted staff. The economic disturbance has cut down its income seriously. Are there any who would like to help tide over the crisis by sending a contribution to Dr. L. B. Salmans, Guanajuato, Mexico?

The Louisiana French. That portion of Southern Louisiana which lies between the Mississippi and Sabine rivers, running halfway up the state, is practically all French. Its population is in the neighborhood of a half million. The priests are in the saddle, and there is no considerable section in the United States where the rate of illiteracy is so high. In St. Landry parish, for example, the percentage of white children over ten years of age who are illiterate is 42.6, and only 29.4% of the children of school age are on school benches. In Acadia parish, where five sixths of the 31,847 people are Catholics, the rate of illiteracy among the whites is 45.4, which is nearly twice as high as among the negroes.

Mr. Routh in *The Home Field* describes the beginnings of religious awakening in this desperately needy field. A number of Romanists—Messrs. Olivier, Derouen, Smith, Fusilier, Coty, Stagg and others—have been converted, and are now preaching the Gospel with great fervor. Mr. Coty was converted less than a month before entering the priesthood. Mr. Olivier is a descendant of an Acadian peasant, transplanted from Nova Scotia to Louisiana. He preaches at Faiquetaique and has a flourishing French Baptist school, where, beside the 40 children from Baptist families, study eighteen children from strict Catholic homes. A recently converted layman, Mr. C. Savoie, goes up and down the bayou on which he lives in his little gasoline launch, distributing literature. The people are, according to Mr. Routh, everywhere longing for a better religion. At Eunice, four years ago, 33 persons were converted. There were a thousand persons present at the baptism, the first ever held in the country. Priests instigated certain men to threaten the lives of the preachers and it was necessary to secure armed deputies for their protection during the baptismal service. Now there is a church there of more than a hundred members. The people come to preaching services for miles in their wagons and buggies, and bring their babies with them. It is no uncommon thing for a congregation to stay two or three hours and then go home reluctantly.

"When they are converted religion takes the first place with them and they would rather talk about what God has done for them than about land or money."

"Since I was converted," said one of them to Mr. Routh, "I have had more peace in my heart than in all my life before. I used to dance and play cards and go to horse-races. The priest said that would be all right if I went to church Sunday morning. I did so as a good Catholic, but at night I would feel that my conscience was not in the right place. Then I read the Bible and found my way through."

The Gypsies of Bulgaria. The Rev. R. Thomson of Samakov, Bulgaria, chronicles in *The Orient* another unexpected awakening—this time in the

Bulgarian gypsy communities. These gypsies are somewhat numerous and are divided into three main groups. First, the itinerant Mohammedan ones who are horsetraders and tinkers, dirty and thievish; second, the settled Mohammedans, of a somewhat higher grade, chiefly occupied with horse and cattle shoeing. These classes include about two thirds of the Bulgarian gypsies. The balance are members of the Orthodox church, distinctly higher in culture than the others of their race, yet much below the general level of the Bulgarian population. They are handworkers, speak Bulgarian well, and often intermarry with Bulgarians. The revival Mr. Thomson refers to has taken place at Golintsy, a village near the Danube, and has followed the preaching of a Methodist pastor, Peter Vasileff, of the neighboring town of Lom. Twenty gypsy families have constituted themselves into an evangelical church, and at the dedication of their church building last spring eight more conversions were registered. Mr. Thomson describes these gypsies as short of stature, very swarthy, and distinctly above the average in mental ability and spiritual power.

"The one who addressed the Pan-Evangelical Congress last autumn was not only self-possessed, concise, and forcible, but wove into his speech—and so aptly—such a succession of Scripture phrases that I was irresistibly reminded of the prayers and sermons of the ministers of my boyhood days in Edinburgh. Yet he was a Scripture student of not more than five years' standing."

The gypsy community is fervid in spirit and intensely interested in the spiritual welfare of their Orthodox brethren in their own and neighboring villages. They delight in the singing of hymns. They study the Bulgarian Bible, but if the movement spreads it may be necessary to provide it with Scripture and hymns in the Romany—the Gospel of Luke alone being now in that tongue. A great exterior reformation has gone parallel with the interior change. Homes have been immensely improved, girls are going to school as well as boys,—a thing unheard of in the past!—faces are clean, daily language has been purged of evil, and the whole manner of life elevated. Dr. Thomson cherishes the hope of securing a visit of the great English gypsy evangelist to these new communities of "followers."

Among European Students. Mr. Robert Wilder, the indefatigable pioneer of the Student Christian Movement, has been making **a visit to Portuguese universities.** He has organized student groups at Oporto, Coimbra, and elsewhere. At Coimbra, where there is a body of 55 students organized for Bible study, Mr. Wilder spoke three times in the great hall of the council to the professors of the university and had an audience of over 700 persons each time.

Pastor Monsky speaking of the **last conference of Austrian Christian students** at Cameral-Ellgoth in Austrian Silesia says:

"For eight days these Christian students with their secretaries were together in the idyllic forest spot for study of God's Word. It is a strange movement, this Christian student movement, which goes through the land. We can take it from the hand of the Lord as a sign of the new incoming time. What significance the movement has for the torn and quarrelling peoples of Austria and Hungary may be inferred from the fact that representatives of some fourteen nations were gathered in harmony at the feet of Christ—Germans, Tschechs, Poles, Magyars, Croats, Bulgarians, Rumanians, Russians, Dutch, French, Swiss, English and Americans. *Ut omnes unum sint!*"

The student association of Naples has moved into new quarters on the *Via Roma.* Wednesday evenings are devoted to Bible study. The meetings for religious culture are often crowded with 200 persons, among them certain professors, university graduates, and representatives of lower schools, as well as undergraduates.

Salvation's Jubilee. The Decennial Congress of the Salvation Army drew to London 2100 delegates from overseas and half as many more from the British Isles. At the Crystal Palace Demonstration it is reckoned that nearly 50,000 Salvationists were present,

and we read of 200 bands with 4000 instruments and other accompaniments of this greatest of field days. It was remarked how cordial the reception of Londoners was to the great procession as it moved through the familiar streets to Hyde Park. The "General" announced, in rough statement, an advance of about a third in the statistics of the organization since 1904. There are now 9516 outposts and stations and more than 55,000 local officers. The "trophies meeting" at the Strand Hall constituted a collection of mended earthenware such as one rarely meets with—between 500 and 600 in all. Fifty ex-burglars sat massed on, or near, the platform.

No "Broken Earthenware" at this Table. The Roman newspapers have been full of the details of a dinner given in honor of the newly appointed cardinals by Cardinal Merry del Val. We pass over the *menu* with its *Plombière à l'orientale, Soupirs glacés,* etc., and recall the luxury of the furnishings alone. The dinner was given in the great hall of the Borgia apartments. The centerpiece of the table was a silver plate in Empire style, eighteen feet long, decorated with figures of women, bearing wreaths and festoons finely chiseled. The solid gold plates, the old English and Saxon *faience,* the gold fruit dishes, gave the table an appearance, at least for our day, of unexampled display. The walls were hung with *Renaissance* tapestries, such as no other Court in the world could display—the work of the greatest artists of all time. The pavements were covered with immense Smyrna rugs. The *chef* who prepared the sumptuous meal is of the household of the Russian Princess Gortschakoff, who loans him to the Vatican for days at a time.

The Holy Office in 1914. The Roman correspondent of *Le Chrétien Libre* gives some account of two religious houses in Rome which are virtually prisons for priests suspected of modernism. The facts first came out in lectures delivered at the *Cercle Savonarola* by two former priests, one of whom had lain two years in the prisons in question. The commissioner-general of the Holy Office (i.e., the Inquisition) is Father Dominique Pasqualigo; the judge, Mgr. Serafini, who has just received the red hat of a cardinal. When a priest is suspected of heresy he is denounced by his bishop. The Holy Office then summons him to Rome. On Wednesday, the day reserved by the Inquisition for the consideration of such cases, he is tried, without, however, knowing by whom the charges are brought against him. If the result is unfavorable he is asked to leave his hotel and accept the hospitality of a religious house. Agreeing to this he is sent to Father Eloi Joy of the *Fraternità Sacerdotale* at No. 12 St. Martino of Macao St. He is received cordially, but finds, when he gets within, that his chamber window is iron barred and that he is under orders to speak with no one in the house. Reading and writing are forbidden. The daily routine is as follows: Up at 5. From 5.30 to 8, meditations. Coffee. From 8.15 to 11.30, meditations. Then dinner and recreation. From 2.30 to 3.30, solitude in chamber. From 5.30 to 7, meditation and sermon. Supper. At 8 o'clock, bed with absolute prohibition of light. These "meditations" are fatal to the mind. In twelve years ten priests have been carried out insane. One, Gionati Contucci, has been confined here nine years. A Sardinian priest, Garau Angelo, is still here after five years of "meditations." Two Irishmen, McGowan and Kerran, a Peruvian, a Belgian, and others are also at present incarcerated. The other Roman prison of the Inquisition which is said to be even more rigorous is at No. 24 *Via della Camiluccia.* It has been in existence four years and in this time three prisoners have gone mad in it—Father Henry, Father Donnell of New Zealand, and a Sicilian Dominican named Pelligra. There are two prisons of this type in Paris—one on the Boulevard Pereire, 288; the other at Malmaison. There is also one in Quebec for American priests. The writer in *Le Chrétien Libre* affirms that these are under the protection of the British government which supposes them to be simply religious establishments.

The Theosophist Parousia. Theosophists predict the coming of a great world-teacher and have organized themselves into "The Order of the Star in the East" to welcome him. This order "finds its center in one mighty figure, the Supreme Teacher of Gods and Men. He is already its center, even though the time may not have come for Him to advance control in His own Person."

"Never before," writes Professor Wodehouse, "has the work of the Supreme Teacher been heralded and prepared by a worldwide organization of men and women, definitely conscious of the future, seeking to tune themselves beforehand to the work which the Teacher shall sound forth."

"We must place the hope of this coming," writes Lady Emily Lutyen, "in the forefront of our lives; we must make it the central idea round which every other idea will revolve; the one thought which is to color all our other thoughts."

Another theosophical writer, Mr. Arundale, says:

"We must do all we are doing more thoroughly because He is near and because He is watching us. . . . . You should recognize that the Great Teacher has even now special messengers in the world, guiding and directing the force which later He will direct Himself in person."

The order was founded in Benares, January 11, 1911. It has now 12,000 members. Mrs. Besant boldly announces "a curious and interesting development," viz., that some Christian journals suggest that the Coming One will be an Antichrist. This idea, she believes,

"is not likely to do harm. On the contrary, I think it may do good by familiarizing people whom we cannot reach with the idea and by influencing them to think about it."

"When God makes a man, Satan makes an ape," said Vinet. This parody of "the blessed hope" is largely promoted by apostate Christians. Mrs. Besant was herself once the wife of an Anglican clergyman, and Messrs. Leadbeater and Scott-Moncrieff were, we believe, both formerly clergymen of the same church.

Religion and Murder. Dr. S. G. Wilson publishes in the *Moslem World* evidence which goes to show that the Bahais have throughout their history freely availed themselves of "religious assassination." It is a sordid story of dishes of plain food mixed with poison, of the barber Mohammed Ali secured to cut a throat in a bath, of opponents murdered and buried in quicklime, of prisoners flayed alive and then roasted by the Babis. A Bahai of Shirez said to Professor Browne:

"You surely cannot pretend to deny that a prophet who is the incarnation of the Eternal Intelligence has a right to inflict death openly or secretly on those who stubbornly oppose him. A prophet is no more to be blamed for removing an obdurate opponent than a surgeon for the amputation of a gangrened limb."

The Bahais, in the expansive fashion of their "liberal" friends, declare themselves "ready to consort with men of every faith with spirituality and fragrance." Their leader was petted and fêted when visiting America, and even invited to speak in a leading New York Episcopalian church. But Professor Browne truly asks:

"Of what use are the noblest and most humane utterances if associated with such deeds? . . . . One by one the Baba adherents of Subh-i Azal disappeared, most of them, as I fear cannot be doubted, by foul play on the part of the too zealous Bahais."

The leaders of these factions accused each other of attempted assassination, and in the next breath declared themselves "manifestations of God."

The Illusion about Asiatic Religion. American adherents of this sect of Bahais are, so it is reported, to take part in the projected round-the-world flight of Unitarians, Universalists, Theosophists and others of "liberal" feather. With them they are to visit "the Sheik-ul-Islam in Constantinople, the Mufti and large-minded Jews in Jerusalem, Parsees and Brahmos, Sikhs and 'new' Buddhists of India, the followers of Unitarian and liberal German missions in Japan." If these pilgrims of humanity would go to the right places in Asia they would, perhaps, at last get the right ideas about Asia.

"So enraged over Hinduism that it is going to be difficult for us to behave in the presence of its apologists," is the way in which Mrs. Montgomery sums up her impressions. "The holiest temples of India are simply shambles and filthy devil houses." And then she de-

A Group of One Hundred and Twenty-seven Lepers and Six Untainted Children at the Chengmai Leper Asylum, Who Last Christmas Received Presents and Picture Post Cards from Friends in the United States. On That Day They Gave Rs. 25 ($8.00 Gold) to the American Bible Society. This They Had Saved from Their Allowance of Forty Cents per Week.

scribes the "mere physical filth, slippery courts, noisome alleys, the green, slimy pools in which at one and the same time you see people bathing, brushing their teeth, washing their clothes and their cooking vessels, and drinking; the hideous grinning idols; the half-naked, fat priests with their cruel faces; the slinking forms of the temple prostitutes; the sacred bulls and monkeys and bloody sacrifices."

There speaks the realist who has seen life in Asia steadily.

Leper Notes. The United States government has set apart **the island of Culion for the 3500 lepers** which have been found in the Philippines. Here they are allowed great freedom, almost the entire island being devoted to them. Everything possible is done to relieve their miseries of mind and body.

The United Mission to the Lepers reports for 1913 **an income of $142,040**—the largest to date. This represents an effective mission of pity to the unutterably distressed. "There are patients here whom to look upon would draw tears from the heart of a stone," writes a visitor to one asylum. It is good that the suffering of such is being alleviated. It is good that they have won a hope of a better life, as in the case of the lepers of Asansol, who at the opening of the new buildings, sang in Bengali the hymn:

"Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me, saith One, and coming, be at rest."

The Kwanju Asylum, Korea, has grown from an old tile-kiln where the first leper patient was housed five years ago. She had been found on the roadside, almost dead, with worn and bleeding feet, and was taken into the warm tile-kiln and fed and taught. Then followed a little wooden building of three rooms which the missionaries paid for from their own pockets. This has been displaced now by a suitable asylum, the gift of the Mission to Lepers. It will care for 100 patients. Dr. Wilson writes. "I am taking them out of the snow every day now, and we shall soon reach the 100 limit."

Leprosy is **terribly prevalent among the Hakkas** of the Honyan district, China. It is estimated that there are 15,000 cases in a population of 600,000. They roam the country begging or live in exclusively leper villages. They are frequently destroyed by their relatives either by drowning, by burning, or by burying alive.

Mr. Taylor of the Friends' Mission in Bhopal tells of a leper in his asylum, a devout Christian, who loved to sing hymns, accompanying himself with cymbals. When his fingers, one by one, fell

off, he would have the cymbals tied onto his hand-stumps and sing cheerily on.

In China it is not uncommon for a creditor to work on the fears of a belated debtor by hiring a leper to sit in his shop or house until the debt be paid. One can imagine the treatment which the leper would be subjected to by the person whose house he was haunting.

Of his **Korean lepers** Mr. Wilson writes:

"A very touching thing during the leper services on Sunday is to see how they help each other. When the number of the song or reference to Scripture is read many without fingers have to have the page turned and place found by those who have fingers.

"Last year when we organized Sunday school they elected one of the lepers, who is one of the most earnest Christians I have seen in Korea, as superintendent, and he is very busy, as this has made him general manager over everything about the place. He is so gentle and kind as to be generally known as 'the grace man,' for he rarely ever utters a sentence without saying: Through the grace and love of our Father."

Brief Notes from Abroad.

The assimilating English Jews are seeking to have the seminary, in which all the rabbis of England are trained, transferred from London to Cambridge in the hope of wearing down its Judaism. They have also proposed to have the study of the New Testament a part of the course. This has stirred up great bitterness among Zionist Jews who seek to preserve the specifically Jewish spirit and nationality.

There are those in England who are **attempting to revive Druidism.** A party of these neo-Druid sun worshipers gathered at Stonehenge to watch the sun rise on June 21, the longest day of the year, and subsequently came into collision with the police who attempted to stop their praying to the sun at the Altar Stone.

Mr. Corkey, a Presbyterian pastor of Ulster, in a recent speech in London, brought out the significant fact that in the city of Belfast all the appointments made by the City Corporation are made by Protestants. Yet so tolerant and indulgent is this body that **it gives employment to 900 Roman Catholics, paying them £47,000 annually in wages.** The Roman Catholics of the city pay but £17,000 annually in taxes.

The Hibernian section of the Church Missionary Society raised £30,000 in the last fiscal year, the largest amount to date. There are 134 Irish missionaries, men and women, on the C. M. S. roll at the present time. During the past century 292 missionaries have been despatched from the Church of Ireland to the foreign field under this society.

El Cristiano of Madrid gives an account of a **meeting of "Catholic affirmation"** called in the Tivoli Theater, Barcelona, as an answer to the great meeting of 5000 evangelical Christians referred to in our August number. This purely Romanist demonstration was of such a quarrelsome character that ladies in attendance were obliged to leave and the chairman had finally to close it abruptly.

During the recent International Congress of Music in Paris **a special concert made up wholly of Huguenot music** (Goudimel, Claude Lejeune, and de Lessus) was given in the Church of the Holy Spirit.

A call has gone out for the founding of a German-Armenian Society to knit tighter the relations between the two peoples. This is defended by the needs of the hour: the extent to which Germany has participated in recent diplomatic measures in behalf of Armenia, by the extensive trade of Germany in the Levant, by the existence of various German orphanages, schools, and hospitals in Asia Minor, by the presence of Armenian students in German universities. It is signed by a list of brilliant German professors, officers and public men.

Dr. Hiatt, the pastor of the Union Church in Paris, reports rumors of a **secret evangelical propaganda persistently at work in the French army.** Partly because of the extent to which a reputation for religion would do a man harm in French military circles, the meetings are held with the secrecy that

attached to Protestant gatherings in the centuries of Roman Catholic domination. The movement appears to have started with a cobbler who has a genius for expounding Scripture. To him have come many privates seeking spiritual instruction, and the influence of his work is said to be very definite, and to have reached officers as well as the rank and file.

The *Blättern für Innere Mission* prints the written **replies which a German school teacher received from his children** when asking them in the religion classes about prayer. Many reported that they had never prayed or heard a prayer. "We have a gentleman lodger who says that praying does not help anybody," wrote one. "I don't pray," said another; "my father says that prayer is *nicht mehr modern*" (no longer up to date). An ultimate consequence of modernism, indeed!

The withdrawal from the state churches of Germany on the part of nominal members and actual unbelievers is quite as large from the Roman Catholic Church as from the Lutheran. Thus in Baden there were 808 withdrawals from the Romanist church and 760 from the Protestant in 1913; in 1912 the figures were 930 Romanist and 880 Protestant.

The evangelical community in Malta is to be served by Signor Falzon, himself a Maltese and a former priest, who has been in training in the Waldensian Teacher-Evangelist School at Florence. Maltese evangelical Christians, although British subjects, are subject to much petty persecution from the side of Rome. In a recent memorial presented to the Evangelical Alliance they describe themselves as

"forced to kneel down before statues and images of saints and to sing hymns in their honor in a dead tongue. If we refuse to do as bidden we are looked upon as abominable heretics, excommunicated, and obliged either to starve or quit the island as many have done."

A writer in *Die Welt* announces that the **Jews in Russia are applying for baptism** in considerable numbers. The major part of them become either Protestants or Armenian Catholics. In 1913, 1147 Jews entered the Russian church. These baptisms certainly represent convenience rather than conviction. It is likely that this is also largely the case with the 300 baptisms administered by Pastor Rosen in Wiborg (Finland) and with the 500 converts registered by Pastor Pirro in Helsingfors. Three thousand is probably a low estimate of these nominal adhesions yearly to Christianity.

The Prime Minister of Australia, the Hon. Joseph Hume Cook, is a Methodist lay preacher.

THE MISSION FIELD.

White to the Harvest. A Hindu Christian at Benares recently remarked concerning the mass movements which are emerging in various parts of Hindustan:

"We have three harvests: the first of potherbs that goes on continually, the winning of individuals here and there; the rice harvest, very much larger, that represents local movements; and the third is the wheat harvest, great plains of wheat rolling away into the distance."

The last of these is making itself apparent in China among the Miaos of Yunnan. Mr. Hudspeth reports from fifty to sixty thousand of these people turning to God from evil in the past ten years. He tells of 2500 Miaos assembling at a time on the mountainside (because the church will not hold them) to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Many of them were in tears at the remembrance of the Redeemer's love and of the blackness of their sinful past. In 500 Miao villages the local club houses, built by the girls and women of the tribe for immoral purposes, have been done away with or transformed into meeting-houses, where the village elder now leads in regular evening worship.

Similar Accounts are coming in from Africa. The Church Missionary Society's work is overflowing into German East Africa. Two years ago it had 97 catechumen there; at the last advices,

2324. In 1913, pupils in C. M. S. schools increased from 7200 to 17,000. Bishop Peel describes the missionaries as "wonderstruck" at the widespread desire for religious instruction in Ugogo and Ukaguru.

"I see mud and wattle churches built for Sunday and weekday use in most of the places I visit."

Mr. Pleydell, of Maseno in Kavirondo, writes:

"Only a few years ago Kavirondo was conspicuous for its people's lack of clothing, its great heathen dances, and opium smoking; but all this is rapidly passing away, owing to Christian civilization and government control. If we read the signs of the times rightly, young Kavirondo will become Christian in a few years. Roughly, the number of our adherents is somewhere near five thousand."

And the Rev. F. H. Wright, speaking of these Nilotic Kavirondo, says:

"It is a thrilling sight to see a closely-packed mass of black faces before one, and to notice many,—who a few months ago were walking about naked, covered with grease and red ochre, living in terror of the evil spirits they believed awaited to do them injury,—now clean and clothed and joining together in the worship of a God of love, and anxious to hear more of the revelation He has given us through His Son Jesus Christ."

In the Yoruba mission in Southern Nigeria the adult baptisms of the year past were 2500. A reporter in the *C. M. S. Review* visited Ondo in 1906 and found a congregation of 400 in the one church of the town. Seven years later he found three large churches well filled with congregations aggregating 2000. Sixty thousand Yoruba reading primers were sold last year,—another indication of awakening interest.

God's Faithfulness. The splendid gift of £20,000 to endow the Mission Hospital at Gujrat (India) has back of it an interesting history of believing prayer. Miss Hunter, convener of the Women's Association, wrote in February, 1889:

"Five years ago there was no Medical Mission at Gujrat, but some of us at home banded together to pray that we might be helped to start one there.

The Dow Memorial Hospital, Gujrat, India.

About August, 1894, I was asked to join the prayer circle. The following Christmas, Miss Russell went up from Poona and began work. A few months later Montreal wrote that they would promise us £100 a year if we would keep a lady doctor at Gujrat. Then the following year (1896) we began praying for a hospital, and in November, at our monthly prayer meeting, we asked definitely that, if it were God's will to let us have a hospital at Gujrat, He would send us the necessary funds, straight off, without our having a bazaar or all the usual money-raising devices one has so often to resort to. The answer came in January, 1897—'Spend as much as you did on Poona Hospital'—just two months after we had asked for it.

It is wonderful to look back on it all and realize that in five years from the time we began praying the hospital is built, free of debt, and I verily believe the entire up-keep will be guaranteed without any drain on the Committee's funds. I feel as if we ought to write on the front of the hospital:

'Asked of God, November, 1896.
Given of God, January, 1897.'"

The Newspaper Mission in Japan. We have spoken frequently of the press propaganda which the Rev. Albertus Pieters carries on in Japan. Dr. Pieters writes us concerning recent activities:

"My 'Life of Christ' was completed in the local papers about the middle of December, and after that, partly for economy and partly because of the season, I thought it well to publish nothing for a while but the ordinary offer to send books free. Active work was resumed Feb. 8th when I sent out 30,000 handbills to be distributed by the mail-carriers throughout this province. (The Japanese post-office is one of the most accommodating institutions in the world. It will do all kinds of things for you that the American post-office would never dream of.) These 30,000 handbills announced to the public that on and after the 10th of the month, every other day until completed, we would publish in the *Hoshu Shimpo* and in the *Oita Nichi Nichi* a series of articles from a former Buddhist priest, entitled, 'Why I Abandoned Buddhism and Became a Christian.' The handbills set people all over the province to talking about these articles and to watching for them.

"The articles themselves aroused a good deal of public interest, as was shown by the number of letters we received with reference to them. One man wrote me enthusiastically and said:

"'If you keep on putting such articles into the papers the country will be Christian before the people know it, for unconsciously their whole attitude towards Buddhism will change.'

"This is the testimony also of our friends, one of whom, a colporteur under the Methodist mission, recently called especially to tell me about it and to help me praise God for it. He assured me that these articles were read with unusual interest and attention by the younger priests and the more intelligent who are dissatisfied with conditions in their religious organizations where corruption and peculation abound.

"The articles were very cleverly written. There was nothing controversial about them, at least about their form. They were mainly a recital of the writer's spiritual experiences—how he had become a Buddhist priest, what his studies and work were, how he had got dissatisfied, how he came to hear his first sermon, and how various Christians had labored with him until, through many a doubt and struggle, he had come to full faith in Christ. . . . .

"In consequence of this advertising, we have had since the opening of the year more than 350 new inquirers and a total of nearly 600 communications. The number of people writing is constantly on the increase. It is becoming a serious part of my work to answer questions. These are for the most part along the old familiar lines: 'What is the origin of evil?' 'Who made God?' 'If God made the world and the world is evil isn't God to blame?' 'How can we be sure that the stories of Christ's miracles are not made up (perhaps for good purposes) by the priests of old times?' 'Why were such horrible massacres of innocent people commanded in the Old Testament?' 'Why is God called "a jealous God"?' 'Why does Christianity teach such superstitions as future punishment, the efficacy of prayer, the personality of God?' 'If I become a Christian will you give me employment as a preacher?' etc. It is a great joy occasionally to have a man write that his doubts are cleared up and that he has given himself to the Saviour. Many requests have come in for the loan of books. I think it will be necessary in the future to establish a loan library for more advanced readers."

Mr. Pieters speaks of a convert who is known as "the Christian blacksmith." When a customer comes in to have a piece of work done he props up his Bible on the bellows beside him and reads aloud while blowing the fire and waiting for the iron to get hot. His wife was at first opposed to his meddling with this strange doctrine, but has quite come

over since she is no longer beaten by a husband in his cups!

Mission Social Service Work in Siam. The Kenneth McKenzie Memorial School, at Lampang, has installed tanning machinery for its industrial department and is producing first-class leather. A large German firm buys the product. Mr. Vincent writes:

"It was with considerable anxiety we first fired the boiler, ran the steam up to 60 lbs., and opened the valve into the engine. The boiler had lost its steam gauge, water gauge, injector, and fixtures on its way from England. These I had to fit up from an available junk-heap. I had never even started an engine before, let alone fit up a boiler. But all the machines do their work well. The leather-splitter splits leather and tanners tan. As one of the by-products of the tannery we are going to be able this year to pump water on to the school farm to irrigate it. One pumping plant will throw 24,000 gallons per hour. We are expecting as a result a good crop of rice for feeding our boys in the school. The First Presbyterian Church of Portland has just invested $1000 in the completion of this school plant."

Dr. W. H. Beach of the Nan Mission Dispensary (Siam) is taking up the hookworm sickness. He finds that 90% of the natives he examines have this infection, and that 95% have an intestinal parasite of some kind. The consequence is pale, anæmic faces, swollen feet and hands, boils, ulcers, pains in stomach, and a lack of energy. As this sickness has continued for generations past, the general devitalized condition of the Siamese is not surprising. Dr. Beach proposes a twenty-year campaign for the eradication of this disease, —a campaign carried on jointly by the government and the different mission dispensaries,—and has no doubt as to its ultimate success.

In Chinese Turkestan. The Swedish Missionary Society has been carrying on operations in this country since 1892. The whole region is really an expansion of the great desert of Gobi, and the villages and cities one finds there are practically only oases in an endless waste. Ninety per cent of the people are pure-blooded Turks who, as their cousins in Asia Minor, are fanatical Mohammedans. Only 8% are Chinese. The country is one of the least accessible in the world. Entrance can be gained only by horse or foot over high mountain passes.

The mission was pioneered by the converted Mohammedan mollah, Mr. Awetaranian, now engaged in missions to Moslems in Bulgaria, who translated the whole New Testament into Kashgar Turkish. It was subjected to a great deal of persecution at first, not the least of which came from the Russian consul. Its medical missions, however, won the confidence of the people by degrees. At the present time there are three newly built and large hospitals,—at Kashgar, Yengi Hessar and Yarkand respectively, —manned by three physicians and four trained nurses. Each of these treats from 15 to 60 patients daily. Successful operations for cataract have given these hospitals high repute among the natives.

This medical work not only pays its own cost,—apart from the missionaries' salaries,—but gives yearly a considerable overplus for the other work. Thus the newly constructed mission station in Yengi Hessar was entirely paid for by the surplus from the Kashgar hospital.

The mission has well-attended schools at Kashgar, Hancheng, and Yarkand. It has prepared school books in geography, arithmetic, biology, etc.; also a grammar of Kashgar-Turkish for students of that language. Its mission press has published the Gospels, of which 8000 have gotten into circulation, and puts out a bi-monthly journal in Kashgar-Turkish for the whole province,—the only publication of the sort in the land. In fact, this is the single press in the country; and, in general, the only cultural influences in the land are those proceeding from this center. The Swedish missionaries are now fairly in the confidence of the people. Once their homes were stormed by infuriated mobs. Now the traders in the bazaars rarely count change from a missionary's hand. "What you give us is always right."

Brief Mission Notes. The Livingstonia Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland and the Blantyre Mission of the Church of Scotland are to be **united into**

the Church of Central Africa (Presbyterian). The Livingstonia Mission owes its origin to Dr. Stewart of Lovedale, who was present at the burial of Dr. Livingstone in Westminster Abbey, and, going thence, urged on the Scotch the establishment of a memorial mission in Central Africa. The Blantyre Mission takes its name from the birthplace of the great explorer-missionary.

The Rev. Donald Fraser, who has worked in the Livingstonia Mission in Nyassaland for 16 years, says of the **Ngoni tribes people:**

"Twenty-five years ago their sole wealth was got by robbing their neighbors. It is now many a year since the last public raid was made. Twenty years ago no native in these lands had seen a book. To-day there are 250 schools and thousands who can read. Twenty years ago there were no native Christians. To-day 20,000 profess to follow Christ. Mohammedanism, which threatened to make of the whole Lake region a great Moslem stronghold, is scarcely a recognizable quantity in any of the tribes among which the Livingstonia Mission is stationed, while Christianity is rapidly becoming at least the nominal religion of the people."

The Elat Presbyterian church (Africa) grows at an astonishingly rapid rate. Boys connected with its school spend their vacations evangelizing without pay. Twelve of them held more than 400 meetings in one season, attended by nearly 25,000 people. Many of these were from the far interior. The dwarfs of the jungle have also been reached. Three members of the Elat church settled 60 miles away in a region unevangelized, with the express purpose of evangelizing it. The Elat Industrial School has 135 acres of fertile land with fine forests. The original cost was but $55. Extensive fruit and food plantations have been developed. Palm oil trees in the nursery will suffice to plant ten acres; 10,000 rubber trees have been set out; a plantation of 500 sisal fiber plants has also been started, as the basis of a rope fiber industry. In the carpentering department beautiful ebony and redwood furniture has been made for the governor's palace at Victoria. Rattan chairs are also manufactured. The tailoring department is so successful that Europeans about to leave for home, order from it woolen suits and overcoats. This department has had a single order for a thousand garments!

The American Board Missionary in Turkey, Dr. Raynolds, who is now in America in the interest of his mission, was once attacked by Kurds, robbed, bound, and left to die in the mountains. He succeeded in freeing his hands, and escaped. His head is still marked with the scars from that day. The Turkish government indemnified him with a present of several thousand dollars, which the devoted missionary promptly utilized for building a chapel in his boys' school.

A memorial hospital is being built at Bannu to perpetuate the work of the late lamented Dr. T. L. Pennell. At the laying of the cornerstone wild peoples from the whole mountainous Waziristan country were present. The new hospital is to have out-patient department, men's wards, women's wards, and a *serai* for trans-frontier people,—the constituency to which Dr. Pennell especially ministered.

Chinese scholars speak with contempt of **Romanized Chinese,** but it is proving a useful aid for the education of illiterate Christians. These master the Romanized Scriptures and hymns with astonishing ease. The *Amoy Church News* reports that in the last five years the number of Romanized vernacular books sold in the Amoy *depôt* has risen from 9375 to 29,660.

The West China Religious Tract Society has issued **a tract which represents two hearts,**—one black, one red. Scripture quotations explain the regeneration of the heart. This tract is having a

great run. In one section of the province of Szechuen 65,000 copies have been circulated. No sooner is an edition printed than it is exhausted and requests are made for more of them. Financial help to the society would aid in its still greater circulation.

A Presbyterian elder in Hangchow (Province of Chefoo) had a deaf son whom he sent to the mission school for the deaf at Chefoo. When the boy graduated he quickly secured a position at the Commercial Press, Shanghai. This so pleased the father that a second son, not deaf, was sent to take the same training. With this son as a teacher, the father has now opened a school for the deaf in his own home at Hangchow. The mother, Mrs. Tse, is matron, and there are already six pupils in residence. Mr. Tse has interested 20 of the leading Christians belonging to the five missions in Hangchow, who have organized a society, **"The Founders of the Hangchow School for the Deaf."** They purpose to finance the school without the aid of foreign funds. This is a characteristic instance of the budding of institutional life in the Church of China.

A Gospel Hall has been opened in Ueno Park, Tokyo, on the grounds of the great Taisha exposition in which all Japan and many foreign lands participate. It was remarked at the dedicatory services that the Mayor of Tokyo, Baron Sakatani, abandoned his MSS. to speak in warm extemporized words of the special value which he placed on this building and its work.

"It seemed," he said, "insignificant in comparison with the imposing structures about it; yet, in his opinion, it was the center of the most profound reality and value of the whole exposition. It alone represented spiritual achievement; all the rest referred to material things only."

Such sentiments seem not uncommon among the leaders of present-day Japan.

These exposition meetings have been packed. During the Sei Kokwai week 61 meetings were held, and over 7000 persons came in and stayed through the services, 384 responding to invitations to after meetings. Seventy thousand tracts were given out in a single week. Divinity school students and lay Christians coöperated actively in the work of literature distribution. The music was led by organ, drum, violin and cornet.

The recent **resignation of Count Kozui Otani,** the grand abbot of the Nishi Hongwanji Temple in Kyoto, is the result of enormous indebtedness incurred in financing the missionary efforts of Buddhism. Count Otani equipped various expeditions,—one of which was sent to Central Asia, and another to Australia,—established Buddhist communities in California, and financed much other Buddhist propaganda.

Mr. Matsumoto, **a Christian graduate of the Agricultural College of the Imperial University in Tokyo,** has dedicated his life to teaching agriculture on the farm of the Okayama orphanage. This institution is patterned on the lines of the George Müller orphanage, in Bristol, England, and until his death was in charge of the devoted Mr. Ishi. Mr. Matsumoto's course has occasioned a great stir among his fellow students, especially as it was taken in the teeth of determined family opposition.

Ninety-eight per cent of the **Bible sales in Java in 1913** were to Moslems. In fact, Mohammedans purchase more Christian Scriptures than any other book. They frequently return to the colporteurs to buy other Scripture portions after they have finished with the first. A Chinese colporteur in Java, Khu Chiang Bi, sold 12,800 copies of the Scriptures during the past year. He is an able and indefatigable worker among the Mohammedan Malays.

Of a total population on the Fiji Islands of 90,000, **83,000 are adherents of the Methodist Church.** Their contributions to church missionary work amount to £10,000 a year, in addition to offerings for the care of home work.

The life of the late Mr. William W. Borden, in a booklet of ten pages, has been prepared in Chinese for circulation among the Moslems of China, the people to whom Mr. Borden dedicated his brief life. Through the generosity of Mr. Borden's mother, an edition of 5000 has

been printed for free distribution by the China Inland Mission.

Dr. Livingstone Wilson and his sister Miss Livingstone Wilson, **grandchildren of David Livingstone,** have gone as missionaries to Nyassaland under the Board of the United Free Church of Scotland.

DR. LIVINGSTONE WILSON AND MISS LIVINGSTONE WILSON.

By courtesy of The Missionary Herald.

Another son of a great missionary father, the Rev. Fred I. Paton of the New Hebrides, is hard at work on his father's field. He writes us:

"We have had four of our people imprisoned by the French. They first stole the natives' land. When the natives collected money to pay a lawyer, other leading natives were arrested. Our leading elder and most influential teacher was put in jail for four months, and then given two months more for 'extorting money by means of threats.' He had never collected a farthing, either directly or indirectly. . . . . Four of the finest teachers on Malekula, and three boys, were murdered by bushmen to whom they had gone by appointment to hold service. They were fine men. The bushmen surrounded them, telling them that they were going to kill them. One of the teachers opened his coat and said: 'You may kill my body, but you can't kill my spirit. It will go to God.' So he was shot. . . . .

"I have seen a sight greater than Niagara. On Saturday an island 20 miles away literally blew up. The center for miles was a living electric fire, thousands of feet high. Next day we learned that our missionary hospital was blown into the air and that Dr. Bane just escaped, having been the last to go. I went over on my little motor boat *Northfield* as soon as I knew about it, and saved a few. There are 200 refugees. That keeps us busy!"

BLIND CHILDREN.

By Israel Zangwill.

(The following striking verses are by the well-known Anglo-Jewish novelist and poet. They will interest our readers "who love His appearing" and who believe it to be imminent.)

Laughing, the blind boys
Run round their college lawn,
Playing such games of buff
Over its dappled grass.

See the blind frolicsome
Girls in blue pinafores,
Turning their skip ropes.

How full and rich a world
Theirs to inhabit is!
Sweet scent of grass and bloom,
Playmates' glad sympathy,
Cool touch of western wind,
Sunshine's divine caress—
How would they know or feel
They are in darkness?

But—O the miracle
If a Redeemer came,
Laid finger on their eyes—
One touch and what a world,
Newborn in loveliness!

Spaces of green and sky,
Hulls of white cloud adrift,
Ivy-grown college walls,
Shining loved faces!

What a dark world—who knows?
Ours to inhabit is!
One touch and what a strange
Glory might burst on us!
What a hid universe!
Do we sport carelessly,
Blindly, upon the verge
Of an Apocalypse?

ADANA AND WORK FOR YOUNG MEN.*

W. Nesbitt Chambers.

ADANA EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

This church was almost completely destroyed during the 1909 massacre. It was rebuilt partly through gifts made, at great sacrifice, by the Adana Christians.

It is five years and a half since the city and district of Adana, Turkey, was startled at high noon on a beautiful April day by a sudden fusillade that seemed to burst forth simultaneously all over the city. That orgy of blood and fire, rapine and devastation, continued until many a human being had been done to death and much property had been plundered and destroyed. A lull of a few days, passed in dismay and terror, was followed by a more bloody and destructive two days, during which a large part of the Christian portion of the city was plundered and burned, and blood sufficient to quench the flames was spilled. Oh, the desolation of the thousands of men, women and children that were left homeless and helpless, hungry and forlorn, bereaved and destitute!

A half decade has passed. The ruined district is transformed. Widened streets, churches and schools reconstructed or repaired, three banks, three hotels, a large apartment store, a large number of shops and dwelling houses, now cover the burned district, indicating a marvelous material recovery and development, and assuring a great future from a business standpoint. The massacre, though a terrible calamity, retarded development, but could not prevent it. The fact is that Adana is most favorably situated on the river Sihun (Sarus) quite centrally in one of the most fertile plains of all Turkey. The agricultural possibilities are limited only by the size of the population to work the territory. During the past one third of a century the expansion has been marvelous. Thousands of acres of what was largely only pasture land or swamp have been changed into fertile farms. In Roman times this was a great granary. It is taking on new life and will again supply large quantities of wheat, barley, oats, rye and cotton. Steam ploughs, threshers, reapers and other improved agricultural implements have ceased to excite curiosity.

Adana is not only the capital of the province, but also the commercial center for a large territory. The Baghdad Railroad promoters indicate their estimate of its future importance in that they have made it one of the most important stations of that great line running from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf. In a short time Adana will be in close railway communication with Constantinople and the west, and with Aleppo, Baghdad and the Persian Gulf on the east. It is already

THE MARKET PLACE, ADANA—KURDS WAITING TO BE HIRED.

*Doctor Chambers is a missionary under the A. B. C. F. M., and his article regarding the proposed work of the Y. M. C. A. in Adana has received the endorsement of Mr. Brewer Eddy, the Board Secretary.

AMERICAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, ADANA.

in railway touch with two points on the Mediterranean, Mersine and Alexandretta. Better roads, a sewerage system, water supply, tramways and electricity are also promised.

With all this material prosperity and intellectual awakening, another massacre as inexorable and destructive has been going on steadily. The growing commercial prosperity of the city has attracted thousands of men of all grades from the interior districts. It was inevitable, also, that such a terrible catastrophe as that of 1909 would be followed by an appalling slump in moral tone. The massacre was followed by the opening up of all sorts of evil resorts, and all are fully patronized. Doctor Haas, the head of our International Hospital, has first-hand knowledge of the conditions that have resulted. He writes:

"Far from home these men toil hard through the long, hot day. At night they wander through the streets, seeking something, anything of interest. What do we offer them? Wide open gambling houses, shameless women, saloons at every turn; but no place where manhood is strong and pure, where recreation is innocent. Emphatically, the most tragic and depressing part of our clinics is the appeal for help on the part of the scores of young men who have fallen victims to overwhelming temptations—tragic, because their condition means poisoned manhood, blighted homes, deformed children, moral atrophy. Surely this is a clear call for active intervention, to stem these forces of destruction and claim these young men for the kingdom of pure manhood."

To that end, what is being done? In the first place the Evangelical Church with a thousand adherents has been organized. It is now self-supporting and independent. An educational system is carried out in the Protestant schools, the dominating aim being to impart a thoroughly Christian training. The American Board has for years been in the lead in the educational work in Adana and in Tarsus. The Board was the pioneer in the education of girls and there was little competition in the early years. The Board's educational system covers all grades from the kindergarten to the high

Morning Patients at the International Hospital, Adana.

school, under the administration of the Protestant community with the coöperation of the missionaries. The institution entirely under the care of the missionaries is the American School for Girls, which has two hundred pupils. It is satisfactory to note that the older communities have been aroused to the importance of education and good school systems have been devised,—Armenian, Greek, Catholic. In addition, the Jesuits have a large *Collége de St. Paul,* with six hundred pupils, and the Nuns of St. Joseph have a girls' school of nearly the same number. The government also is developing its system from kindergarten to college, and as far as the programme is concerned makes a fine showing.

The International Hospital, organized after the massacres, has made most encouraging growth and is steadily commanding the good will and confidence of the people. Its activities reach the various nationalities: Turk and Armenian, Greek and Arab, Syrian and Fillaheen, Moslem and Christian occupy contiguous beds in the same ward and manifest a fellow-feeling in sickness and convalescence, render mutual assistance and show deep gratitude. This hospital work is a splendid asset in the economy of the Kingdom.

But even these fine agencies cannot fully meet the peculiar demands of the young men of our city. The Young Men's Society was organized by a group composed of native young men with the

Mr. W. E. Bristol.

missionaries. This society became aggressive on the proclamation of the Constitution. It was shattered and burned out in the massacres. It was able to maintain organization, but not to do aggressive work.

Recognizing the crying need, the World's Committee of Geneva, Switzerland, has pledged the support of a foreign secretary, and Mr. W. E. Bristol of New York has been appointed. The need of a building is imperative. Rents are very high, and in fact there is no suitable building to be found.

Our appeals for assistance were responded to by an English friend who promises $5000 in case $10,000 are collected in America and Europe, and $1000 in Adana itself within the calendar year. This was a challenge to our faith and inspiration to our hearts. The $1000 in Adana was pledged in two weeks, and is being collected in monthly installments. Appeals made in America and Europe have called forth contributions and pledges to cover $3000 of the $10,000 called for. Four months of time remain and we must have $7000 to secure the original offer. I cannot but feel that the friends of young men everywhere will recognize the critical period through which we are passing and will respond by putting one or a thousand bricks into the new building, to be used to oppose the pernicious temptations to which so many hundreds of young men are subjected in this growing and wicked city. The need is undoubted, the opportunity is golden. Who will extend a helping hand to enable us to make the promise of the English friend available? Contributions marked for "Adana Y. M. C. A. Building Fund" may be sent to Frank H. Wiggin, Esq., Treasurer American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

NORTHFIELD SILHOUETTES.

VIII.

It was at the close of one of Mr. Moody's evangelistic services in a certain city that he became interested in a young woman, the conditions of whose life were such that, unless she could acquire immediate training, her future sphere of usefulness must necessarily be very limited. Mr. Moody recognized that there were latent possibilities in her which, with encouragement and help, might become effectual to much good. After consultation with her family, arrangements were made whereby this girl could enter Northfield Seminary.

When her course there was completed, she looked about for a field of usefulness, and, before long, threw herself heartily into settlement work in one of our eastern cities. This work, which has won many earnest friends, has "grown from nothing to a plant worth $50,000 and a membership of 1147 in 11 years." "Often Mr. Moody's words come back to me," she said recently, in speaking of her efforts: "give your heart to the Lord; I feel that He will use you mightily."

This energetic woman has consecrated all her powers to the service which she entered upon, and everything she learned at the Seminary has been a blessing to herself, to her settlement and to the neighborhood in which it is a beacon light. "If Mr. Moody had come to this place and laid the cornerstone with his own dear hands, I could not feel more deeply that it is a branch of Northfield," she declares. Now that a part of her dream has materialized in a fine new building, well equipped for the needs of a community which seems to have little in the way of resources, she has the further responsibility of its maintenance; and, what is more urgent still, the need of getting close to the boys and girls and leading them to become self-respecting. aspiring Christians, eager to pass on, in turn, the Gospel message to others who sit in darkness.

Rev. John A. Hutton, M. A.

Antony, speaking over the dead body of Julius Cæsar, said: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." It is perhaps true, and there is a sense in which it is just as well. But there is another sense in which it is not true; and certainly there is a sense in which we might say that the task of all good people is to see that the evil which men do is buried and forgotten, and that the one or two beautiful things, which it may take the eye of a great love and pity to detect, are not permitted to die. It is a great part of the very business of good people in this world to overturn the natural order: and if it be the way of the world to remember the evil and forget the good, our task is to remember the good and forget the evil, and thus to help God. Henceforward, whatever else we remember, or forget, about Isaac, let us remember this beautiful thing he did.

It would appear that once upon a time, long before Isaac's day, his father Abraham had opened up wells in the land. Then there had followed a time when the Philistines, that great nation which God suffered to remain on the flank of His own people, to pour over their borders the moment their spirit grew slack,—a symbol of the world of hostile and seductive things which laps round about us all awaiting its opportunity,—the Philistines had overrun the land, and had allowed those wells, which Abraham had digged, to fall into ruin. Dust, stones, branches of trees, rubbish, the wear and tear of life, unrebuked by the protesting labor of man, had covered the wells, making them no more the channel of sweet water, but the home of creeping things.

Then had followed another period in which it would seem that the Philistines had withdrawn, or had withdrawn sufficiently, to permit of Isaac and his men reoccupying the country. It was then that this fine thing happened which I wish to celebrate.

Isaac set himself at once to reopen the wells which his father had digged. Perhaps he did this because he needed to; but perhaps he did it because he wanted to. I mean perhaps he did it for the sake of his flocks and herds—to water them; but again, perhaps he did it for the sake of his father—to honor him. He is not a good son who can see something lying in ruins which his father built, just as that is not a good generation which sees put to shame the dreams and hopes and moral ambitions of the generation which has passed. The only God Whom any of us can worship is the God of our fathers: that is still the God with Whom we have to do.

We read that as soon as Isaac's servants had opened the first well, the herdmen of another man, Gerar, came forward and laid claim to it. "The water is ours," said they.

Now, there were two courses open to Isaac, as there are two courses open to us all when we are in similar circumstances. He might dispute the point, or he might give way. The course which we do take discloses some of the deeper secrets of our personality. It is not a mere question of right and wrong. The most delicate issues which life represents to us are not questions involving right and wrong. Again

and again the issue is between two courses, both of which could be defended, but one of which makes a higher appeal. Life would be almost too simple a thing if we had only to find our way between things right and things wrong. If we are making for a heaven of the spirit, our choice, nine times out of ten, is as to whether we shall do something which is good enough and entirely defensible, or shall do something which is better still, something which the world might even call foolish. St. Paul speaks of people who become "fools for Christ's sake"; indeed, it is one of his very searching descriptions of Christians, that, judged by the maxims of the world, they are fools. What he means is that there are people,—and he rejoiced to include himself among them—who do things and follow a course of life which from the point of view of worldly prudence and wisdom and advantage is sheer folly; who do things which they do not need to do, things which no one would blame them for not doing; but things which they simply choose to do for the sake of Christ, because, as it seems to them, they are the kind of things which Christ likes them to do, the kind of things which Christ Himself kept on doing all His life.

So here: when these men of Gerar's claimed the well, Isaac might have withstood them. He might have said, "No," and proceeded to defend his position. He might have said, for it would have been quite true, that it was his own father who had, to begin with, opened up the well. And if for a time it had gone out of his hands, they on their part had allowed it to fall into ruin. Further, it was his men who had just reopened the well; and in any case he was going to keep it. All this Isaac might have done: and on the merely moral plane he would have been justified. And yet, in obedience to a requirement of his own spirit, more beautiful than the demand of custom, Isaac did something entirely different. He called his men off, leaving the well to the herdmen of Gerar who claimed it.

Whatever we may think of this way of dealing with our own affairs, there is no doubt in the world that a thing like that does us all good. There is something which rises up within us to do reverence to the man who foregoes his right. I cannot say what it is we feel when we see someone give way when he might have maintained his point, when we see someone concede what on the narrow basis of human rights he might have retained. I do not know how to describe what we feel in the presence of such a scene unless to say that there and then we are in the presence of God.

Isaac's men moved on to a place not far removed, it would appear, and there they reopened another well. And here again, to the shame of our unregenerate human nature, his enemies laid claim to this well also. Perhaps they were encouraged by their success in the earlier claim. Perhaps they had the idea that Isaac was a soft man, to use a phrase we understand. Now here at least, we say, Isaac will be abundantly justified in putting down his foot and not allowing himself to be made a fool of. Surely he will show a proper spirit at this point and say: "No, I have given up one well, but I have come to the limit of my own weakness. Here I am and here I stand. If you will have this well, you shall have it over my dead body." How that speech would have become classical! What a text such a verse would have been for preachers of all generations in their own baser hours! But no: Isaac said nothing of the kind. With a weakness and a patience and a folly which exhaust us unless we ourselves are very soft in the hands of God, Isaac once again called his men off, leaving the well, which in all fairness was his, to those who had at best a very dubious claim to it.

I cannot explain what follows except by attributing to Isaac a very remarkable fineness of feeling—such a very unusual fineness of feeling even in our own day, after nineteen hundred years of Christianity, that if Isaac indeed had it, he must have had it straight from God. We have seen that he digged one well, and it was claimed by his enemies. Then he digged a second well, and it too was claimed by his enemies. What will he do now? Surely he will not dig a third well there, unless indeed he proposes to spend the rest of his life opening up wells for other people to use.

Now, just observe what Isaac did. "He removed from thence." He went away

from that place altogether. It was as though he said to himself: "If I dig another well here, those people may think that I have no spirit, and that it costs me nothing to relinquish what I might hold as my own. And in that case if I dig another well, I shall simply be pandering to their greed. Or again, if I dig another well, they may become more and more angry against me, supposing that I am keeping this up to spite them. Now that would not be true. I am not digging wells in order to spite them, or for my own glory. I am digging wells to get water for my sheep and cattle. And so I see quite clearly what I must do. I shall go clear away from this place altogether. I shall have endless trouble if I stay among these people. There is abundance of room in the world for them and me. Of course, they may think me a fool. They may laugh at me behind my back. But they will be wrong. I am not a fool. I have meat to eat that they know not of. Besides, I have to live with myself: and this is the kind of thing I choose to do. To use one of their worldly maxims: a man can do what he likes with his own. Quite so, he may give it away; he may even give it away to his enemies." Of course, if Isaac really said that—and I see no other explanation—then already he saw the Son of God which was to come!

Isaac, we read, then "removed from thence, and digged another well, and for that they strove not." With the playfulness and overflow of good feeling which a man has who has triumphed over himself and has in spirit kissed his cross, Isaac called this third well "Rehoboth," as though he had said: "There's room for us all."

That is the story, and a very beautiful story it is! Very challenging, too, as all beautiful things and persons are! Foolish of Isaac, you say? Ah, yes, but something more than foolish, something very different from foolish. Is it not terribly like what Christ did, what Christ asks us to do? I know that it might not work on the large scale. And yet it will be time enough for us to say so when we have tried it on the large scale. At any rate, it does work blessedly on the small scale, in the little world of our own private interests and feelings.

It all depends on what we want to make of our life. If we wish to aggrandize ourselves and assert ourselves, then of course this method of giving way does not seem likely to help us. But if we wish in this world to save our souls, to imitate Jesus, to be free from all malice, or envy, or covetousness, if we wish the same mind to be in us which was in Christ Jesus Who, though in the form of God, humbled Himself; Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, Who bare our sins in His own flesh—if we are wanting to grow into the grace of our Lord Jesus I do not see how we can longer postpone our entering upon this narrow way that leadeth unto life.

Certainly we who are Christians can never altogether resist the appeal to us to embody this unresisting spirit in our life. Why, this unresisting spirit is the very spirit and essence of God Himself. When God would have Himself known to the very depths by man, how did He accomplish His own intention? He sent Christ into the world. So that to-day when we sit down and try to think of God,—what He is, what He is like,—what is it we see? We see a stricken, uncomplaining face, and that for us is God!

The story ends with an effect like the effect of music. Isaac had digged one well, and rather than dispute with his enemies he had given up what was his own. He had digged another, and again he had relinquished it. Then he had removed clean out of the neighborhood, lest he should irritate these hostile men, and had digged a third well. Night fell. Out came the stars, which are all on the side of this great way of living. Isaac lay down to sleep. And here is what we read: "The Lord appeared unto him the same night, and said, I am the God of Abraham, thy father; fear not, for I am with thee." It was God's benediction. It was as though He had said: "Sleep well, it was a fine day's work." And Jesus said: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord!

THE SANCTUARY OF GOD THE PLACE OF UNDERSTANDING.

Rev. John A. Hutton, M. A.

"If I say, I will speak thus; behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children. Ps. lxxiii. 15.

You always find the conclusion of a Psalm at the beginning. You have the last word at the outset. This, of course, applies to those Psalms which are personal and subjective—the Psalms in which some soul caught in a powerful mood has been working his way towards freedom and has arrived at some solution.

There are, indeed, Psalms which seem to come to no conclusion. We have simply the picture of a poor soul tossing from side to side in some pain or fever. He tries every way of lying upon his bed of sorrow, flings himself here and there in search of a cool place, where, in the momentary ease, he may at least fall asleep. But no! There is no place discoverable by him, no way of thinking about God, or about human affairs, or about his own private history, which has the power to throw open a door in his prison house. Now, you may ask, what is the value to the devotional and motive life of the Church in pondering Psalms of that kind, in which an unhappy soul finds no solace, no point of view which delivers him? I think such Psalms have a great, nay, the very greatest, value.

Victor Hugo in "Les Miserables" says of his good bishop that he could sit for a whole hour beside a man who had lost his wife and say nothing. He could *listen,* that is to say, for a whole hour to one who was in that condition which comes to us all at times, when we must pour out our heart to someone, or our heart will break.

And so in those Psalms where no answer from God seems to be given,—where the poor soul, dejected or terrified, is simply allowed to talk on and on,—the truth is, not that God has nothing to say to such an one, but that He knows it is not the time to say anything. In those Psalms in which God seems to be silent, it is that He is listening. To have had it all out on some loving breast—surely there are occasions when that is the only medicine for the soul!

This Psalm, the seventy-third, is not one of those which never reach a crisis, whereupon the sky clears and the problem is solved somehow. It is, on the contrary, one of those Psalms in which someone, as he pours out his heart, suddenly sees his way, sees where he was wrong, sees something which he had been forgetting, and in that moment comes out of his darkened chamber with a shining countenance.

It is a very common thing, therefore, for a Psalm to begin with an ejaculation. And what is theology, and especially dogmatic theology, but the effort of the human reason to bring some order and system into the invincible ejaculations of the Spirit? "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills"—so a good man begins, having discovered as he kept musing, that that was what he had *not* been doing for a time. This seventy-third Psalm begins also with an ejaculation, the burden of which is: "Truly God is good. . . . . As for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped."

I do not know a moment or a day in life when our heart is so full of praise and even abandonment towards God, as when we see quite clearly that we were on the edge of something, or far advanced towards something, from which we *now* know that we are free. And there is no moral condition from which it is such an ecstasy to escape as that condition which is here described as "slipping," and skirting the edge of a precipice.

There is a small island called Rousay, in the Orkney group, over which I walked with a native one summer day. The island is of a form familiar in our western seas, elevated, standing abrupt from the sea like a table. Seen from the water it is honeycombed by long receding galleries through which "the ceaseless billows on the ocean's breast break like a bursting heart." As we crossed the high land going west, again

and again we came upon a crack in the surface over which one might easily leap or step, but down which, if one's foot slipped, he would fall sheer into the sea. Obviously, it is a region where one ought not to prowl about at night. A man would be a fool who would prowl about there at night. There are some experiments which we must not even try. But imagine your feeling, if crossing that island you had for a moment forgotten the danger, and you had stumbled, but had just fallen clear of one of those slits into the abyss! Unless something is dead within you which must not die, you would surely linger a moment on your knees, those knees which by the appointment of God every man, however proud and self-sufficient, must use (unless he is an acrobat), as he rises from the earth to his feet!

This world of ours is, from that point of view, a kind of Island of Rousay. "'Tis downward looking that makes men dizzy." The terrible thing about us is that it matters not how highly developed and morally sensitized we may become, we have it in us to fall appallingly. "I have seen," says Dante, "a ship which had sailed safely over all the seas, go down upon the harbor bar."

When we look into this Psalm we discover a matter which greatly astonishes us, until we ponder it. What I mean is this. Were one to meet us, excited, elated, radiant, and were to say with great seriousness, "My feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipped," we should conclude that he had been delivered from some definite trespass or transgression; that he had been on the point of doing something which would have brought trouble to himself, or to another, or to many; and that he had been hindered, that something had intervened, so that the thing had not actually happened which, had it happened, would have darkened his sky and cast him onto some moral rubbish heap!

Now the strange thing is that that is not the kind of deliverance which this man is here celebrating. It was not something in his moral practice from which he had been saved. It was not some wrong *deed* which he had proposed, and from which he had been providentially turned. No; what he tells us he was delivered from was a *way of looking at life,* which he sees now would have been a degradation to himself and an offense against all the good people who have ever lived. He had seen things going on in this world which made faith hard to hold—bad people prospering, good people going down. He himself had been a strict and devout man, but he had had a hard time; whilst there were men whom he knew who had no moral scruples, no idealism, no vision of God which haunted them, and yet who seemed to have never a care. "Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish. . . . . And they say, How doth God know? and is there a knowledge in the Most High?"

As he pondered those things, and pondered them in the atmosphere of his own embittered mind, the terrible conclusion or insinuation kept offering itself to him,—that conclusion which takes all the green out of the grass, and the song from the throats of birds, and the sweetness from little children; for it denies the ultimate decency of life,—the terrible conclusion kept offering itself to him that there is no obstinate and holy meaning in this world; that there is no final distinction between good and evil; that there is nothing absolute, abiding, peremptory, nothing of such a kind that a man is forever saved or forever lost, according to his attitude towards it!

Now there, as in so many matters, I find myself in entire agreement with Mr. Chesterton, who in his own humorous but most serious way has declared that when he is arranging with a landlady as to rooms, his first inquiry is not "what are her terms," but "what is her total view of the universe." For if she is right there, she is right everywhere.

Take the foreign missionary work of the Church. Ultimately, that, and every ideal system of motives, every high way of discharging ourselves in this world, rest upon a total view of what everything means, or of what we are here to make everything mean. And ultimately, when you push your own moods and feelings and reasonings back and back, you are compelled to admit—unless you have corrupted the last candor of your moral reason—that everything must either mean—*nothing,* in which case we are all here simply to wear out our boots, or everything means—*God,* and at

that point when one lifts up his eyes he sees that strange Man on the Cross!

When this man in the Psalm saw the conclusion towards which his own envious and angry mind was hastening, he hesitated, and, leaving the matter for a time, obeyed an old instinct which it would appear he had for a season been neglecting: he went to church. It is the art and wisdom of life to know *where* to put your questions. There are places which, without speaking, answer our questionings. A walk through the wards of a city hospital, a peep into the theater of a surgery, will in one moment deliver our soul from a cloud of half-real, but most demoralizing, irritations of the mind. It is not indeed that the city hospital or the surgical theater solves anything; but it comforts our minds with reality or a deeper level than the level of our own querulousness. It is from this point of view also that the Cross of Jesus, when with fresh eyes we see our Master there, solves so many of our questionings; for as we look we become ashamed—ashamed of the lightness and frivolity of the way which we are taking through life compared with that way which for Him was the only way.

We have no means now of bringing back all the circumstances of worship in those far-off days. There would be prayers, of course. And this wild-eyed man might see an old saint kneeling in the darkness, stretched on that cross which true prayer sometimes is. And there would be singing. And there would be the reading of the Sacred Books—where the deeds of heroes were celebrated and the fidelity of God.

As he stood there with the other worshipers, the bitterness began to loosen its grasp upon his soul. He began to breathe more deeply, to breathe in God. He saw that there are really only two ways of taking up this life of ours. "There is the way which those people have taken whom I was envying. And there is the way which the pilgrims of eternity have always taken, who built this temple, and from whose hearts those prayers and songs poured out. The question for me is: Which of those ways do I want to take? Would I rather be without moral scruples? Would I rather be able to do what I like? Do I wish to live altogether for those things which the world gives to those who become its slaves and victims? Do I wish *my* eyes to 'stand out with fatness'? Do I want to be able to say that God has come to mean nothing for me? that I am not afraid of Him? that I do not care what He may do?"

In our Lord's teaching, more than once He warned men that the real penalty for a certain way of living is that it shuts you out from another way, which, one day, you will perceive is so much more beautiful. A day is coming when you will be left out, left out of things and from a society which you by that time will have come to long for with a passion as deep as was the passion of your apostasy.

It is a great thing surely to see that now. It is a great thing surely to see, in one of those lucid moments which God gives us, that if we will go our own poor self-seeking way, we must put ourselves on the other side in the great conflict of principles, which our life is. It is a great thing to see, that for some of us to slacken in our service of Christ Jesus, to turn away even a little from our direct dealing with Him, still more, to move to the other side, to repeat the low wisdom of the world, to laugh at life,—it is surely a great thing to see, now, that before we can do that, we must turn our mother's portrait to the wall.

There are some things we cannot do, or say, or even approach to doing or saying, and at the same time look into the face of Christ, as we are all able with varying degrees of intensity to conceive that holy face. There are some things we can do and say only by not looking at Christ; even as Peter was not looking at Christ when he was denying Him. But, sooner or later, a man must look up, must look back, must look in, and when he sees the face of Jesus turned towards him in particular, the eyes of Jesus resting on him, more in sorrow than in anger,—why, then, there is only one thing left to such a man, and it is what Peter did: he must be loyal to this new tenderness which is bursting his heart, and go out, and weep, even though people are looking on, and then wipe off the wetness from his cheeks, and, like Peter, begin to be a man.

I repeat, I do not know an hour in the life of our souls when we are more willing

to commit ourselves to God with such passion and unreserve. I do not know an hour when we are more "ready to die, that is, alive at last," than the hour when we are aware that we have escaped from the glamor or from the misery of some lower way—of some lower way of living, of thinking, of regarding ourselves.

We should take full advantage of such an hour when it comes. Indeed, this is almost the whole wisdom of the spiritual life: to launch out with a cheer the moment the tide lifts our anchors. Such moments come. They are the great signs of God: that He is Spirit, and that we are spirits.

There are—alas! I know, none better—other hours when we are heavy, dull, unwilling, stupid and incompetent in the things of God, resentful towards the great insistencies of the Gospel. Let us not think just now of those low hours. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We have this hour—this hour of tenderness, of gratitude, of escape—when we are able to understand what Saint Paul meant when he spoke of the "indignation," and "carefulness and revenge" which could possess the soul with a kind of fever to be up and doing. We have this hour. We stand in light. We know that we are forgiven. We know that Christ has set before us an open door. We know that all things are made ready, that the wood is laid for the sacrifice. "And now, Lord, what wait we for? Arise, O Lord, touch our lips with the live coal from Thine altar."

"Jesus said to Simon Peter, Simon, ... lovest thou me?" And a second time He said the same, and a third time, for Simon had three times denied Jesus. And Peter said unto Jesus, "Lord, thou knowest all things"—Thou knowest my apostasies, my relentings, my ups and downs, my heats and colds; but Thou knowest also what is in my heart at this moment, "thou knowest that I love thee."

THE WORKERS AND THE SHIRKERS.

Rev. John A. Hutton, M. A.

Neh. iii.

Humboldt once said that it would cheer him up even on his deathbed if someone read to him a few lines from Homer, were it only from the lists of the Greek ships. What he meant was that the very sound of those lines, the thrill of them, the music of them, would have the effect of composing the agitation of his mind and lifting up his soul to the angle of belief and reconciliation. Well, certainly unless there is something dead within us which must not die, it always ought to thrill every one of us to read this third chapter of the Book of Nehemiah. It is only a list of names, very unpronounceable names, names which it requires a good deal of courage to try to read in public; and yet, because these names are linked to one another by a great purpose of God, I say that unless there is something dead within us which must not die it ought always to thrill us to read this apparently uninteresting chapter. There is in it such a sense of business, of occupation—not so much of hurry, but of quiet, confident application; there is such unanimity; there is such an absence of querulousness; there is such assent on the part of one to the other; there is such coöperation, that it does us good even to read about it, and to feel, as we do feel, that if ever again the walls of God's city are built it will only be by people who are caught in the same kind of rapture and filled with the same kind of enthusiasm and capable of the same self-suppression. Everybody helped, and by everybody helping the thing got done.

These walls, I believe, were in ruins for some seventy years. They remained in ruins all that time, not that the people liked to see their walls in ruins, but simply because they somehow never built them. Human nature is the same doubtless "yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," and it may very well be that they often thought of building them. I should not be astonished to learn that there was a committee

which existed for these seventy years, whose function was to prepare plans for the rebuilding of the walls. I have no doubt that for seventy years it was a subject of conversation amongst these Jews, that it would never do to have the walls lying as they were lying, that it was quite unworthy of them as a people. But, none the less, the walls were not built. The committees reported and were dismissed, and other committees were appointed. And then a happy idea struck someone to appoint a subcommittee, and that subcommittee might even have been sent to other cities to see how they built their walls, and come back to report. They reported and there were discussions about these reports, but still the walls never got built, until one day,—and it often takes a thousand years for a simple idea to dawn upon a people,—one day it occurred to some man of genius that the walls would never be built until they built them, that the thing would never be done until somebody did it, and when that idea occurred it was really a revelation.

I am sorry to notice that in the midst of the general unanimity there were some people who did not assist in the building of the walls. We read that the nobles of the Tekoites "put not their necks to the work of the Lord. Of course, the idea of that expression is something that you may still see here in New England; the idea is of a bullock, or two bullocks, pulling a plow or a wagon, and the yoke is on their necks. Well, you know there is a great deal of human nature amongst draft beasts. I myself have seen an ox pretending to be pulling, wrestling and wriggling, as if it were having a very bad time, and yet behind the yoke I could see daylight. The ox had not put its neck to the yoke, you see. Now we read that in Jerusalem in those days there were people who did not put their necks to the work of the Lord. Why we do not know. Perhaps they did not approve of the plan. Perhaps these "nobles" did not like to work alongside plain people. Perhaps they had not been consulted. We do not know for what reason they would not join in the work; we only know that they stood out. They looked on, and I have no doubt made remarks. There is a proverb to the effect that the ox which is lowing is not pulling. It is impossible to do both at once. You cannot be doing a bit of work for God without it taking it out of you. That is the very sign that you are working for God, that it is taking it out of you; just as one of the signs that you are climbing a hill, it may be in a fog and when you do not see the path, is that it is taking it out of you. You know at once the difference between going uphill and going downhill, for when you go up it is taking it out of you.

Well, these Tekoite nobles did not put their necks to the work of the Lord. They had not been consulted perhaps, or they did not approve, or they were just simply unwilling.

And the first point I want to make, brethren, is this: that I am very sorry for those rulers of the Tekoites. I do not know a man more to be pitied than the man to whom God has given in this world an opportunity to do something and he has not done it. I do not know a man who has entered such a hell of consciousness as the man who knows that once upon a time he might have done a big thing, a thing that would perhaps have crucified his natural inclination, but would have made a man of him, and he did not do it. The awful retribution awaiting that man is that one day he has to look at the thing done, accomplished, built, without him. The walls were built. I do not envy those nobles of the Tekoites afterwards, just as I do not envy any man who has stood out when a big thing was on hand, and one day the big thing was done, and he had never shed a drop of his blood for it. Do you wonder that a man like that will go and beseech some power, or some one, to give him now a moral task which will prove to himself that he is still a man, he having proved to himself on a former occasion that he was no man at all? For what is the definition of a man, except that he is that being of all God's creatures who for the sake of a moral idea can trample upon his own sense of comfort? That is the definition of a man.

Well, just imagine the life these nobles of the Tekoites lived after the walls were finished,—for they were built, strong walls, and rough, but good sound walls that ful-

filled their purpose. We can picture one of these Tekoite nobles on a fine, summer evening going out, and some good, simple man meeting him and saying: "This is a fine night. These are splendid walls we have now! Ah, but I beg your pardon. I remember now that you were opposed to the building of them." Imagine what it must be to live in a city where you cannot talk about good things because of the wretched part you yourself have played. Fancy living in a city under such conditions that good people cannot speak to you of big and good things lest they should seem ungentlemanly, because to speak to you about the big and good things is to accuse you of having failed. So these nobles became very lonely people.

And that is just what our Lord said. Our Lord's supreme retribution, that against which He so warned us as the doom that would befall us if we refused the high tasks of the Spirit, was not that we would have this punishment or that, but that we would in some profound way one day be left out. We should be lonely, for we should be outside of it all, in God's contempt, in man's contempt, in our own contempt. Many a night these nobles of the Tekoites would be walking along nursing their own dark and unhappy thoughts, and they would see these walls, so strong, so simple, silhouetted against the evening sky, and a voice within them would begin to say: "Well, these are fine walls." And they would say to that voice: "Get thee behind me! Silence!" But they could not silence it, for that voice was—God. The voice which speaks to you and to me about some big thing from which we have turned away, that voice is God.

Well, the thing got done. We do not know much about the other world. For great moral reasons which anyone with insight can interpret, it has pleased God not to disclose very much about that world which lies beyond our reason. But all forecast it as a place from which one gets a great view, from which one sees things. And what if the discipline that in the other world awaits us who have failed here be that we shall see great purposes accomplished which we took no part in accomplishing, lives made beautiful which we did nothing to help make beautiful, great achievements completed, which we with our cynical speech did our best to postpone,—until one day it may be, even in that other world, we shall ask God whether there is not some lonely planet still left in the universe that has never heard of Him, to which we beseech Him to send us that we may win in that other planet the souls which we refused to win in this?

I allude again, having spoken thus of the exception, to the extreme heartiness and unanimity of the people who built the walls. You will find here that every man built opposite his own door. That is a word of wisdom. "The eyes of a fool," says the Bible, "are in the ends of the earth." Do thou the duty that lies to thy hand. There thou must prove thy soul. Students of Carlyle will remember in *"Sartor Resartus,"*—which reaches its crisis in the chapters entitled "The Everlasting No," the "Center of Indifference," and "The Everlasting Yea,"—his describing the descent of the soul into the loneliness of the atheistic view of life and the rising out of that Slough of Despond into a positive, constructive view of life. And how did Carlyle work his way through? How did the Eternal Spirit work its way for the behoof of Thomas Carlyle in that particular regard? We find him telling us that shining out in the night of his distress and atheism was this one star: there is no position in life of such a kind that a man has not in it an immediate duty, and a man has no right to complain of want of light in this universe until he has accomplished that one solitary duty that lies at his feet. The way may be dark on the horizons, but we have nothing to do with the horizons. The horizons are the habitation of God. We have to do with these immediate duties which none of us without shame can disregard.

You remember Bunyan's story of how Christian came to Evangelist to ask guidance, and Evangelist said: "Do you see that wicket gate?" And Christian, with that wonderful honesty which makes "Pilgrim's Progress" supreme as a biography, said: "No; I do not see it." My dear people, life is not so simple that we always see the wicket gate. Life would be far too simple if we always saw the end of

our journey. We have a far harder, far more glorious career before us than that. Therefore, when Christian had told him that he could not see the wicket gate, Evangelist said: "Well, if you do not see that wicket gate, do you see a shining light?" And Christian said: "I think I do. I am not quite sure, but I think I see a slight difference in the color of the atmosphere yonder. I think I see a center of whiteness in the blackness." "Well," said Evangelist, "you make for that. That is all you know. That is all God has disclosed to you, and all He will disclose until you are absolutely faithful. That light is not very much. It is misty and vague, but you make for it, and by the time you get there it may be you will see something else. It may be that you will see the wicket gate." Thus is God's city built still, by you and me and everyone of us being absolutely loyal as unto God Himself to those private disclosures of God, of which no life in this world is void.

I think I see that this was almost the characteristic message of our Lord. He knew that a great deal of every life is flat, that a great deal of it is such that we simply march on in a kind of monotony, that a great deal of it is usual and ordinary. But whilst that is true, and whilst our Lord knew that a great deal of life is flat and tame and usual, He knew there were other times when, for any one of a thousand reasons, what He called light broke upon a man. And it was His whole method of appealing to man, that when these moments of light do come, moments of insight, moments of moral tenderness, moments when the whole universe seems to fall away and leave us alone with a great idea and a holy presence, *then,* He said, let a man rise and walk in that light, let him believe in that light. Any fool can believe in the darkness. To believe in the light is a thing that requires the whole discipline of life and the whole pressure of God to sustain a man in believing. "Well," says our Lord, "when a man sees the light, let him believe. Whatsoever else is true in life, that is true for him." That is the God with Whom we have to do, and God shows sufficient of His light for us in the dark to rise by.

You will read in this chapter, too, of one man who had some children, and they were all girls. And these young girls were so caught up in the general enthusiasm that they built their share. Then there was a young man—a lodger. He was not rich; he had no property; he was not a taxpayer; he was simply a lodger. Did he, therefore, argue that he should not be expected to take part in the work? No; he said: "I should like to build this bit just opposite my window." Then there was a man who had a most difficult bit of work. I do not see how he did it. In this hard place where he had to build, the very line of the country must have been difficult. It was a spongy, sodden, marshy place. But that was the place he had to work in and he did it. Perhaps he said to himself: "Now I have a hard bit of work to do, but I am going to do it."

I remember last year after I had been speaking on the eighth chapter of Romans from the words, "Nothing can separate us from the love of Christ," that Dan Crawford said to me: "You know the difference between twentieth century optimism and the optimism of the first century is just this: we say with Browning to-day, and with all the other thrilling poets: 'Cheer up! Χαίρετε. The best is yet to come!' In the first century, they said: 'Χαίρετε. Cheer up! The worst is yet to come!'" And that is the note with which the New Testament closes: "The worst is coming! We are in for it!" The ship of the Church disappears, nodding and bobbing to the Atlantic, and the last word we hear is the hurried utterances of the Captain as He moves about that ship: "To him that overcometh. . . . To him that overcometh . . .! We are in for the fight of our life!"

Now lastly. What lay at the back of all this enthusiasm? What lay at the back of all this unanimity? What lay behind this spirit among these people, this willingness to concede one to another, to coöperate towards a task felt to be urgent from God? What lay at the back of it? It was not their love of architecture. I do not think it was that they wanted to beautify their city. I do not think it was because they had a lot of spare time. And we know that it was not the rich people in the city that built the wall. How then are

we to account for this invincible spirit and passion which took hold of that little community and gave them the energy and sustained them in energy until the wall was built? It was their common realization of a terror that lay outside. There will be no honorable revival of religion until there is a new and profound sense of those terrors of the mind from which religion is the only escape. Every great emotion is founded upon its opposite; every great emotion rests and finds its reason in its own contradiction. With me, says the poet, belief means perpetual unbelief kept quiet, like the snake beneath Michael's foot, who stands calm just because he feels it writhe.

It was the realization of a common terror. You will remember how the prophets, trying to persuade those luxurious Jews to go back and rebuild the walls of Jerusalem at an earlier epoch, promise them that "no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there"; and that there shall again be "boys and girls playing in the streets." In the twilight, in the dusk, the wild beasts of the desert came creeping in, the jackal and the hyena, and again and again the quietness of the evening air would be shot through with the cry of some child. Then every mother's heart stood still as she looked around to see if it were her child which had been snatched by some wild beast of the desert. These beasts came in through the broken walls.

My dear people, in this time of such widespread eclipse of faith, in the darkening of things, in the twilight which is about so many spirits, when the great authenticities of the spirit seem to be obscured, this is the time above all times when the enemies of the soul find their opportunity, when the natural beastliness of things finds its way back into the very citadel where men and women are meant by God to live in decency and quietness and hope. I do not need to say more, to be more explicit. If you good people who are here are persuaded that things are all right as they are, very well. But if you mothers, if you teachers, know what is going on in the world, I am perfectly sure you are persuaded that the next generation is not going to be as secure in the things of God as you and I are. It was the genuine sense of terror of what would happen if these walls of God's city were not rebuilt which supplied these men with the moral passion to labor until they built them.

Well, the city of God is a thing of the spirit. It has no bulwarks, no embrasures, no bastions. All that is but figure and language. "The kingdom of God cometh without observation." It is "within us." But every figure, every symbol, every idea in this story that appeals to our manliness and womanliness, to our patriotism, to our fidelity to the religion of our fathers, though it be but figure and symbol and speech, is the authentic voice of God appealing to us to deal in the region of the spirit with these very matters.

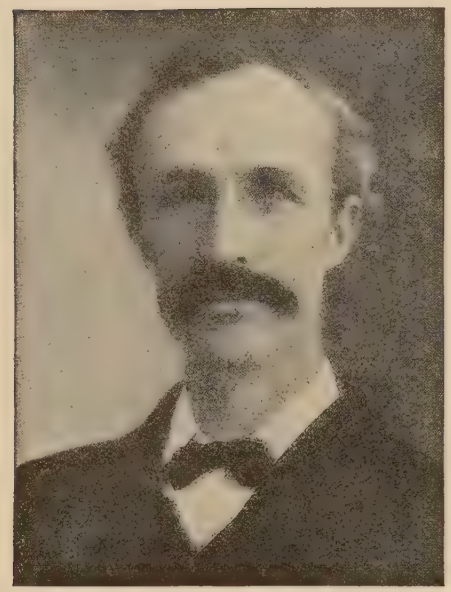
I close with one last look at these poor nobles of the Tekoites who lost their chance. I do not know of anything sadder. When Henry IV of Navarre came back from the battle of Arques he greeted one of the generals, Crillon, who had not gone with him to the battle, with these words, and they are the words with which the faithful souls in some other world, in mingled pity and contempt, will greet the skulkers from the great warfare: "Go and hang yourself, brave Crillon. We fought at Arques and you were not there!"

ENDURANCE.

Rev. Charles Brown, D. D.

Heb. xi. 23-29.

There are few qualities or virtues in human nature more admirable, more desirable, or more necessary to success in any calling or enterprise than the quality of endurance. And there are few, if any, men in history, in whom, on the whole, that virtue is more admirably exemplified than Moses. We must take all things into account, the mighty work that he was called upon to do, his natural temperament, the difficulties and trials which he had to



REV. CHARLES BROWN, D. D.

face, and, doing that, I have a strong conviction that if that man could win through and come out conquerer in the end—that is, hold on at his task, and bring his best to it, and come to the end without any bitterness, but with a calm and trustful spirit, there is no man who cannot endure or have the power of endurance put into him.

Let us understand what endurance is. Not a passive quality, but a distinctly active virtue. I notice that Dr. Weymouth translates the word: "He held on his course"—that means tenacity and a certain kind of dogged perseverance. One of the interpretations which Grimm's Lexicon gives of the word is "to persist strongly." It means bearing up, without being crushed under great pressure. It means a certain power of resistance, holding on and holding out to the end, and having still some margin of strength left.

It may readily be granted that Moses was a great genius. But that fact makes his endurance at certain points the more wonderful. Many a genius would have indignantly refused some of the provocations which Moses bore, and would have been turned into a bitter cynic by a hundredth part of the disappointments and trials that fell to his lot. We want to get all the comfort and inspiration that we can out of the fact of Moses' endurance.

Begin with his temperament. It is revealed to us by certain incidents in his long life, and it is certainly not calm and placid, emotionless and insensitive. Any careful student of his character can see that he is a man of strong nervous temperament, keen to feel and quick to resent, and with great power of passion. Almost the first action of his that we read about is an act of sudden impatience and anger. His blood boils at the indignity done to one of his countrymen by an Egyptian taskmaster, and quick as thought—indeed, quicker, for passion is swifter than thought—he kills the oppressor with his own hand. I note especially that that is not set down in this record of his achievements. It was not one of the things that he did "by faith." He did it because he could not "endure" at that time. It was probably a mistaken act, done in the unrestrained heat of the moment and never likely to cure the evil at which it was aimed. Follow him into the days of his leadership, and you see a man exceedingly sensitive to slight or complaint; not a man of iron, but feeling intensely the attitude of God and the behavior of his people—dashing the tables of stone to pieces, beating the golden calf to powder, strewing the dust of it on the water and compelling the disobedient people to drink of it. And afterwards in a great fit of impatience striking the rock, and crying angrily to his people: "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" And what I observe there is a naturally impatient man, with tremendous dynamic force, with a fiery passion which broke its bounds now and then, and which would have wrecked his life but for some strong controlling power that held it back and recalled it, and sometimes a man whose patience is momentarily exhausted, and then again mysteriously renewed.

And that is the man who "endured"—by what means we shall see presently, but from whom we learn meanwhile that a temperament that seems to be against endurance, that is not built that way, can be trained and disciplined and endowed with grace.

Come from his temperament to his circumstances. Think of the great and sudden contrasts in his life: brought up in an Oriental palace, surrounded by all the conveniences and luxuries of an ancient civilization, with access to the sources of knowledge open to man in that land and time, with slaves to do his lightest bidding. Then all that exchanged at a stroke for the primitive life of a Bedouin encampment, living for many years as near to the ground as man could, no sources of knowledge, no congenial environment, monotony unspeakable. He lets out the solitude of his soul in the name given to his first child: "He called his name Gershom [stranger]: for he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land"; while he called the second "Eliezer; for the God of my father, said he, was mine help," which suggests that help and comfort had not come to him from his marriage, or from man at all, but from God.

I do not know whether I am right, but Moses always seems to me a solitary figure, even in his own home. The little that we know of Zipporah is not admirable, and neither of his sons seems to have come to anything.

The enforced monotonous sojourn in Midian seems a heavy price to pay for his rash act in slaying the Egyptian. Long and solitary were these years in which, buried in obscurity and engaged in menial tasks, he nursed his sad thoughts and imagined that God had forgotten both him and his people.

Follow him on in your thought. Think of him called to confront the might and pride of Egypt, and then to take on his shoulders and on his heart the enormous burden of governing and guiding a people sunken and degraded by generations of slavery, their manhood crushed, suspicious and distrustful, densely ignorant and stubborn, perverse and intractable, always on the verge of rebellion, and perpetually fretful and grumbling. Think of the thanklessness of his task, and never a word of appreciation; sharing in the penalty of forty years' aimless and homeless wandering which fell upon the people for their cowardice; his soul chafed and fretted and vexed day by day—and through it all he endured. Not that he never broke out, not that he never cried to God almost in despair, not that he never lost patience. He did, we are almost thankful that he did. But he never gave up. He never grew bitter. He held on and on, giving himself to his ungrateful and unworthy people with a devotion that stirs our soul to contemplate; praying that his own name might be blotted out of the book of life rather than that they should be destroyed; holding on, persisting strongly, in the path of devotion to duty till the goal was in sight, and then without a murmur going up the mountain and yielding up his soul to God. Does it not appeal to us, this story of a far-off time, this story of a real life? Not by the greatness of his genius does Moses appeal to me, nor by the stupendous nature of his task, so much as by his wondrous power of keeping on, his marvelous constancy and stability, his devotion and steadfast perseverance.

Am I not speaking to people who feel the greatness of it, because they feel the strain of life and, perhaps, especially the strain of monotonous, humdrum, obscure and unappreciated duty? I am very much impressed by it in the lives of most people. Kitchen work, cooking meals and washing up dishes, the stitching of the seamstress, the click of the typewriter, the checking of accounts, the entering and adding up of figures, school teaching, standing behind a counter dealing with fastidious customers and exasperating shopwalkers—how apt it is to pall on one! How difficult it is to maintain freshness of spirit in it! How stale it is apt to get! How the soul cries out for some larger life! How almost certain it is that if people have not religion and religious interests they will fly to some unwholesome sort of excitement in sheer revolt and rebellion!

And you may be sure that the world abounds in people who have not "endured." They began with great zest. The new broom swept clean but they got slack, then work grew mechanical. There was nobody to say: "Well done," no human appreciation and no advancement. They did not give up their work, because they could not—it was their daily bread—but, oh! if they could; for the burden of it had become well-nigh insufferable.

And even the Church has its people who

have not "endured." We owe more than we have ever recognized to the people who "endure" in obscure places and unhonored work in the Church, the people whose names are never mentioned, the people who at great cost give what we call small subscriptions and keep on giving, who do work that nobody ever notices, and do it sweetly year after year.

I think of men such as those I am often permitted to see in my travels—college-trained men, who started out in the ministry with as high hopes as myself, living in mining or agricultural villages on the barest pittance, with never the stimulus of a crowd, and never a mention in the newspapers, and never such votes of grateful thanks and words of adulation as a visitor gets; holding aloft in monotonous and often sordid surroundings the banner of Christ and the flag of an unfashionable church. How easy it must be to stagnate, to lose heart, to drop into mechanical routine! And not only monotony, but solitude; no congenial spirit, plenty of people about you, but no one living in the same world. I think of the Christian worker cherishing his lofty ideals alone, crying with Paul, that great passionate soul: "I have no man like-minded, all seek their own"; and again: "At my first defence all men forsook me." How difficult to keep eager when others are slack, and come with work undone, and with a scantiness of everything but excuses! Yet Paul did it, and thousands are doing it.

And once more, to "endure" in the midst of disparagement, of suspicion, of censure and unkind criticism. That was what Moses did, and Paul, and Luther, and innumerable other worthy souls. They must have closed their ears as Nehemiah did. They must have felt, what every man needs to feel who has a bit of good work on hand, that they must not listen too carefully either to praise or to blame. The motto engraved over the portal of the famous Marischal College at Aberdeen is: "They say. What say they? Let them say," and the meaning is that when men are engaged in a good work, like Nehemiah with his wall, they must be comparatively indifferent. They must imbibe and work in the spirit of our hymn:

"Go labor on. 'Tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises,—what are men?"

The question is: How is it done? Because it is to just such temperaments and in such circumstances as we have been considering that it is all important to know the secret of a conquering perseverance. And the secret here is the vision of Moses. He saw the invisible, which is quite a remarkable statement. It means, of course, that he saw something which was not there to ordinary men, or obvious to the ordinary organ of vision. Perhaps if he had had that vision earlier he would not have slain the Egyptian, but would have taken some other way. But it is safe to say that if he had only seen what met the eye, as we say,—the might of Pharaoh, the Red Sea, the perils of the great and terrible wilderness, the degraded and cowardly and ungrateful people,—he would never have endured. You will remember that it was because ten out of the twelve spies saw only such things, that they said: "We cannot go into the land. The walls are high, the cities are strong, and the giants are there," and they came back. And Moses would never have "endured." Then came a time, you may remember, when he declared in his passionate prayer that unless God revealed Himself to him he could go on no longer, and the strengthening vision came, and he never lost it entirely.

And, my brethren, I firmly believe that it is the same vision that keeps going many of the people of whom I have spoken today. People working in solitary places, unhonored and obscure, are doing their best in the work of life because they believe that God sees and knows and blesses and helps, and because again and again they feel Him near.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, in the remarkable series of Gifford Lectures which he delivered in the early part of this year in Glasgow, affirmed that the plain man wants to know whether he is to count God in his own soul. And he declared that he was speaking in his lectures of a God of Whom it would not be untrue, though it would be inadequate, to say that He took sides, that He worked for great ends, that He was a Spirit communicating with other

spirits, and that He was a God Who asked us to work with Him. I venture to say that this was precisely what Moses felt. He had a burning conviction that God was on the side of Israel, and working for great ends; that He was a Spirit, communicating Himself, speaking, revealing, empowering, calling men to labor and to be faithful, and saying to them: "Certainly I will be with thee," and keeping His word; bestowing grace and courage and comfort and companionship, so that Moses, in the dear old phrase, spoke with God "face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."

And, my brethren, that is as possible to us in our complex civilization as to that great soul in the desert, and, I will add, quite as necessary. The great necessity for this day, and every day, is men who will "endure." "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself," the writer of this Epistle cries in the next chapter. And again: "He endured the cross, despising the shame." The men who will "endure," who will be steadfast and unmoveable in the work of the Lord, are wanted, and they will be men with vision; men who see God and not men, God and not difficulties, God and not criticisms and slights and opposition, and not praise and flattery.

Am I speaking to some weary people, people flagging in some good work, greatly discouraged? The Bible allows for you. It anticipates your condition. It nowhere blames you. God sent forth His prophet of old time who declares: "The Lord GOD hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." The Bible expects to find us in weary moods. Hear the word of prophecy again: "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength." That is what you and I want—renewal, recreation, the freshening of the stale spirit and the stale duty, renewal of the jaded spirit and the exhausted resources. "They that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." And it is true. And it is the thing we have too much omitted from our programme. We have neglected God. But we can get back. We can begin again the habit of referring everything to God. We can speak with Him, as Moses did, and know that He speaks to us and still communicates Himself. There lies the secret of "endurance," namely, the fellowship of the everlasting God.

Moses did his work. He lived to see the nation transformed, cleansed of its cowardice and made fit for the great enterprise, ready to enter in. Humanly speaking, Moses was the maker of Israel. Failure could never be written on a man's work who did the will of God and held on in the path of obedience. It never will. His work will live.

"For right is right since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

TRIBULATION AND PEACE.

Rev. Charles Brown, D. D.

These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. John xvi. 33.

I am very much impressed by the reasons given by our Lord in His last conversations with His disciples for the words which He speaks—deep and wonderful words, searching and severe here, winsome and tender there. Over and over again the phrase occurs: "These things I have spoken unto you that. . . . ." It seems almost intended to meet a mood in the disciples, a mood of wonder or remonstrance, as if in their bewilderment and pain they were asking: "Why are You talking in this way, and about these strange things?" And our Lord explains, He gives His reasons, and every reason declares some beneficent intention towards His disciples. I do not suppose for

a moment that they realized the intention. It is very difficult to really believe that unwelcome things are for our good, such, for example, as the departure of Christ from His disciples, or the denial of some dearly cherished wish, or the disturbance of some pet plan or fond relationship.

And what greatly impresses me is the evident fact that our Lord's intentions are *immediately* frustrated. His sayings apparently—at least, some of them—had the very opposite effect to that which He intended. Take the intention expressed in the text: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace." But the effect had not been peace. It had been disturbed and troubled minds. Take another expressed intention: "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Now read the actual effect: "Because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart." Here is another intention: "These things have I spoken unto you, that you should not be made to stumble," namely, by the things that should happen. But they had stumbled already, and the stumbling-block had been His own words, which they were so obviously failing to understand that He had to stop speaking. May I say that it has been too often the fate of the sayings of Christ to be misunderstood? We have neither patience, nor spiritual insight, nor sufficient experimental knowledge of Him to understand His speech. For it needs more than theological acumen. It needs a finely adjusted spirit—cleansed of self-will and worldliness, docile to the will of God—to discern the meaning of the words of Christ to men. It is not the Greek scholar that understands them, but an apostolic soul. Every speaker on high and great themes knows what it is to have his words taken in the very opposite sense to that which he intended, and it must have been a part of the pain and solitude of Christ that He could not impart His mind to men.

Think of the mysterious saying in the text: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." The natural tendency is to ask: "Why?" Why cannot this thing, which is hideous in itself, be avoided? Why should not disciples, at least, be immune from it? Even at this time of day our tendency is to expect something the very opposite, and to doubt and rebel when tribulation comes. Who prays for tribulation, or thanks God for it, or, as Paul declared he did, rejoices in it? Who thinks it a proof of Divine favor when it comes? Nay, who feels the need of the discipline of it in his own life?

A short time ago I had newspaper cuttings sent me with the account of the marvelous working of God in enabling some people to open a new place of worship free of debt. The getting of all that they wanted was regarded as a proof of God's guidance and favor. Within a few days of the triumphant opening, the place was burnt to the ground through the overturning of a can of varnish. *There* is tribulation, and at once people begin to talk of the mystery,—as if God should govern by the method of preventing accidents from happening in places of worship however careless people may be, and should only allow places of evil repute to be destroyed. Such people would never have permitted the Church to be persecuted. They would never have allowed the righteous to suffer at the hands of an evil and malignant world. They would have made it worth while in temporal matters for a man to be a Christian, insuring him thereby against all the ills to which flesh is heir. And they fail to see that such a process would produce a race of smug and self-satisfied Pharisees, lifted up with pride and scorn above their fellows, utterly without the virtue of heroism and self-sacrifice.

But God does not govern after that fashion. He does not make the way of faith and obedience as easy as that. His blessing to the soul is often the blessing of adversity and tribulation. So a man should not doubt the goodness of God when these come to him. He should rather suspect himself if they never reach him. Please do not try to strike a bargain that you will believe in everlasting goodness as long as things go smoothly, and do not stipulate that all shall go prosperously, that health shall be good and relationships happy and all ventures prosperous. God never enters into a covenant of that kind with any man, least of all is that a part of His new covenant.

Our Lord never has put a smooth road before His disciples. He appeals to the

heroic in us. He asks: Who can endure hardness without giving way or breaking down? Who will take up his cross? He declares that things will not go smoothly, but roughly, with His people. If you are in a stormy time, because you have said a true word or acted faithfully or refused to be drawn aside from some high purpose, remember that is precisely what He foretold. Do not be terrified out of right doing and the straight path by any threat of trouble or loss. Do not court tribulation, nor willfully bring it on your own head, but do not go far toward the world, or make all manner of concessions of principle in order to buy it off. Remember the words of Peter: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." Remember the words of the old hymn:

"Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound prints,
And His side.

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

Another difficulty we experience along with the first disciples is how there can be in the same life, and at the same time, tribulation and peace. For example, if I am in adversity, if I have things daily to worry and cross me, if I am misrepresented and abused and slandered and persecuted, if outward things are apparently going wrong with me, how can I have peace? Well, it depends on where my *real life* is. If I *live* in the persecutions, if I *dwell* on these things, if they get on my nerves, as we say, peace will be impossible. But if I dwell in another element I may be almost unconscious of these things. If I try to sleep in the front room of a certain old house that I know in a very noisy street, where traffic rattles half through the night, I shall probably try in vain. But if I get into a room far back overlooking the old peaceful garden, the noise of the traffic is only a distant rumble soothing me to slumber. It all depends on how I am clothed as to whether I am nipped up or braced up by the cold wind. It all depends upon what there is between me and what Saint Paul calls "the fiery darts," as to whether they hurt me or not. If I can put a great friendship and a great honor between me and some spiteful enmity, the latter really does not injure me. If a political leader can safely count on the loyalty and devotion of his own party, I suppose the bitter taunts and opposition of his opponents will scarcely disturb his peace. He lives in the former, and not in the latter.

Do not forget to read our text in the proper order. Note that the armor comes before the strife. "In me ye shall have peace" comes before "In the world ye shall have tribulation." The shelter is pointed out before the storm, surely in order that we may be in the shelter when the storm breaks. And when you are in the shelter you are really not in the storm. You see its pitiless fury, you hear its swirl and its roar, it moves you strangely, but it cannot hurt you. You think all the time of the blessing of your shelter.

We get an illustration of what I am saying in the verse before the text: "Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone,"—there is the storm; "and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me,"—there is the shelter. There is the secret of the peace of Christ.

The words of the text are very significant following immediately on that. They seem to say, indeed they do say: "What the Father is to Me, I can be to you." Do you not see that in the text we have one of the great and imperial claims of our Lord? Who else would dare to say it? "In me ye have peace." Paul can say some great things of himself. He even ventures to urge people to imitate him. But he never dares to say: "In me ye have peace," or "rest," or "joy." You know that in this great sphere our Lord moves alone, with a supremacy unchallenged and attested through all the ages. You know what Paul does say in his last letter: "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me,"—there was the storm again; and then: "notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me,"—there was the shelter proving what has

been already stated that what the Father was to the well-beloved Son, that the Son was in the glory of His risen life to His disciples. And that He has been, thank God, to many of us. In the fierce and pitiless storms of tribulation we have hidden in Him, we have found our peace in Him. That is what we mean when we sing:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

Mind you, my friends, a man may miss that shelter and some men are doing it. It is possible to get bitter and defiant about tribulation, and especially about tribulation that comes because of our fidelity to duty. There is danger of getting embittered by disappointment, by opposition, by unfavorable criticism, by misappreciation. That is always one of the perils of trying to do right things and great things without being *in Christ.* So that people fling up some piece of good or noble work, not only because there is no honor in it, but because of the ingratitude or hopeless behavior of those among or for whom it has been done. The point where we go wrong is here: we look in the wrong place for peace. We look for it in the world instead of in Christ, and we live in the world rather than in Christ. Our eye is on the world, on what it says, and whether it approves or scorns, rather than on Christ. It may be impossible to get honest peace in your present relationships, but you can get peace in Christ.

There is such a hunger in the heart for peace that we are willing to pay a great price for it. And we make peace with the wrong quarter, and we pay too great a price for it, the price often of principle and of testimony. Many a man has got peace with the world by allowing it to master him. He does not know it, but he is a slave. That is why there is peace. The fetters are golden or silken, but they are fetters. He has found peace because he has given in, and ceased resistance, and silenced his testimony, and has become gradually conformed to the life about him. He is right with the world at the cost of getting wrong with Christ. He has no peace in Christ, no comfort, no joy. In a way he doubts the genuine reality of these things. He still gives a little money, and does some harmless and colorless things in the interests of what is known as Christian work, but as for joy and peace *in Christ* he does not know them. His main interests are in the world. In a certain superficial way he has mastered the world, that is, he has mastered its secrets and made it yield many of its treasures to him, but in a very real way it has mastered him. It has bribed and won him. He has become a materialist. The world possesses *him,* he does not possess it. It has hidden God's face from him and made spiritual things unreal. He is *in* the world and not *in* Christ. It is an infinitely sad and tragic thing when a man gets peace and prosperity and joy at that price, because it is peace and joy which will come to an end, and the end will be tribulation, infinite and unspeakable.

Note in contrast to that the final word of the text: "I have overcome the world." It means that our Lord had fought His battle, that the world had assailed Him, that it had sought to win Him or drive Him, to bribe or threaten Him, and He had conquered. He refused to alter or modify His standards of value, to adopt the methods of the world or its principles, to deviate by one hair's breadth from the straight path which the Father's will had marked out for Him. Its blandishments and its threatenings alike failed to move Him. We see that the world could despise and reject Him, mock and spit on and crucify Him, but it could never break His will or turn Him from His purpose or hinder His sure victory over the souls of men. The world killed Him in hatred because it had failed with Him, and His death was His greatest victory.

And because He has overcome through what Milton calls His humiliation and strong sufferance, He bids His disciples be of good cheer. That does not mean merely that because *One* has overcome another may. It does not really help me much to tell me that One infinitely superior to me has conquered where I stand. If I were *He I* would conquer, but I am not, and it

may easily be that, being the poor weak creature that I am, where He conquered I may fail and fall. It means for one thing that the world is a beaten foe, that its power in certain directions is crippled. But it means also that Christ is an Ally with all who are united to Him by faith. It means that I have not only *peace* in Him, but *power;* not defensive armor merely, but offensive. It means that the shelter to which I flee in Him is an armed fortress from which the enemy can be driven back, wounded and crippled. It means nothing less than this that He lives again in all who live in Him, and that they may be clothed with His victorious might, not only to endure tribulation, but to conquer in the fight.

And it means more, more than my text contains. It means that the world's captives and victims may be liberated by His merciful might. There is a prophecy of the Old Testament concerning captive Israel which may be still more fully applied here: "They shall take them captives, whose captives they were; and they shall rule over their oppressors." Applied spiritually it means that a man who has been the captive of love of money, or pleasure, or lust, or greed, or sheer materialism, or the senses, may make them his captives. And if any man ask: How? the answer is: In Christ. There is no other way. You will most certainly be defeated if you try to fight the world single-handed and as a separate proposition, and some of you are being defeated. But *in Christ,* trusting the life to Him, keeping the eye of faith fixed on Him, cultivating vital contact with Him every day, abiding in Him, sharing His life, you are safe. It is to Him I would call you with all earnestness of solemn entreaty. Come to Him. Come back to Him. Open your heart to Him. Commit your life to Him, and it shall not be spoiled or mastered by the world and its evil.

WHENCE BREAD TO SATISFY?

Rev. Charles Brown, D. D.

Mark viii. 1-9.

We have a great picture here—the picture of a hungry crowd in a desert place, of One Who regards them and their condition with profound and loving compassion, and Who appeals to His friends as to what shall be done. But it is in its symbolical aspect that I ask you to regard this incident to-day, not because I do not believe in the miracles of Christ. I do, but because I also believe that every miracle is a parable, as indeed all history is, with deep moral and spiritual significance.

I. I take this hungry crowd in the wilderness and the question of the disciples as a picture and epitome of the situations in life which constantly confront us. Christ has just declared His compassion for these hungry people, and thrown out the hint that they should be fed. And the reply of the disciples, in effect, is a *non possumus.* "It is perfectly useless," they say, "to think of *our* doing it. We are poor men who know hunger ourselves. Our supplies are of the scantiest, just enough for our own needs. We may pity the people, and we do; but we can do nothing more, and to *say* we are sorry for them while we do nothing else is simply to aggravate their need. It is sad to say it, but they must be left to their own resources. 'From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?'" They are challenged by a claim which they feel they must decline. They may be disturbed or vexed by the challenge, but it would be futile and absurd for them to attempt to meet it.

Continually we are confronted by some situation of which this incident may be regarded as a faint image. An appeal comes home to us. It is a story of distress, trouble, sickness, ill-fortune, and we say: "Oh, if I were only rich, what a lot of good I would do! How many a rough pathway I would smooth, and how many a burden I would lift! But look at my resources!" Or there is the claim and challenge of the great heathen world lying in its darkness and cruel bondage and

helplessness. Or there is the great Social problem at our doors,—the evilly housed people of whom we think in the sweltering heat of summer or the bitter cold of the winter, the ill-paid workers with their bare and precarious living, and the abundance and luxury and waste at the other end of Society. We are not among the indifferent people who pass all this by in their eager quest for personal pleasure and gain. But what can we do?

Or, again, we think of the growing secularism and materialism in these days, the turning of the day of rest and worship into a day of excitement and amusement and purely carnal pleasure; of the slow progress of the Church, the moral and spiritual apathy surrounding us, and it weighs upon our heart as the condition of the crowd weighed upon the heart of Christ. We mention the matter to our friends and they say—as we all say about so many things—with a shrug of the shoulders: "It is all true; too true, alas! but what can you do? You are in the wilderness, you are but one and your resources are small. How can you alter the condition of things or change the current which flows so swiftly about you? Therefore, where is the use of vexing your soul?"

Or our problem may be much narrower than that. It may simply be how to influence in the right direction some individual life which is being drawn away by some unworthy or evil influence, or how to rescue some soul from the clutches of bad habit, or how to comfort some struggling or breaking heart. And in these cases we are stricken through and through with a consciousness of poverty of resource and influence, and cry: "Alas! what shall we do? Remember the pathetic cry of Carlyle: 'Poor, wandering, wayward, burdened man! Ever, whether thou wearest the prince's robe or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary and heavy laden, and thy bed of rest is but a grave? Oh, my brother, my brother, why cannot I shelter thee, and wipe away thy tears?'"

Or perhaps our problem is narrower still: it is just ourselves—how to govern our own spirit, to control tongue and temper, to keep the curb on passion and desire, to answer perplexing and persistent questions. Or even how to live the Christian life where we are, with our temperament and temptations and our uncongenial surroundings. We have a high conception of what that life is or ought to be, of what the demands of God are, and we are disposed to cry: *"Non possumus"* as these claims challenge us, to let things go, to take the easier path.

Now what is the answer to all this kind of reasoning? I mean the answer of this incident, and indeed the answer of the whole Bible and of Christianity. Surely it is this: that our resources are greater than we realize, and we are capable of a great deal more than we think. Every man who reads his Bible knows that God is continually calling men to attempt that which seems impossible and absurd. Could anything be more ridiculous and hopeless than the idea of a solitary shepherd in the desert of Midian with nothing but his shepherd's staff confronting the proud might of Egypt and bringing out from under it a nation of profitable serfs? or Gideon driving out the hordes of Midian; or the shepherd stripling with a sling facing the colossal warrior of the Philistines? Well, there is something more absurd and impossible in the New Testament. It is the command to a handful of peasants to "go and make disciples of all nations," and of some of these men, along with Saint Paul, facing the might of the proud Roman Empire and attacking it in the name of Christ.

I do not minimize the difficulties, but I feel bound to say that when there is anything great to be done we are far too fond of disparaging our own power and magnifying our poverty and finding excuse and relief in it. The difficulties of living the true Christian life, of beating down Satan beneath our feet, of doing and getting done the will of God, are tremendous. But the lesson of this incident seems to be that the chief thing needed is to put what we have at the disposal of Christ for Him to use according to His will. Suppose every Christian did that as the first apostles did, as the lad with the five loaves did, as the man with the upper room did, as John Bunyan and William Carey and D. L. Moody and William Booth did. The result would be as amazing as

the feeding of this crowd. Far greater miracles than this have been wrought by men who have simply consecrated what they had to the service of Christ and in compassion for men, and what they had has been expanded and transfigured before the gaze of a wondering world.

II. But now, secondly, let us regard this incident from another point of view. Look at the multitude in its need as typifying the moral and spiritual condition of men and women to-day. And we need not ask: "Who or what can satisfy *the crowd* with its diversity of hunger?" But select *any individual* out of it and ask: "What, in his complex personality, his cravings and desires and aspirations, what can satisfy him?" How many of the men and women we know are satisfied, content, radiantly thankful? How many of us here to-night, with all our mercies and blessings, are satisfied? There are plenty of people who think they would be satisfied if only they had what some of us have—health, home. children. Of course, they cannot see the crook in our lot or the secret care that we carry. We have a strange way of thinking that if only we were in someone else's place we would be content. Many a minister in the village thinks his metropolitan brother ought to wear the garment of praise every day because the lines have fallen to him in such pleasant places, while there is many a minister in London who would give much to live at the same quiet pace and in the serene surroundings of some of his country brethren. Indeed, a man who is not restless, either in the ministry or out of it, a really contented man, with no grievance against Providence, or Society, or the Church, or what he calls fortune, is not met with every day.

Mark you, there is a content that is ignoble, little better than that of a pig in its sty, or a well-fed ox—a content that wants to be no better, such as that described in one of the newly discovered sayings of Christ. Jesus said: "I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of men, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them, and My soul grieveth over the sons of men because they are blind in their heart." *There* is a contentment that is to be deplored, and not to be envied. But when you think of the varying conditions, temperaments, and ambitions of men, their cares and longings, their disappointments and sorrows, all the eager, restless crowd that pours into the city every morning and out again at night, the question arises: Is there any one thing or person that can satisfy them all? And the most remarkable thing in the New Testament is the bold and unfaltering claim of Christ that He can; that He cries: "He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." There is nothing clearer in the Bible than that claim. And it is tremendous because men differ so widely. There are the eager and ambitious souls and there are the calm and placid people who only ask to be left alone in some quiet nook, and yet often the ambitious man is thrust into the lowly place and the placid man flung into battle.

And men are sceptical about this great claim of Christ. They do not see proof of it in many of His professed followers. They hear men sing: "Thou, O Christ, art all I want." But often they seem no more satisfied than other men, and just as restless. And there are men, quite decent men, who say: "You talk about the comfort and delight you find in prayer. Well, to tell you the truth, I have never experienced it. I say my prayers as a matter of duty and from force of habit, but I am not conscious of joy and delight. And the Bible—I do not find that interesting. If I read it at all it is as a matter of duty and not as I read the newspaper, or review, or novel. And as for public worship—I go as a matter of duty, or custom, or example, but it does not satisfy me. I could live quite well without it. I do not see how religion is to satisfy me. I read in the Sermon on the Mount: 'Blessed are the meek,' but I really do not see any blessedness or happiness in meekness, nor in forgiving injuries and doing good to my enemies, though I do see considerable satisfaction in paying them back and making them suffer a little." But, my friends, you understand that the man who talks like that has never really found Christ. He has no experience, and the very first thing that he needs is to steadfastly commit his life to Christ. For when a man does that—*really* does it, not professes to do it—some-

thing remarkable happens. Christ changes his desires and tastes, leads him away from lower pleasures to purer and more satisfying. He does not crush a man's ambition, but purifies it and turns it into nobler channels. He destroys the charm of base things and causes him to seek higher joys. Let a man have faith enough to make the experiment and he will find that there is no joy on earth comparable to the joy of heartily serving men for Christ's sake and doing the will of God.

If you want to know what Christ can do for a man, a man of vast ambition, of proud spirit and imperious will, a restless and dissatisfied man, look at Saint Paul. With his surrender and devotion to Christ his ambition was not crushed. It was cleansed and transfigured, and there came into his soul a peace and satisfaction and joy which he had never known, and which enabled him to turn disappointments into advantages and tribulations into joys, and you hear him saying in memorable words what it would aggravate you to hear some men say: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need."

You may say there are two subjects concerning which men have hungered to know. The one is *the future life.* O how eagerly men have speculated about what happens when the night of death falls! What a hunger seizes the heart of the mother to know whether she will ever see again her child, or the wife her husband, who has gone into the impenetrable silence and mystery! And what assurance and what comfort the words of Christ breathe to the sorrowing heart!

I was talking awhile ago to a shrewd and practical man of business, a man whose integrity and keenness are known to all who are acquainted with him. And he began to tell me of the terrible sorrows through which he had passed and he said: "Sir, I have proved in all these disappointments and sorrows that Jesus Christ can comfort and sustain and satisfy." Now if that man had given me his business experience, that he had found that certain things worked, that doing this had resulted thus, I should have readily believed him, and I believed him when he spoke—a somewhat unusual thing for him—on the subject of trusting Christ and how it works. You sometimes hear of the testimony that comes from a dying bed. This is the testimony that came from a man in the midst of life's full vigor, who had entered into deep and solemn experiences and it is a testimony as sacred as it is true: "I have proved in the deepest sorrows the sufficient comfort and peace of Christ."

The other subject is *sin.* How can a man whose conscience has been stirred be satisfied about the sin that he did long ago, and the memory of which tortures him? how to get rid of it? how to make matters straight between God and his soul? Christ undertakes to deal with sin, to put away its guilt and stain, and to destroy its power. Again and again He said when on earth to people who were well-nigh hopeless: "Thy sins are forgiven." There is no religion in the world that makes so much of sin as the Christian religion, and certainly no religion that shows the way to its complete annihilation. Christ never excuses sin. He condemns it and forgives it and does away with it.

I heard some time ago the speech of a bad man—a man in high station socially, but living a wild and fast life. He said this to a clergyman who had been talking seriously to him about his life: "When things go wrong with me, when trouble stares me in the face, and I am forced to think what I should do if my friends should cast me off as a 'rotter' and the world should turn against me—when I feel miserable like that I get away by myself and go to church, because I feel that if the worst came to the worst there is One Who would never scorn me and never cast me away." Now there was a man using a right instinct in a wrong way. But the instinct was true. Here is the word: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." But how this man was misusing it! Believing in a way that Christ would take him in at the last, and yet slighting and insulting the grace of God by doing every day the things that were grievous in God's sight, and going the way to wreck even his desire to come to Christ. No wonder the clergyman said to

him: "Well, if you believe that, are you dealing fairly with Christ? Why not enter in now at the open door? And why not pray that these abominable desires of yours may by Him be destroyed, and that the peace which only He can give may be yours now?"

It is true that Christ is a refuge for the shipwrecked and the despairing. But it is also true that He can prevent a man from ever coming to it. It is not with self, nor with pleasure, nor with the world, nor with money, nor with fame, that the soul of man is satisfied. There is a great word that comes from the Old Testament: "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." It is goodness alone that satisfies the soul of man made in the image of God. And it is goodness that Christ enables men to achieve. How? By coming to Christ. What is coming? Accepting Him, handing your life over to Him, turning your back upon the self-life and beginning to live the Christ-life, to live for His sake and for His glory. And that life may be begun *now*. "Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."

THE PARABLE OF THE ELDER BROTHER.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A., D. D.

Luke xv. 11-32.

This parable, as you know, is generally described as "the parable of the prodigal son." It ought to be called "the parable of the elder brother." If you consider it in its context, and remember that our Lord spoke it as an answer to the Pharisees and scribes who murmured because He received the publicans and sinners to His bosom, you will agree with me that this parable could not have been spoken to these last. The publicans and sinners came to Jesus fast enough; it was the Pharisees and scribes who stayed away. The inner circle gathered around Christ was composed of the poor sinners who needed Him, and who came to Him like bees to flowers. But the outer circle, the murmuring circle, whom our Lord really indicated here and addressed, was that of correct-living people who had never gone to excess, and who consequently looked down with pride and contempt upon all those poor fallen pieces of humanity.

In considering this story, let us dwell first upon our Lord's ideal: "Child, thou art ever with me,"—the Greek word, here translated son, includes both son and daughter,—"Child, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." Now there are three things which ought to be characteristic of our life day by day: first, there is the community of nature: "Child"; then the community of interest: "Thou art ever with me"; and finally the community of possession: "All that I have is thine."

I. The Community of Nature: *"Child."* We are children when we have been born of the Spirit of God. Whether we remember the place and the time, or whether the new life of God came over our soul as the dawn comes over the sky, there must have been an hour or a moment in our past life, if we are Christians, when the seed of God entered our nature, and we were born, "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

I remember when I was quite young being extremely anxious because I could not remember the time or place of my birth into God's household. Then it was that I heard that great and glorious man of God, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, say that a man might be quite sure he was alive, even though he did not know his birthday. That sentence dissipated all doubt for me. I could not remember the time or the place of my conversion, but I knew that I loved God, that I loved to pray, that I loved good things, that my soul blushed when I came in contact with evil, and I humbly thought, therefore, and dared to believe, that I had been born again.

Now before I go another step I ask each one of you: Do you know from the inner witness of God's Spirit in your heart, witnessing with you, that you are a child of God? Do you know that you have been born again, that you have been born from above? If you have not, it is absurd for you to go further till this matter is settled. You will only build your house upon sand. You may add all kinds of information during this conference, but the structure will crumble with the first impact of temptation or sorrow or trial. I implore you, make this a time when you shall settle the matter beyond all doubt, so that you can look into God's face and, in the inner sense of it, say: "Father, I am Thy child."

Now that word "child" is urgent. It might be rendered "child of my heart." That is where to begin with Christian people,—with the fact that they are born of God, that they are partakers of the Divine nature. I do not think it is much good going about the world finding fault with people unless they have in them something upon which to build, unless they present something upon which one can lay hold. And I say to every one here who has been born again, you may be full of failure, full of sin, and you may be disheartened by your constant shortcomings, but in your heart, in your life, you have the beginnings of God's own nature. That is what we are dealing with in this conference. We are not dealing with the stones that may have choked that life, but with the essential germ of the Divine nature, which by the Holy Spirit has been communicated to you.

II. The Community of Interest: *"Child, thou art ever with me."* That preposition "with" is interesting. It is the preposition of fellowship. It is as though the father said to this elder son of his: "You know how you and I have sat over the breakfast table, and in the harvest season conferred about the reapers and their work. We have discussed the order in which the fields should be taken, and the rotation of crops. We have taken counsel together when we have bought a new piece of land. There is nothing on this farm that you and I have not talked about. In the morning we have laid our plans; at night we have calculated the results. At the end of the year we have summed up our profits of agriculture, and of the flocks and herds. My boy, you and I have been on terms of perfect friendship." I think it quite likely that the wife and mother was dead, and the younger boy, we know, was far away. Thus these two, the father and his elder son, were thrown together and they talked over everything that belonged to the home and to the property. And Jesus said that if you and I were living as we should, we should be on just such terms with God, and God would talk with us as a man talks with his son over the breakfast table. There would be an open door between God and the soul. It is not necessary to go down on our knees each time we talk with Him. We can talk to Him when we are walking along the road, when we are sitting at a meal, when we are on our beds. All the time there may be such communication between the soul and God as there is between a river and the sea; especially a tidal river, by which the sea sends up its tides into the heart of the country. That ought to be a symbol of your life and mine. There should always be an open channel towards God that the great tide of His nature may flow into our soul. *"Thou art ever with me."*

III. The Community of Possession: *"All that I have is thine."* That was the father's view of things. The elder son did not see it, though the prodigal did. When the father gave the property to his younger son, and the younger son took his goods and moved into the far country, he at least believed that the things belonged to him. The mistake the prodigal made was, not that he misunderstood the father in believing that the property had been given to him, but that he made the wrong use of it in taking it from the father's sight and presence. The prodigal was justified in looking upon what was given to him as for use; where he was wrong was in abusing it. The elder brother, on the other hand, appears never to have really understood that the father's living was divided between both of them. He had never realized that his father had actually given him his livelihood—"his life," as the Greek says. Our Lord teaches that all God's life, all God's livelihood, all that makes God God, is at the disposal of the soul which has been born again. "All mine is thine,"

Jesus said, in the seventeenth chapter of John; here the Father says: "All mine is thine."

But think of the poverty of life in which many of us are living,—the miserable life that cannot resist temptation, that cannot stand against the power of evil, that is unhealthy, morbid, and impotent! God meant that we should share His life. *All* God's life is for us, and the mistake that we make, many of us, is that we live in the energy of our own nature instead of absorbing and appropriating and breathing in, hour by hour, the very life of the Eternal God. That is what Jesus meant. And my friend, when you kneel down by your bed to-night ask yourself: "Why is it that I am not entering into that ideal of Jesus, that I should day by day have intercourse with God as a river with the ocean bed? Why do I not take God's life into mine? What is the reason of the miserable life I am living? What is the matter with me?" That is what we must discover at this convention.

Now what was the cause of this elder son's failure? I will show you. The fact is that both the sons, the prodigal and the elder brother, made the same mistake: they lived separate from the father. In the case of the prodigal it was a big separation; in the case of the elder brother it was apparently a small separation. I want to drive this point home upon every one of you: that a very little thing may as much shut God out of your life as a very big thing,—just as one of your pennies when held up against the eye will shut out the fairest landscape that ever lay open to the sight.

What was the mistake of the prodigal? This: that he wanted to enjoy his goods away from God the good. We are not meant to live without enjoying the beautiful things with which God has strewn the world. The mistake that so many people make is in thinking that good things can be enjoyed better if God is ruled out. They do not realize that they may have everything they will out of this world if they will only keep God first. If they put Christ on the throne they may do as they like. The mistake of the prodigal was to rule out the spirit. The spirit is the highest part of our nature. It is our affinity to the Eternal Spirit. To have *that* is to have the one diamond of priceless worth flashing in the coronet of life. But, my friends, how often men score out the spirit, shut up the upper stories, as Emerson says, where the throne room is, and are content to live in the lower quarters,—to throw the reins on the neck of passion and so ride to bankruptcy.

Now, listen further to the elder brother as he talks with his father: "I have never transgressed at any time." As a boy at school he always had a faultless record. He may not have been a brilliant scholar, but his master always said he was a good boy. When he grew up all the servants spoke well of him. He never took liberties with anybody. He was always correct in his behavior in the household, and no tongue could depreciate his moral character. There was not a mother anywhere around who would not have been glad for him to have her daughter in marriage. He was counted a very good match for any girl. He was the sort of young fellow whom everybody expected would marry, have a family, settle down and live a respectable and honorable life. It always seems to me as if the Apostle Paul might have stood for this portraiture. You remember what he said of himself: "Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless." Persecutor as he was, I would say that there never was a more moral man in Phariseeism than Paul; he was just like this elder brother. And Saul was a young man at the time our Lord spake this parable.

And then he said: "Father, there is another thing. You know that I have slaved for you,"—for that is the Greek word here. At that moment he had only just come back from the field, with his hands soiled, and his clothes stained. His care for the estate was excessive. If a fence was wrong, he knew all about it and had it put right. If an animal needed attention, he noticed it at once. There was nothing on the whole farm that he did not look after and care for.

Well, what was the matter then? This: all the time there was rankling in his mind and heart the thought that he had a grievance. His father did not know that he had a private circle of friends, and that he wanted to have a supper party all his own, apart from his father. It was only a little party, for he wanted only a kid, and that would not serve for many. You cannot feed many people on a kid! Would it be enough for four? Your smile shows that you appreciate my point. He did not want a big supper party. He did not ask for a fatted calf. He only wanted about three or four of his own particular friends, in a little room, with a kid!

But you may depend upon it that there was something wrong about it. What did he mean by saying, "My friends"? Did not that mean that he had interests about which his father knew nothing? that he had a group of friends outside his father? that he wanted something in which his father did not participate? And was not that the same sin in essence as the one that carried the prodigal to the far country? The prodigal wanted his goods away from the father, and the elder brother wanted his friends in a private gathering, that he "might make merry" with them.

The man was blind. He was blind to the real nature of his father: "Son, thou art ever with me." He was blind to the claims of his brother: "This thy son." He was blind to the tenure of the property: "All that I have is thine." He was blind to what was proper and befitting in friendship: "That I might make merry with my friends." He was blind to himself: he thought that all his people were fools, but failed to realize that he was the biggest fool of all. Is not that so? Have you never been aggrieved, jealous, angry, and thought that everybody was against you? It is you who were wrong, and you had to come back to yourself. If one of those stars revolving around the sun gets out of its orbit, it may begin to reason that all the stars and even the sun are wrong, whereas, it is the star itself which has lost its way.

Paul said: "I was alive without the law once,"—that is, "I was a young Pharisee, free and happy, quite content with myself, and congratulating myself on my record. Then suddenly the commandment came on me like a shaft of light into a dark cave where all kinds of ugly things lie concealed. The commandment came, and sin woke up, and I died and lost all my comfort." Now that is a picture of the Christian life. We are traveling along a certain level and we are quite happy and content. Then we suddenly see another level above us and we are no longer satisfied with what we have attained. We begin to see that all the time we thought that we were right we were really wrong. We were living up to our light, but it was twilight. A new ideal came, and we began to punish ourselves, and to confess that our life had come grievously short.

The law of love is a higher thing than the law of morality. The life lived on the code of morality is right as far as it goes. It would be a crime to suggest that it is not a good thing to be honest and clean and true. But there is a higher law, the law of love, as exemplified in the father's welcome to the poor prodigal, the music and dancing and gladness of the banqueting hall. May that love come into your life and mine, and reveal us to ourselves as not being quite as good as we believed we were, and thus lead us higher!

"The father came out and intreated him." The Greek word used here is the same as that which occurs in II Corinthians, the fifth chapter, where Paul says: "We beseech you be reconciled." The father came out and besought him. The verb is in the imperfect tense. He kept on saying: "Dear child, do not stay outside. Do come in and share my love. Come in and share my joy. Come in!" And God is brooding over the hearts of many unconverted in this place to-night. He is saying: "I invite you to something that is ever so much better than you have ever known. Come into My love! Come into this banquet hall! Come in and welcome your brother as I have done. Tell him that you are glad to see him."

I wonder what actually did happen. The story breaks off in the most exciting part. Continued in our next? That means continued in our own experience. Shall we not all step out into our Father's life? "It is meet for us to make merry and be glad."

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

THE INVESTMENT OF THE SOUL.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A. D. D.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Rev. v. 12.

We are all familiar with the great system of life insurance and life investment, and whether the millions of the money-king or the meager savings of the poor are concerned it is of the utmost importance that no mistake should be made in their investment. Many anxious thoughts have been exercised upon that subject, and people have sought the advice of experienced financiers, or those accustomed to commercial affairs, that they might be guided to the right depositing of money. All of you in this great audience I am addressing this morning have just one life to live, and in that life there is probably some specialty of power and faculty, which you are intended to contribute to the well-being of your fellow creatures, and it is of prime importance that you should make no mistake as to your investment, but that you should so deposit your life, whatever that life stands for, whether more or less, in such a way that when the King comes He may receive His own with interest.

In that remarkable parable of the kingdom of God delivered in the week of His Passion, our Lord distinguishes between the two servants who had talents and used them and the one servant who, for sheer indolence or want of knowledge, failed to make use of his talent. On his return the lord of these servants said to this man: "You should have invested it in my bank." Now the question for us to-day is, first, as to what we have to invest. In our text we discover seven classes of people, and I think each of us will find himself in one or other of them.

Here are seven distinct classes. Let me enumerate them, and as I do so I want you to find your class.

First, there is *"power."* The Greek word is δύναμις, "dynamite!" Men and women are being continually sent out of the eternal world into this, who are eminently qualified to lead. There are those who are summoned instinctively to the front, whenever the fatherland is menaced. They may be like Caleb out there on his farm, or like Jephthah in exile; but as soon as the stormy moment comes, all eyes are turned in their direction. Some are men of marvelous ability, some are eminently people of resource, some possess the tenacity of long persistence. These men lead in the railway world, in the world of finance, in the labor world, in the various departments of our common life; and, thank God, at this time women are coming to the front who, in many spheres suited for woman's work and woman's life, are showing themselves eminently qualified to contribute to the advance and well-being of the race.

Secondly, *"riches."* This class includes people who have more than they need for their absolute daily requirement, people who are called by God to be entrusted with the result of the toil of millions—for the money that comes into their hands represents the sweat, toil, travail, care and labor of infinite numbers of people. And this is entrusted to some as a sacred stewardship for the use of the commonwealth.

Next, *"wisdom":* that which comes from experience—for "long experience may attain to something of prophetic strain"—and from industry and the careful use of opportunity. That is the third class.

Then there is *"strength."* "The glory of young men is their strength." Young men and women are here, who, as they look forward to the arena of life, are willing to cope with almost any conflict and difficulty that may menace them. Physical strength, mental strength, moral strength—I trust also spiritual strength, O young athletes, this fourth class is yours!

The fifth class is "*honor.*" This is the attribute of character, the glory that comes to people who may not be ranked amid the aristocracy of the world, but who have high honor in the court of heaven and in the kingdom of God. We may all be endowed with a talent of this sort and may build up the holy fabric of an unimpeachable integrity. Probably this is the greatest asset that a man can acquire. And the aggregate of this to a country is more than vast armies and navies. Character—honor, righteousness, soul-quality!

"*Glory*" comes next; and glory is the scintillation of genius. It is the sparkle of a man's or a woman's life. Probably it is most remarkable in the young. There is the genius of art, of sculpture, of painting, of music, of literature. Young geniuses are born into the world, who do not seem to need to be taught by the dry routine through which many of us have to plod. They come into the world specially endowed. There is the flash of the diamond upon the brow of the girl, the coronet upon the brow of the young man, which God has put there. We yield them the front place. They bear aloft the banner whilst the toiling thousands march in the dust beside them.

"*Blessing*" is the last of the seven classes. All can speak blessing; it is the gift of speech, whether it be used for God or man. The sweet tone of the mother crooning over her child, the loving voice of the father instructing the lad that stands beside him how to shoot the arrows of his life, the preacher in the pulpit, the barrister in the court, the medical man in the consulting room or by the bedside, the Christian worker who can say but a few words for Jesus Christ, but who says them truly (the Greek word is "good speech"),—all these may be included in this category.

The Apostle counted it to be most important that we should get advice other than that given us by earthly counsellors to help us in making our life investment. He therefore puts aside the apostles and prophets and martyrs and fellow believers, and turns to another jury—the panel of holy angels; and he says, in effect: "Ye bright and glorious beings, in your uncounted millions and perfect intelligence, tell us how best to invest the asset of our life." It is a remarkable and wise appeal, for the angels are old. They are young in the quality of their life, but they are old. Uncounted ages have passed since the morning stars first broke into song. They have had much experience of human life. They have watched the patriarchs of Israel and the noblest representatives of the non-Christian races of men. They have listened over the Acropolis at Athens; they have studied the rise of the philosophy of Egypt and Rome; they see into the heart of mysteries hidden from the wise and prudent. Not only are they old in experience and deep in knowledge, but they are absolutely impartial. Having no end to serve of their own, they may be trusted to give us an unbiased opinion as to the best way of using life. Moreover, they love us. We are told that there is joy in their noble bosoms and upon their faces and lips over one sinner that repenteth. Surely, then, "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" of angels can counsel men and women as to the disposal of the asset of their life, whatever it be, and if once more we may ask the question, "How do you advise?" "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands" reply: "Give all to Christ. 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.'" If I may so put it, nothing will more quickly send a thrill of joy through angel hearts than to be assured that we have come to the unanimous resolve to deposit our all in the hand of Christ. He is worthy to receive, but we must give. He is worthy to take, but we must let go. Nothing would please the heavenly watchers better than that every man and woman in this audience should deposit in the custody of Christ the keeping of their spirit, soul and body.

Let us enumerate some of the reasons that confirm their opinion. First, Jesus Christ is absolutely selfless. The great difficulty in depositing money is to be absolutely sure of the integrity of your trustee, to be quite certain that the man whom you consult has no axe to grind—not a railroad magnate who desires to sell his shares, nor a stockbroker who is anxious to dispose of stocks which are

rapidly losing in value. You must be absolutely sure of your action, and nothing will convince you of its rightness more quickly than to be assured of the selflessness of your adviser. Remember that when you give your life to Christ He will not touch one fraction of it for Himself, but will use it all for the swiftest and largest returns. There will be no deductions for Himself. All will be selflessly administered. To have such an One as He is will protect your happiness and usefulness. When the devil asked our Lord to create a few loaves of bread for His own eating when hungry in the wilderness of temptation, He told him that the power with which God had entrusted Him was all for the benefit of man, and He would not deduct a single iota for His own food. When He was in the Garden, under arrest, and desired to perform a miracle upon the ear of Malchus, and the hand by which He was to do it was fastened and bound, He did not, by an act of Divine power, break the bond, but He said graciously to the man who was binding Him: "Please give Me the use of My right hand," and then He returned it to the thong, because He could only use the power with which He was entrusted for the man's need; not a single particle would He use for Himself. But I need not stand here and prove the selflessness of Christ. I am confirming a foregone conclusion, for you all know perfectly well that Jesus Christ can be absolutely trusted with a human life to make the best of it.

Then, secondly, we may trust Jesus Christ with the investment of our lives, because He has already invested His all in the same enterprise. We like to hear a man say as we place our little savings in his custody: "I can prove to you that I believe in that investment since I have placed all I have got in it." We say to ourselves: "Well, if he has done it, I can." And when we look into the face of Christ He smiles at us and He says: "I made Myself poor for the salvation of the world and the uplifting of mankind; and I am only asking you to do what I did from eternal ages." You ask: What did He invest? Let us do a sum in subtraction. Place on the top line all that you know God stands for, and on a second line below, all that the humanity of Jesus Christ means, and when you have drawn your line and arrived at the result, you will perceive what the Lord Jesus put into the sinking fund of the world's need. He was in the form of God and thought it not robbery to be God's equal, but He made Himself of no reputation, emptied Himself, took on Him the form of a servant, was made in the likeness of men, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Therefore God highly exalted Him. Because Jesus Christ invested His whole Being in man's redemption surely He is a safe Guide in advising us.

Again: He is eminently qualified to advise us in our investment because He has a unique knowledge of the situation. We are told in this very chapter that He is "in the midst of the throne." The Apostle wants us to understand that there are radiating circles around the central point where Christ stands exalted. There is the circle of the "living creatures," who represent intelligent creation. There is the circle of the "elders": these represent the Church. There is the circle of the "angels," that vast multitude of noble spirits who have been called into existence as the messengers of the Eternal. And beyond these "every creature in heaven," one circle; "on earth," another circle; "under the earth," another circle; "in the sea," another circle; far away to the shores of infinity where the waves break upon the unknown shores—Jesus is the center of them all. Everything converges in Him, and just as a man in the center of a nation's telephonic apparatus is sensitive to the sigh of the widow on the one side, or the call to arms of an emperor upon the other, and is constantly in touch with all that affects the far-reaching nerves of that widely radiating apparatus, so "in the midst of the throne" Jesus Christ is sensitive to every sigh, every cry, every tear. The whole agony, sin and woe of humanity pour into the tender and sensitive heart "in the midst of the throne." Therefore He knows where to place and how to use you and yours to the best advantage.

Thirdly, He is unfolding the scroll of history. What are the contents of that scroll? It is the story of the ages, the ages that were to be unfolded until He

should come, and the millennium should pass and the history of man be finished; and as He breaks seal after seal, the things which are recorded take place. I trow that only a week ago He broke some new seal. He broke it suddenly, and instantly events began to transpire of overwhelming magnitude, reflecting here upon the earth some new advance in the campaign for setting up His kingdom. And therefore since Jesus Christ knows the future you may be sure that He will unerringly indicate your life course.

The last argument arises from the fact that we are absolutely and utterly His. Onesimus was a slave who had waited on Paul in Philemon's home. But he had drifted away to Rome and squandered his life in the slums of the great and wicked city. There he had been found by some of the friends who were around Paul at his hired house. The runaway was brought into the room where Paul sat chained to the private soldier, and the great Apostle won him for Jesus. As Paul sat there and talked, the Roman soldier beside him must have been strangely moved as Onesimus, amid tears and sighs, returned himself to the God of Whom he had so often heard Paul speak whilst in Philemon's house far away in Colossæ. But the difficulty arose of inducing Philemon to take Onesimus back and give him another chance. Men and women who have lost their character like that are apt to be cast upon the rubbish heap of society, while nobody thinks or cares. But Paul wrote to Philemon pleading with him to take his servant back. And when he had tried every argument in that wonderful letter, he ended by saying: "If he has wronged you, if he ran away with any of your money, debit me with that. I, Paul, have written it with mine own hand. I will repay it." Then he added: "But remember you owe me your own self." That is what our Lord says: "You owe Me yourselves. You are not your own, but Mine."

I want to press that point home upon every one of you: that you owe Him all you are and have. I have been speaking as though we were independent persons who could do as we chose with our property, whereas, if the truth were told—but I thought I would hide it from you until the end, because I coveted for you the pleasure of giving everything to the Master of your own free will—but if I had only told all the truth when we started, I would not have argued with you at all. I would simply have said: "You have been redeemed"—and the Greek word that the elders used is *"bought."* Listen. "And when he had taken the book, the four living creatures and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having each one a harp, and golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints. And they sing a new song, saying, Worthy art thou to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and didst purchase unto God with thy blood men of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation." Purchased; bought! That is the word of the slave market, and there is not a man nor a woman in this place who has not stood in the slave market of the world and been bought, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Him Whose cause I plead. Young brother! He loved thee; He gave Himself for thee. Young sister! He has loved thee with an everlasting love, and therefore with bonds of kindness has endeavored to draw thee through thy young years to Himself. O man of business, O woman of society, are you realizing that you are the bought property of the Son of God, that you are not your own? In this last moment of quiet, while we are still together, will you not gather up your life, especially the preëminent asset of it which I have indicated, and place it as your deposit in the outstretched palm of the Son of God, and say to Him: "Saviour, take this life. Invest it. Make the best of it," and then go your way feeling that you have done something that cannot be undone, that need never be done again. The content of the gift may enlarge before your eyes as the years go by, but the gift itself is a unique and final thing. Let it be a final and decisive committal, and say as you go: "I know Him Whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have deposited in His hand until that great day when He will say to me: 'I have made the utmost possible use of your life that could be made between birth and death.'"

THE CHRISTOLOGY OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

Rev. W. Douglas Mackenzie, D.D.

I. PAUL'S SACRIFICE TO CHRIST.

Phil. i. 12-26.

On the occasions on which it is my privilege to speak here I wish to take up a continuous subject and speak to you on some aspects of The Christology of the Apostle Paul. How did he conceive of the Lord Jesus Christ? It would take many lectures to exhaust that subject on which so much literature has been written. What I propose is simply to take up a few of its practical aspects, in the effort to understand how Christ, through the Apostle, got that Divine grip on history which He is extending over the human race to-day. It was through historical events, through personal experiences, through the movements of individual minds, the responses of definite human souls to the Divine, that the Gospel got its place in human nature, in human history, and holds its place to-day. Can we look a little into the mind of that Apostle whom God raised up for the very purpose of making him the chief example of the Christian man, and of revealing through his mind and his will and his character what Christ can make of a man in his earthly relations with God?

To-day I wish to consider the whole of the passage we have just read, as I hope to point out some elements in it which seem to reveal the inmost soul of the Apostle Paul towards his Lord and our Lord, Jesus Christ.

You will remember, of course, that he always speaks of himself as "the apostle and slave" of Jesus Christ. "The apostle" was a kind of official title. I feel as if the word "slave" reveals to us more directly and vividly the inner attitude of the soul of the man towards Christ. He chose to call himself the slave of Christ. That is to say, he felt that he was owned in the most complete manner that could be conceived, owned down to the depths of his being, so that he could claim no rights of his own, even over himself. Everything in him belonged to Christ. This ownership he describes as grounded in law, as grounded in power, as grounded in the very will of God; and this ownership of his complete self by another Self he rightly and inevitably describes as slavery. But it is slavery redeemed, slavery idealized, slavery spiritualized. Slavery here has been cleansed of its injustice, of its foulness, of its wickedness. Slavery here rests on eternal right, not on a right grabbed by one person over another against law. It is grounded in the eternal law of the universe, in the true relationship of God to His creation. It is grounded in the purpose of God, in that end which He has in view for Himself and His slaves. It is grounded in a purpose of infinite and holy love. This slavery in which the Apostle rejoices to the utmost represents the eternal, the absolute, the inevitable dependence of the redeemed creature upon the redeeming God; and yet it is full of liberty, full of joy, full of love, full of the very essence of a spiritual self, as we shall see I trust in these studies.

First, we must see how completely that slavery to Christ penetrates this passage. It is done quite naturally. There is no formality about it. The Apostle wrote simply, and yet convincingly, of the actual emotions of his heart towards Christ. Hence our passage is a kind of dissection of the throbbing nerves that bound him to the great Head of the Church Himself. This it is that makes such a passage as this so tremendously powerful in the history of the Church over the imagination and faith and affection of Christian folk.

I. In the first place, observe that Paul describes himself to the Philippian readers just as he is there—a prisoner in Rome. One would imagine that a man in prison and in bonds would find himself shut off from action; a man with a boundless programme would lie brooding in despair; a

man full of the tides of the Divine energy would feel as if he must burst rather than endure this unspeakable horror of confinement to his mind and to his body, this crushing back of all the eager outgoings of his will in active service of his Master. But no such feeling appears. It has apparently been overcome. I say "overcome," for we must remember that each of the sacrifices we are to study here involved a struggle, involved an earnest employment of the mind, an earnest battle of the will, an earnest bringing of the affections and the emotions frankly and humbly before God. And when we see that here the Apostle is a prisoner, and yet not rebellious; when we see that he rather found reason to rejoice even in his bonds, we must remember the great pent-up energies of the man that seemed to be denied and restrained when he used such words of himself and his condition.

He has truly denied himself. When he asserted that he found good even in his imprisonment, that was the result of a fight with his innate and powerful passion for liberty. What man can have such energy as his, and not enjoy liberty? What man can have such a programme stretched out before his eyes, and not yearn for continuous liberty to put it into effect? What man can feel that he is called of God to a mighty task, and then be content to have God shut him within prison doors? What man can feel that he is thus enjoying inwardly the new freedom of Christ and outwardly enjoying only the imprisonment of unjust men, without feeling that there is a split in his experience between the outward and the inward, which to Christian men in all ages must have been a part of the agony of imprisonment? Think what it was to have this liberty asserted before God, this Divine liberty of self, denied and crushed before men. But the Apostle faces the situation and he says: "I want you to know, my brothers, that my affairs have turned out rather for the advancement of the Gospel. Even in prison I am blazing the track; I am going on ahead, pushing into new fields. My imprisonment has turned out to be a blessing in certain parts and features of the extension of the Gospel." You remember what he says: "My bonds in Christ have become manifest throughout the whole Prætorian guard,"—that crack regiment which guarded the palace of the Emperor, whose soldiers constituted Paul's watch, night and day,—"the Gospel is permeating the very heart of this great regiment." And we can at once realize how this came about. The Apostle was in bonds "in his own hired house," and we can picture him dictating his letters, discussing with his friends, explaining the Gospel to his visitors, bowing his head in prayer, waking at night to seek the communion of the loving God. We can imagine how, when questioned by the soldiers, he answered their questions frankly and kindly, showing his native power, proving that he was not there for any crime or low form of life, revealing something in his soul that was mysterious, something that challenged the inquiry of any noble and strenuous mind. We can realize how a man of that kind, coming into daily and intimate contact with the Apostle, would begin to perceive the force of the message, how he would at first listen carelessly, then curiously, then deliberately, and at last would yearningly receive into his very heart and soul the Word of the living God. In this way, one man after another so listening, the Gospel was forcing its way into the heart of the Roman regiment.

And then Paul describes another result: "The result of my imprisonment here at Rome is that most of the brethren in the Lord have been made very courageous through my bonds, and are more openly bold to speak the word of God without fear." When they first came to him, a prisoner, they were trembling; they feared what attitude the government would take towards the preaching of this new religion. Afterwards they confronted the danger of betrayal by Jewish enemies. What dangers are there ahead for them all? Even the Gentiles among them may have begun to feel themselves guilty of treason to the Emperor. For they now know that they cannot worship him. Are they willing to stand out, to bear the heavy wrath of the Emperor and the immediate punishment that may descend upon them, if the Emperor discovers the true and tremendous meaning of what he has been told is only another phase of crazy Jewish superstition?

They wonder and are afraid. But as they are bewildered and apprehensive they are coming in contact with Paul himself day by day. Some are with him frequently, "in his own hired house" that has become his prison; and as they listen to him, beholding his patience, seeing his diligence, as they see him transforming defeat into victory, even imprisonment into the means of transmitting his letters, bold and powerful, into distant parts of the empire, as they see his indomitable will, they say: "Ah, who are we that we should be afraid?" and they go out to preach the Gospel "without fear."

This is *the sacrifice of liberty.* In the Apostle's mind there must have been a struggle, a feeling of irritation, perhaps a cloud of darkness, of weariness, a sense of defeat, and then an inward holy sacrifice. As his faith persists and his work goes on, gradually this is transformed into a lively confidence that even his bonds can be used. When he sees definite signs of that use he begins to rejoice. The moment that he sees bonds bear fruit in the preaching of the Gospel of Christ he is willing that his freedom should be sacrificed.

II. Now we go on to another phase. Paul tells us that amongst these preachers of the Gospel are two parties. There are those who preach because they love. They love the Gospel, but they love also the Apostle. They love him, knowing that he is set for the defense of that Word, and as they preach it they have their hearts filled with the dominating and illuminating personality of the prisoner. As they move among the purlieus of the Roman city, declaring the Gospel, his image inspires them with fresh joy in their task.

But there is another group. The Apostle does not tell us just what they preached. I do not think, as do some, that he refers to the Judaizing Christians, as there is no definite evidence that their peculiar form of preaching, with which the Epistle to the Galatians deals, had reached Rome. There seems to be something more personal and private dealt with by the Apostle here. Some men evidently disliked him, for some reason not given. Perhaps in that word "strife" which really means faction, he is pointing to a faction within the Church at Rome. Perhaps it was a group of men who had been acknowledged leaders in the Church, men in some kind of official position. Perhaps they felt as if Paul were outclassing them. Perhaps they found that the Church listened to his advice more diligently and faithfully than to theirs, as though he had come in suddenly and possessed himself of a superior authority, even though he was in prison. If that be the explanation of it, then the situation is quite modern. The difficulty is not unknown to any of us who hold official positions, for officialism has its own perennial dangers which each man of us ought to consider. It is not impossible that in some of our churches we have witnessed the effects of it. Perhaps we know in our several official positions certain temptations which assail us to do that which is wrong in the name of an official right, to see a situation or a problem through the spectacles of officialism and not through the direct gaze of an honest man. If this be so, then we may get a little closer glimpse of a moral situation that must have been very humbling to the Apostle. Here were men turning the work of preaching the Gospel into a kind of personal attack upon himself, using this most sacred of all opportunities in order to undermine his influence, to aggrandize themselves and increase their own popularity, while reducing his. It looks as if there were some of that mean personal kind of work in the Church at Rome in the earliest years of its existence. And a very humbling fact it is that human nature in such circumstances could be capable of such fruits.

And what does the Apostle say? Observe that it must have been a deep wound to his pride. Now there is a pride that is pure and holy. There is a pride that belongs to human nature inherently, in so far as it maintains the integrity of itself. There is a pride which lies behind the word that we have adopted for many things other than those for which it was coined: *"Noblesse oblige."* That is the pride of the man who knows he was born for the better things. It is the pride of the man who has done something, and who sees that it has its worth. It is the pride of the man who before God knows that his will is definitely given to the Divine. It is the pride of the man who

can boast in God, who can boast in Christ. There is a pride, therefore, that is pure and founded in the very nature of man as a personal being, and of God to Whom the ultimate pride and glory belong. But here the Apostle is brought to the point where he has to question himself: "Shall I resent and hate these men? Shall I attack them and try to get them out of the Church? Shall I use their weapons, or still more powerful weapons which I can easily fashion, for their confusion and overthrow? Shall I set going official machinery that shall counteract their work?" What we have here in answer to those self-questionings is one of the truest, one of the hardest of all sacrifices—the *sacrifice of pride,* the acceptance of humiliation at the hands of the unworthy. The Apostle says: "Well, what then? I have nothing to say, because I recognize that even although some of them are preaching Christ with a kind of pretense upon their faces, and are really working for something else, while the others are preaching Christ in sincerity—after all I fasten my attention on this fact: that the name of Christ *is* being preached, that it is He Who is being glorified. I will sacrifice my pride. I will accept the situation. I will bow before this as one more task set me by my God and my Master. Even although they want to make my chains gall me worse than ever by adding to the misery of my situation this misery of their factious opposition, yet I will show them that the gall has not been effective and that my heart is unhurt and my spirit unwounded. I will turn around and accept even their factious preaching of Christ as a matter of joy, because it is *Christ* Whom they preach." So deeply, so penetratingly—so subtly, shall I say?—has the mastery of Christ penetrated into the whole of this man that he can think through the situation back and forth, after that fashion, and make his sacrifice where you and I find it hardest to make it, apparently with triumph and ease, to yield his very pride to the name and glory of Jesus Christ.

III. Then, the Apostle goes on to deal with the fact that this imprisonment will probably end in his death. He tells them that he looks forward with confidence to the future, even with that event as its close, because he hears their prayers, and the prayers of many other churches scattered over the East, ascending to God, whispers that reach the Eternal Heart and come back upon Paul as saving powers. He regards the ascending prayers of all his friends as a channel for the stream and energy of the Divine Spirit—"the spirit of Jesus Christ"—coming down to fill his heart. He holds that when men pray they are dealing, not with abstractions, but with realities; that prayer does actually change history; that prayer in the name of Christ is the most powerful force in the history, not only of the man who prays, but of the man he prays for. When he realizes that, as he gazes into the unfolding future, he takes deep draughts of comfort. He asserts that he is ready to go forward with all boldness, knowing that if he is faithful the only result will be that Christ shall be magnified in that body of his, whether he is to live or whether he is to die. "For," he says, "to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

How many different ways there are of facing death in our world! There is the way of "the beasts that perish," unregretting and little regretted, the way of him who knows no value in life and goes to death with no appreciation of any future. There have been such, and, alas, far too many of them! There is that other, the dying of despair, when the values of life that once were tasted have vanished, and when the future becomes filled with terror. There is a higher way of approaching death, characteristic of the Stoic, the man who has tried to enjoy the better things of life, all the finer and nobler meanings and values of it that were within his reach, who learned in the strain of the fight the virtue of enduring things that were hostile to his principles and to his virtue, and who at last comes to face death as just the last and greatest ill that must be conquered—but conquered by the way he takes it. And so he takes it calmly, waits for it patiently, and that is all. There is still a better way, the way of a man, say like Socrates, who, having lived something like a Stoic, but with a little more joy in his spirit perhaps, at last confronts death with a faint hope glimmering beyond the darkness; who says:

"Whether it is better for you to live on or not I do not know. But it is better for *me* that I go, and in that unseen world to which I go I feel sure there are better things than I have tasted here." That is a higher faith than the sterner Stoic's stubborn calm. But the full light was brought, of course, in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and it is shining here where the Apostle Paul, confronting his death, not only is willing to make *the sacrifice of life* for Christ, but once more has turned apparent loss into a supreme joy. The event itself is to be a triumph, for he says: "When I think of it, I realize that to depart is much better by far, to depart and be with Christ." For him, death, at the last stroke of the executioner's sword, is a departure. It is not an ending, a closing of self. It is the realizing of self. It is a departing, a going out into something larger, better, higher. And why? Because it is to be *"with Christ."* Christ! Why, He seems to fill that room of his. Christ! He seems to fill all the way to those distant churches. Christ seems to fill his whole world as he looks around under those skies. And then when his imagination breaks through to the larger universe it is still only the realm of Jesus Christ. That name seems to cover any universe Paul can dream of or desire, and to include within itself all that is above, around and within him. As life calls up within him the deep longing for life, it is still Christ Who fills that world to come.

IV. I think that this twenty-first verse to which I now call your attention is an utterly broken sentence. The tides of emotion were welling up in Paul's soul as he said: "If to live in the flesh"—and then what a revulsion there was! He had just filled his imagination with the day that follows earthly doom: "Why, in a few hours, to-morrow, I may, if the Emperor judge and condemn me, I may see *Him* face to face. To-morrow I may be called into my true life, I may be called into the world of Divine glory. To-morrow I may behold Him and know even as I am known." And then to-morrow seems to vanish as all at once the thought comes back: "But what if I am not allowed to depart? What if God puts an arresting hand upon the processes of law, and stops all this thing and I am left free, still in this world? What if He says: 'Go back into this world again'?" I think, as Paul had been dictating the previous sentences, he must have paused and had his soul rapt in some mystic intensity of experience as he faced the possibility of seeing God in Jesus Christ. It is a real revulsion that takes hold of and shakes him to the very foundation of his being as he says: "If to live in the flesh"—then he pauses and adds: "Why, of course, that will mean to me more work—more work for Christ, more fruit for the kingdom of God. It will mean 'fruitful toil.'" And between the two he hesitates. You know how he decided. This is his fourth sacrifice for Christ's sake—*the sacrifice of heaven.* He is willing to forego the full taste of the glory of God if the will of Christ shuts him down in the present, in this world, and commands him to go on and toil and toil. He will still toil as the slave of Christ.

And now have we caught a glimpse of the great soul in a great life? Have we seen something of what Christ meant to the Apostle when he was willing to sacrifice liberty, with all that it meant to his energy and to his purpose in life; when he was willing to sacrifice pride, when humiliation and insult came home to his proud heart and soul and challenged him to revenge? Have we measured what it meant to him to be willing to give up life itself—life that is dear to every man? And yet, in Paul perhaps this seemed to imply the least struggle of all, because it is the thought of sacrificing his life that becomes swallowed up instantly in the thought of seeing Christ. And then when he seems to hear that will of Jesus shutting him back, when he seems to hear Him say: "No; not yet, not yet; back to your work, traveling in those foul ships again, toiling over those mountain ranges again, facing those fierce judges and those bitter enemies again, facing privation of all kinds, facing toil, facing all that human life means for a man who is giving himself, body and soul and spirit, to a task that exhausts him every day, back to it all,—out of My heaven awhile," the Apostle accepts it, and says: "This is what is going to happen. I feel quite sure that

for your sakes I am going to have some more fruit of my labor among the churches. Jesus will send me back to you."

This is the way in which Jesus took possession of human nature in the person of the Apostle Paul. To-morrow we shall study that great passage at the beginning of the second chapter where the secret of this power is given in a personality that partook both of the Eternal and the historical, of the Divine and the human, of the Infinite and the finite, and so was able to invade human life and human history in a new way and in the name and power of the Divine. All history of nature and of man is the history of the successive invasions of the Divine upon the field of history, the Eternal coming into the conditions of the temporal. In the Gospel of Jesus Christ the Divine is invading the human in a new and higher way than in any other period of the history of man or religion, the final way, the way that looks towards the great consummation. And you can see how that is possible if, wherever you find the word *Christ* in this passage, you put the word *God;* if you realize that it is the Eternal Himself Who has come into the human soul; that this love of Christ is the love of the Eternal; that this sacrifice for Christ is the supreme sacrifice unto God; that this acceptance of the authority of Christ is submission to the will and the holy rule of God. Use that name in that fashion, and then look into the heart of the Apostle, and what you see is the Eternal God Himself invading the human consciousness, taking possession of a human heart, and through him becoming actively revealed to all mankind.

II. THE MIND OF CHRIST.

Phil. ii. 5-11.

We found yesterday in our study of Phil. i. 12-26 that Saint Paul's attitude of slavery, complete dedication to the ownership of Jesus Christ, was there manifested in several successive acts of sacrifice. I wish this evening to take you into a passage that explains in some measure the secret of Paul's enslavement to Christ. There are things in it which never can be explained. But even though complete explanation is impossible, we may get something out of the passage before us.

We find in it one of the most daring utterances in the whole history of the daring of man's mind. "Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." The English translation is perhaps just as near as we can get to the idea inherent in the original. Begin to think as Christ thinks! But is that possible? The Apostle goes on to describe this Jesus Whose mind is recommended to the adoption of his readers. Let us consider the picture that is given to us of the mind of Christ. Who was He? The Apostle does not shrink from the most astounding and wonderful statements about His person. He says: "He existed in the form of God." That is what is known among theologians as His "preëxistence." Before He appeared in our world He lived. There are those who say that the idea of preëxistence has no meaning for us at all, that only the earthly story of Jesus is significant. But that is not the apostolic way of looking at the matter. It is not the way of Paul; it is not the way of John; it is not the way of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Perhaps we shall soon begin again to see more clearly that it was not the way of the mind of Jesus Christ Himself, and that when He spoke of Himself as "the Son of man" He spoke of Himself thereby as One Who had come into the world.

But in the meantime it is of immense importance to recognize the fact that for the Apostle Paul the preëxistence of Christ is no mere belief in something abstract, metaphysical, remote and unreal; something that does not have any bearing upon the earthly life of Jesus. For Paul the whole quality and meaning and historic value of the earthly life of Jesus are drawn from the fact that it is the life of an incarnate Being, One Who has come into the world, "having existed," he says, "in the form of God." The Apostle has another passage dealing with his conception of that "form of God" in its creative

relations to the universe, in the first chapter of Colossians, where he speaks of Him Who is "the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation." "For," he says, "in him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions, principalities or powers: all things have been created through him, and unto him; and he is before all things, and in him all things hold together. And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." Now this was no mere name for a metaphysical idea. Paul was trying to conceive of a living will, a living mind, a mind that shared the eternal life of God, a mind that lay behind, before, and above all creative processes, a mind that was the mind of God, active in the task of creating the universe and making history. Can we have that mind?

If Christ so existed, the Son of God, then He planned the ages. His mind unfolded all the mystery of the physical universe. His mind constructed all the laws that science investigates. His mind conceived and constructed the entire wonders of the world, of which we have only begun to understand that it is a wonder surpassing our understanding. Can we have that mind?

The Apostle goes on to describe that mind at another stage. He says that He Who had that mind "stripped himself, taking the form of a slave, being made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man." Let us think, then, of the historic Jesus. Does the Apostle mean that we can have His mind? His was the mind which so knew God and man that His words about God and man rule the history of human thought. He did not unveil a system, but He announced irresistible truths. He made luminous, positive statements about the mightiest facts. He opened visions. He made the blazing light fall upon great mysteries. And what He said has become the ultimate court of reference for all succeeding speculations of men. Jesus did not write a philosophy, but His teaching about the Father, His teaching about man, His very teaching about nature, have so saturated the human mind that all philosophies come inevitably to be tested against, and in comparison with, that teaching. Somehow His teaching has entered into the substance of history and has so written history that man's very thought-processes are now being controlled by the principles of Jesus and the statements that He laid down about God and man. Can we have that mind?

It would be absurd if a man were to face a class of the most talented boys in the finest institution of America and say: "Boys, I charge you to have the mind of Shakespeare." Or if a college professor who has taken his little group into a great system of philosophy should then turn around to them and say: "I command you to have the mind of Hegel; have the mind of Kant. Think as they thought." That would be reducing the whole business of education to an absurdity. How can the Apostle, then, tell us to have the mind which was in Christ Jesus Who so taught mankind?

Take another aspect of it. This was the mind of the Man Whose conscience was without stain. He alone, of all who have seen any light at all in the history of the religious consciousness of men, He alone, of all who have seen the Divine light, having looked into His own heart, found it luminous with the will of God. He alone had no confession of failure to make. In the way of conscious sin, in the way of choice of wrong, in the way of moral confession, in the way of self-seeking, in the way of false freedom, in the way that takes you into the most intimate life of the human spirit with itself, away down there where sin for man is inevitable, Jesus was without stain. And remember that sinless conscience arose from His mind, His way of thinking, His characteristic insight and understanding of things. Can we have that mind?

Or, take the description that is given of Him in the next "state," for it is said that God has "highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name." The whole universe is at His feet in worship; things in heaven, things in earth, things under the earth, are all destined to worship Jesus Christ. But think of His mind

Who is to accept the worship of the universe! When the lowest of all beings conceive of their highest, and name their highest, Jesus is to accept that name. When they whose minds are of the holiest and the loveliest temper dwell absorbed on things Divine until their hearts are bursting with the glory of unspeakable visions, and then sing them up into the praise of Jesus Christ, He is to look down through it all to their souls and accept them for Himself. What kind of a mind is that before which the universe shall bow in appropriate worship and adoration? And yet that mind shall accept it all in utter perfectness and purity of soul. Can you and I have that mind?

Now, why has the Apostle said all this? Has he not set a most irrational task before the souls of men? Has he not reduced the Gospel already to absurdity when, after so beholding the relations of God and humanity in Christ, he then says: "Now you are to have that mind which was also in Christ Jesus"?

Many of you, I trust, already see that running through this passage there is another current of thought, another element of the mind of Christ. I wish, if possible, to analyze that also and to set it clearly before our minds. Then we shall see, I trust, that Paul has thus described the mind of Christ in its vastness that we may be able to behold the intensity of its quality, and that it is, not the measure of the mind, but the goodness of it, that he is thinking of. The Apostle believes that his readers will more readily comprehend and feel overwhelmed by the wonder of the quality of the mind of God in Christ when they have thus deliberately beheld and considered its wonderful history in outline.

It is against the canvas of that infinite process that the ethical qualities of the Son of God stand out. They needed to be so emblazoned upon an infinite field before the heart of man could grasp them and appreciate them. And they who think that the doctrine of the preëxistence of Christ has no bearing upon the practical values of life have not got down to the foundation of things. They have not seen into the nature of the morality of God, and they have not yet penetrated to the influence of God in the formation of human character. For it is only when man has learned to know and understand the character of God—and the whole Old Testament was written to prove that—that man has any chance of having a Godlike character of his own. Therefore it is that the character of God in Christ is here revealed, not in abstract terms that rise beyond the concreteness of history, but in terms of a process through which the Eternal emerges in history, invades the processes and planes of history, announces and reveals itself as a living and qualitative fact here, among the facts and forces of human experience. Can we look at it in that way?

Now in the first place, the Apostle tells us that, "existing in the form of God, he counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but stripped himself, taking the form of a slave." Evidently that is the moral process through which the mind of the Son of God went, a life history with a moral explanation. Indeed, you cannot describe the relations of God and nature, of the Infinite and the finite, in terms of metaphysics only. You must pass over into ethics. You must go over into the morality of the universe and consider the heart of God Who is behind it all. The Apostle insists that you shall behold this mind, which is over it all and in it all, as it strips itself of its conditions of eternal life and experience, and appears in the terms and in the conditions of a slave.

Now, apart from the possibility of the process, which he takes for granted, what is the moral quality of it? It is *generosity*. Generosity, the first and supreme quality of the creative mind of God, is revealed in the coming of Christ. He did not think that this Divine life, with all its fullness and joy, was a thing that His will must keep only for self. His spirit was of such a kind that it went out to seek and to share, by generous gift to others, even that life with God which it possessed by inherent and eternal rights of its own. And that sharing with others did not content itself with equality. It stooped far down and was willing to take the form of a slave, to humble itself to the lowest condition. That is the quality of the generosity of God. Elsewhere we find it described as the love

of God; but love is simply generosity charged with purpose and emotion. Love is always generous. Generosity, when it is true and rich and wise and full and patient and pure and luminous with eternal meaning, is just love, love eternal, uttering itself in action, pouring over in emotion into the effective work of life. And this is the quality of the mind of Christ.

Generosity! Certainly it is possible for any man to have that mind. Although the Apostle has taken that canvas of the infinite process in order to make it real to us, remember that it was so immeasurably real for God and His own eternal consciousness, that He had to come into the terms of time to make it for Himself real, and for us effective. And that wonderful Divine intensity of the generous mind is what the Apostle urges upon us. We are commanded and urged to think of it until generosity in all its beauty and nobleness becomes supremely attractive to us, until it becomes, as it were, a vision and then a spirit and enters in to possess us and fill us with itself. It is the essence of the mind of Christ.

Then look at the next stage. When He had taken "the form of a servant" He was "made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself." Now *humility,* like generosity, is one of those marvelous graces or moral qualities so full of variety and richness that no one illustration, no one description, will exhaust it. For what is humility? Is it saying that I am nothing compared with others? Is it the feeling of inadequacy for any task? Why, that is paralysis! Is it to ignore the facts of life, so that a man who has lived a life of integrity says: "I am no better than the vicious and the criminal"? Why, that is moral blindness! Is it the soul seeking to be utterly unknown, avoiding one's fellows, afraid of the blazing light? Why, that may be the mere simulation of a grace; it may be but running away from duty; it may be the avoiding of the cross that is to burden the soul.

I suppose we get to the essence of humility when we come to the thirteenth chapter of John and find Jesus illustrating it, and that in two distinct ways, in that scene when He washed His disciples' feet. First of all, He illustrated His own humility by going down to serve His disciples in their need. To do anything for anybody else that they need is always the act of humility, if it is done frankly and from generosity. If it is done sincerely, then it is a humble act and comes out of a humble movement of the soul. But Jesus did not only illustrate humility by His own action. He illustrated it by what He demanded. When Simon Peter said: "Thou shalt not wash my feet," Jesus said: "Thou hast no part in me." What Jesus meant was that Simon must learn to depend upon God's grace for his cleansing. That is humility. Humility is composed of these two elements, which must work together to produce its complete beauty. Unless they are both working mightily and truly in our hearts, humility is not there. We must entirely depend upon God, as if we had nothing we could give to anybody; we must unceasingly give to others as if we were God. Humility is willingness to serve men, founded upon the willingness to lean upon God. Jesus did that, and the wonder of His life in His earthly ministry was that He did it in such marvelous beauty and perfection that His life stands before the whole world as its Divine ideal. It is because He was willing to become the slave of humanity that He has become its King, for he who slaves most shall rule most, and he who goes the deepest down to reach the darkest need shall sit enthroned among the stars of human worship. And this humility of Jesus is the quality of His mind that brought Him from the throne to the earth and to the Cross. You *can* have that! You can cultivate generosity, feel yourself a king or a queen; you can cultivate humility, feel yourself a slave,—after the image of Jesus Christ.

There is a third element mentioned here: He "became obedient." "Being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross." Now *obedience* is not a popular word. There are those who think that through obedience a man abases himself and denies his manhood. And there seems to be abroad in our democratic atmosphere the notion that the way to assert one's manhood is to break any law

that is in sight. I am sorry to say that this feeling is abroad throughout our whole domestic, social and scholastic system, perhaps even in our churches,—this feeling that we ought to get rid of any authority over us and assert or "realize" ourselves and insist upon our individual will, especially in matters of education and religion, without regard to the power of any institution or tradition of garnered experience. But such an attitude is far from the way that leads to the fellowship of God through the spirit of Christ. When Christ came He became obedient, and His obedience stretches from the Throne to the Cross. Generosity carries Him all that downward way. Humility accompanies His spirit at every step. Obedience is the one great word which describes the will that traveled down that generous line, the will that came down with that humble spirit, the will to obey the Father.

There are two ways of obeying. There is the obedience of the person that does not understand, the obedience of the little child who must simply trust the father's and mother's wisdom, that blind kind of immature obedience which is itself the secret of a strong will and contains within itself the possibility of the insight which that little mind will some day attain. The disobedient is always confused, never sees clearly, never wills strongly. It is the child-will, which is taught even in blindness and darkness to obey and to trust the larger wisdom encircling its life, that ripens into the strong man or woman of after years. But then, that obedience will be always an incomplete kind of thing as long as it is in the dark, as long as the mind does not understand why it must obey.

There is another and higher way of obeying than that of the untutored and untrained child-mind. Obedience becomes the very height of freedom when the meaning and worth of a law have been grasped and accepted. If God will show me His purpose and help me to understand it and then enable me to take it to myself, then I shall obey in utter freedom of will as well as deep subjection of soul. His will has become the ultimate law of my own mind and of my activity. So it was with Jesus. He saw the Father's purpose for His children. He shared the generosity of that purpose. He shared the wonder and the beauty and the glory of what it should effect for mankind, and, seeing the thing from the beginning, when He obeyed He obeyed as making the will of His Father the law of His free Spirit, of His perfect obedience. He obeyed even the command to give His life for a world's sin.

I wish I could describe that mind in its generosity, in its humbleness, in its perfect obedience, so that your hearts and minds should be moved by its beauty, but I know I cannot. Each of you must take these elements and think over them alone after this service is over, to-morrow and in the days to come. Take this Pauline picture of the eternal process and then see it as the history of a living spirit. Consider it in its generosity and humility and obedience, and then dream your spiritual imagination into some appreciation of the wonder of a mind which was like that, which worked and lived and loved like that. Oh, I wonder what would happen if I had been able to describe it to you as it has shone before the minds of apostles and saints and seers of the Christian Church!

I remember a story told by Miss Jane Addams of an incident among the river wards of Chicago, the wards where there is so much dirt and darkness and crime. In one of the public schools there, as in many others, I suppose, it was no unusual thing for a child to come into the school for the period of study without having first cleansed hands and face. The law had been made that children should not come in until they had cleansed their hands and faces, and, as a whole, they became obedient. But in that school there was a little girl who never once thought of cleansing her hands and face of the dirt of the street and the grime of the atmosphere before coming into the room. Invariably she had to be sent out again. Well, it came around to the blessed Eastertide, and the teacher, like the wise and gracious and beautiful-souled woman that she was, had a vase of Easter lilies on her desk. She watched the children come into the room, and she saw them catch their breath at the sudden vision of beauty. Then, when they were seated she told them why she had the lilies

there, and what Easter time meant to her. Then, as she saw how eager-eyed the children were, for they seldom saw such beauty so near, she said: "Now I will allow you to come up and look at these flowers. And if you would like to touch them, you may do so." So the children came up, row by row. Finally it came to that little girl. She had not yet been sent out to cleanse her hands, and as she drew near the desk the teacher watched her. Like the others she stood a moment looking at the flowers, fascinated by their beauty. Then she put out her timid, dirty hand to touch them, and—she saw her hand. Before she could touch the pure petals of the untarnished flower she turned, and with a sob ran out of the room, and for the first time cleansed her hands without having been told to do it. The message of purity, the vision of cleanliness, insight into the very thing itself, at last awoke in her soul. Perhaps that little girl was now far ahead of those who had regularly and mechanically gone through what they were told to do. The act came out of her own heart and she was a "free woman."

Oh, if I could describe the mind of Jesus, if I could make it glorious and vivid and real in its Divine and untarnished perfection, so that you all, shutting your eyes, seemed to behold a mind perfectly pure in its generosity, in its humbleness, in its obedience to the holy, living will of God,—if I could just press that close upon the heart and conscience of each of you, I know there might be a sob, there might be a rustle of shame, there might be an agony awakened in you such as you never felt before. But perhaps at that moment you would see as you never saw what goodness is, what is the purity of God, what is the holiness of the heart of Jesus. You would begin to think like Jesus Christ!

III. LIFE IN CHRIST.

Phil. iii. 4-14; Gal. ii. 20.

The Apostle, in writing to his churches, on various occasions refers to the great change that had taken place in his life. He made his conversion, as it were, the basis and type for his proclamation of the Gospel. That has been ever an instinct of the great evangelists and the great founders of religion. Always they have given their own experience as the fountain head and as the guiding principle for the religion which they established or proclaimed. If you read the stories of the founders of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, or of any of the great evangelists, you will find it to be so. Their own supreme experience was made the basis upon which they taught others, and out of their great crises they brought the truth which they commended to other hearts and consciences.

There is one great exception to that on which I need not dwell at length. The one Person in the whole history of the world Who never repented was Jesus. The one Person Who never had to ask for forgiveness of sin, which forgiveness of sin He proclaimed as the necessity of others, was Jesus. The one Being Who could not make a period of penitence and shame, and a tremendous convulsion in His life that led up to conversion, the basis of His message to others was Jesus. When the Apostle Paul derives his message of conversion and his conception of salvation from Jesus Christ, it is in an entirely different way from that in which we derive the picture of conversion from Paul's own experience. The experience of a saviour is different, profoundly different, from that of all those upon whom his salvation comes. And that difference strikes into the very nature of the Christian religion, making it different by a whole universe from all the other religions in the world. Perhaps we may be able to see in these passages of Paul's experience how it was that Jesus, without passing through this experience of penitence and conversion to God, was yet the one Person Who is able to produce it in others in a myriad ways and instances.

I. The first thing to notice is this: that the Apostle always speaks with a certain kind of respect and even pride concerning his pre-Christian life. Before Jesus Christ was made known to him he was doing his best; and he had the best religion in the

world. Hence he proclaims himself as the man above all others who had the right to be confident in the flesh. He never forgets that the old covenant was, according to the faith of the Hebrews (which he inherited), founded by God Himself, and he would not disown the wondrous inheritance that came from his Jewish ancestors. He even describes it repeatedly with enthusiasm (Acts xxii. 3-5, xxvi. 4-11; 2 Cor. xi. 22).

Here he says that he was circumcised on "the eighth day": he belonged from the beginning of his days to a Hebrew home. He says he was "of the stock of Israel"; he was not a mere proselyte, nor were his parents brought in from outside. Not only was he of the stock of Israel, but he was from "the tribe of Benjamin," which had a long and glorious reputation in the history of the people. Not only so, but he says he was "a Hebrew of Hebrews," because he belonged to that class of Hebrews who brought up their children in the strictest way possible to the knowledge and obedience of the law. He was brought up with reverence for all the institutions of his religion, for the teachings of the Old Testament. He had been nurtured on them from the very beginning, and the whole spirit of the Hebrew past entered into his young soul. His development into manhood had proceeded continually from that spirit that was in him—he was "a Hebrew of the Hebrews."

And then he says that "in respect of the law"—that is, as regards his attitude towards the whole traditional fulfilment of the law—he belonged to the class of people called Pharisees, those who set themselves in opposition to everything that was new, everything that was foreign. They hated the Romans and wished above all to get rid of the Roman Empire and the Roman authority. They, of course, disapproved of the Sadducees, as worldlings and time-servers. They said: "Let us cherish what we have received from Moses and apply it to all the details of our lives with unquestioned confidence."

And then he says: "As touching zeal, persecuting the church." When he looks back to his young manhood he faces the question as to his earnestness and sincerity: "I will give you one proof of the religious passion and devotion to Jehovah that was upon my soul. I was the man who persecuted the Church. I was the leader who undertook the task of quenching this little fire of zeal in a few Christian hearts. I wanted to blot the whole business out." You must go back to the book of the Acts of the Apostles, or look up the references in a number of Paul's letters, to find the full force of this recollection, the effect of it upon his own soul and the significance of it for his readers. Wherever he went he appeared as a man who once fought against the movement that stood for Jesus Christ, for which he was, even as he wrote this letter, being persecuted and imprisoned.

And what as "touching the righteousness which is in the law," concerning his standing before God and before his people? Well, that is a difficult question for any man to answer. But let us remember just what Paul means by it, and the point of view from which he makes his answer to this question: "How do I stand in respect to legal righteousness?" Do you remember that when Jesus had a man come to Him with the question: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" our Lord said to him: "You know the commandments. You know how to become righteous," and He recited them to him. You remember also that the young man replied: "I have kept all these from my youth up." "As touching righteousness" that young man thought he was blameless; and so did the Apostle Paul. Hence the Apostle takes up the challenge alike of his own conscience and of his Jewish friends and he says: "As touching this legal righteousness I stood before my compeers and they found me blameless." The word "blameless" is purely negative. But that is all that human judgment can be. If a man of sound character among his fellows, one who has not gone against the written prescription, is being considered, you may be able to decide whether he has broken the law outwardly; but you cannot tell whether he has fulfilled it inwardly. All that men can say is that his life is beyond their finite and faulty criticism and condemnation. So the Apostle Paul says in respect to his righteousness that he by his fellow men was found "blameless."

Now even that is a very proud statement for any one to make of himself. Many a young man might count himself happy to have an inheritance and a record like that: an aristocratic birth (the purest in history), the inheritance of the noblest religion, the noblest morality, the noblest sacred literature in the world, and all that which goes with a pure family life. All these were Paul's, with a great fiery passion for a holy God and a determination some day to stand before Him clad in a perfect robe of whiteness. This lofty ideal of a personal morality, combined with a conception of God unapproached in the whole previous history of man, burned in Paul's soul through all those years of his boyhood and young manhood. Was not that something to be proud of, something to rejoice in? If a man ever lived that had the right to confront the world with confidence and say: "I dare any man to challenge my right before God," Paul was that man. And he never shrinks from saying it. He is always aware of an integrity such as that expressed over and over again in the Psalms, when men assert that Jehovah must bless them because they were righteous before Him. And as Paul looks back now, from his Christian standpoint, he has nothing to take back evidently. The whole situation still remains the same for him. He then had a right, *if any man ever had such a right,* to that kind of pride and confidence in his inheritance and in his personal attainments.

II. But how and why did the great change come which shattered all that confidence and brought him as a sinner to the Cross of Christ? We do not know all the preparations for it, though some there must have been. There is a verse in the seventh of Romans in which he seems to give what many scholars think to be a clue to the movement in his soul beforehand, where he says that he never would have known what sin was unless the law had said: "Thou shalt not covet." Because the law said this to him long before he became a Christian man, some think that he is really describing his pre-Christian experience of sin, and that he had even then discovered that the kind of righteousness which he managed to work out "blamelessly" before the eyes of men did not adjust his situation before God. That word—"Thou shalt not covet"—seems to have taken him, as he brooded over it, deeper than the interpreters of the law had dared to teach him. He found that there were depths below the depths in his conscience which traditional legalism disclosed, and he could not make himself absolutely sure that he had not sinned even against the Ten Commandments there in the profound regions of secret feeling and desire. Already there may have been a feeling of incompleteness, of inadequacy, in his religious consciousness, even before that great event which took place near Damascus.

Then we must remember, it is practically certain that Paul had been thrown into contact with various supporters of the new religion as he moved from synagogue to synagogue in Jerusalem trying to organize his fierce opposition to their attachment of the name of "the Messiah" to Jesus. There is no doubt that he knew a good deal about the Christian "way" before his conversion. Why were the clothes of the witnesses laid at his feet when Stephen was stoned? Because he was the chief witness. Why was he the chief witness? Because he had organized this trial and impeachment of Stephen, and because he had given the evidence of the chief witness. And where did he get the evidence? From the mouth of Stephen. He must have heard what Stephen said about Jesus. He knew the disciples claimed that Jesus Who had been crucified had been raised by God from the dead. This was to the mind of Paul foul blasphemy and shame, for it brought denial and disgrace upon the law, which said that if any man was hanged on a tree he was cursed of God. He quotes that law in the letter to the Galatians, in a way which shows how much he had brooded upon it. His use of it in that letter proves what a powerful argument it had been in his own mind and conscience before his conversion, and how afterwards it had become transformed by reinterpretation as he looked upon the death of Jesus.

Perhaps, as Saul approached Damascus on that day—the day he thought was to prove fatal to so many Christian people in the city—he was conscious in a dim way that he had not done righteously, conscious that somehow or other something had hap-

pened to these people who called themselves Christians which he had not yet explained. For God still seemed very far off from himself and very terrible. It was very far to the throne of holiness and righteousness, the throne of Jehovah of Israel. Would he ever be able to come there? Would he ever be able to ask the high and holy God to look into his breast and pronounce him righteous through and through? Would he ever hear the voice of the Eternal saying: "Saul, Saul, thou hast made thyself righteous in thine own strength. Thou hast made for thyself wisdom; thou hast made for thyself righteousness. I behold thy blameless robe which thou hast woven for thyself. I welcome thee into the kingdom of the spotless, for thou hast made thyself spotless"? Had he not dreamed of an issue like that for one who was "found blameless"? If only he could prove his devotion by blotting out this blasphemous sect that followed Jesus the Crucified and dared to call Him the Christ, would that not be adding new luster to the whiteness of his own robe of a righteous soul? Well, as he traveled towards this awesome task for God, the great event occurred, and his conversion to Jesus the risen Christ of God took place. Whatever the outward circumstances of it were, we know that he was led, humble and dazed, into Damascus, and we are told that he continued there three days, blind.

Blind! Can you not imagine him walking up and down that room, blind for three long days and nights, taking neither food nor drink? His whole soul was now revolutionized. A tremendous change had come upon him, and as he thought of Jesus he felt as if somehow or another the sound of the voice that fell upon his ear had poured love into him; and he knew that he loved Jesus, this Jesus Who had spoken to him from the unseen, saying: "'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.' Arise! Become My messenger. I blot out all thou hast done against Me. I am Jesus, and thou art Mine." It was love for Jesus; but the strange and supreme fact is that as Paul thought of his love for Jesus he found that a still more wonderful transformation had come. He loved God. He loved God! He never could have dared to make that glorious claim in the years of struggle and of dread. But somehow as he thought of that loving Jesus, the voice he had heard became Divine. The face that looked into his face became to him as the face of God. When he awoke in his blind hours fully to the love of Jesus he found that it was the love of God. And this faith in Jesus, this confidence that Jesus is the Christ, that He now has charge of him, so that here in Damascus he is waiting, blind and submissive, for the next word of Jesus, he finds to his astonishment that it is faith, childlike and glad trust in God! He is dreaming of a new future under the control and direction of the risen Jesus. Jesus seems to possess him. That voice still echoes through all the depths of his being and assures him that He is with him now. All the words of Stephen, all the echoes of the evidence of the disciples that had filtered through the gossip of Jerusalem, all the arguments advanced in vain against his knowledge of the law, were confirmed in his own experience. He had heard and seen enough to sweep his fierce denials away. Henceforth the supreme fact in the universe of God for Saul of Tarsus was this: that Jesus of Nazareth had been raised from the dead.

III. But his love for Jesus and his love for God have raised a great and revolutionary question in the soul of Saul. Jesus is here in control, and, somehow or other, God seems to have descended from that distant throne at the far end of that laborious life's journey, on which he has been struggling to make himself righteous. The God Who was waiting for men like Saul of Tarsus to make themselves righteous that He might welcome them at the other end of the journey has come to him in the midst of it. He has entered into the heart of a sinful man. And the Apostle begins to realize as he walks up and down that room in his blindness day and night that God is with him. The love of God is shed abroad in his heart. His trust in Jesus has become a direct trust in God.

Evidently something has happened to him which is immeasurable and full of glory. Everything is new in him. He has new thoughts, new feelings, a new outlook on life, on man, on God. He cannot see himself in that house of Judas in Damascus, but he feels himself all over, head and

shoulders and limbs, and he says: "This *is* Saul of Tarsus. Am I in the old world? Why, surely if my eyes were open I would see a new world around me. I wonder if when I was struck down I was raised up in another world under new skies?" No! No; for he hears voices and various familiar earthly sounds, and he feels the walls of his room. He knows he is in the old world. But where is the old Saul? Where is the old Saul who feared God? the old Saul who was so proud in his own great strength, in his own righteousness, in his ability to work out his own destiny without any particular favor from God? Where is that man? He is as dead as a dead man. This is a new man. But when and how did that death take place? What made it possible?

Are we wrong in imagining that as he brooded over the matter he began to recall the stories of what happened at Jerusalem? He must have listened to many an account of the crucifixion of Jesus. He had no doubt heard rumors concerning the awful things that occurred on that day when Jesus died. And as he considered all that he knew about Jesus of Nazareth, dying there on Calvary, Saul would picture the whole scene to himself. He would try to imagine the features of the dying Jesus. If you try to imagine the face of some man you have never seen but have heard of, you will find that one face after another will appear to you. You will be apt to think of people you know, or of friends associated with the man in question. And as Saul in his blindness walks up and down, trying to focus his eyes upon the Person Whom he now loves and worships, the face changes from one likeness to another. And who is it that he sees? Why, is that Simon, the son of John, the Galilean leader of the band, is that Simon Peter being crucified there? Then his face goes and another appears. The words from the teaching and arguments of Stephen flash through his memory; and there on that middle cross, for a moment, is the face of Stephen whom he had stared at with such hatred in the synagogue "of them of Cilicia and of Asia." Then there is the face of Annas, then of Caiaphas—or is that the face of Pilate? Then it is a Roman figure, with a Roman brow, with a Roman nose and chin, the pride of the Roman, dying there on the tree to which he had nailed a mere Jewish peasant. And as he tries to fix the face, at last it seems as if it were a face that includes all faces, a composite face of the Son of man, the Son of God, instinct with divinity, offering itself to make death for the first time in the history of man take on a new and Divine meaning.

And, as he looks, it changes once more. It looks like himself—Saul! When did he die? When did the old Saul pass away? For this is a new Saul that walks in his darkness and dreams and broods and wrestles with the mystery of God's relations to mankind in that wonderful Person Whom He has raised from the dead and made alive, and for Whom He has made it possible to speak to human beings down to the depths of their souls. And as he walks up and down the whole truth bursts upon him. He sees it all now. Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ; He was raised from the dead; He is the Son of God; He is in command of human life. Then why did He die? The answer came to the new Saul, thinking of the old Saul now dead: "I was crucified with Christ!"

It is a mystical saying which you cannot reduce to precise definition. But it is mystical because it is so tremendously real and true. It is mystical as all the fundamental facts and relations of life are mystical, passing away into the deeps of God. And this inclusion of all mankind in Jesus, and this significance of His dying for the deliverance of all mankind, and of the great change that God works in a man when he has seen Jesus on the Cross,—this is mystical because it all goes back to the foundations of being, to the very nature of God, and springs from the relations of God to every man. If you wish to understand the Atonement you must first understand creation itself. If you wish to have a theory that is cut and dried and simple and complete of how you died in Christ, then go back and find out how you were born, and how the first human being was born, and how God created light. The one is no less mysterious than the others, but they are all as real as human nature itself and the world about us, and as real as the will of God. So, when the

Apostle speaks of himself henceforth it is as of a man upon whom a great Divine creative act had come; and he had been so completely changed in his relations to God and to the task of life that he felt as if his old self were dead and a new self were alive, quivering with all the new meanings and powers of a man alive in God and to God, and so alive for evermore.

IV. Now when we have reasoned thus we must remember that the Apostle went on to live a long and full earthly life. But one of the marvels of his self-witness in his various great Epistles is this: that while it has that strange element of confidence which almost breaks into pride, it yet has that strange element of humility which keeps him very low at the feet of his Lord. For example, while there was an act upon God's side that changed all his life, Paul tells us here that there was an act upon his side that responded, and he tells us that in this act he was compelled to give up all that in which he had trusted. He had no longer any desire to make himself righteous. He found that God had actually taken him into that fellowship which he had hoped to win only by the utmost diligence and skill and power of mind. And he realized that he was thus brought into the new life, into the new living fellowship of God, through the Messiah, Jesus. Then he discovered that the very nature of this fellowship was "righteousness." For righteousness is just being in positive right relations with God, and God had now by His act of inscrutable mercy put him in right relations with Himself. He had suddenly, miraculously, graciously, conferred upon him relations that are inherently right—right for God to have with man, right for man to have with God.

"Now," says the Apostle, "as for this righteousness which I now actually have, it being the gift of God and coming to me in this way, of course I give up everything else for it. I give up all my preceding confidence, all that I had to rest upon and hope in. I know that as to my right relations with God all that I had and did before is all nothing. It does not matter whether I was a Jew; it does not matter how I was trained. A man who comes from the slums of Corinth, a man who comes from the darkness of Scythia, a man who has lived in the veriest barbarism, can be lifted up by God's same power into the very relations in which I stand, as suddenly, as truly, as completely. Therefore, I do not count myself as resting upon these things. They have perished, so far as my living faith is concerned. I count myself as having what I ought to have only when I have the whole power and meaning of Jesus Christ before my eyes and in my heart. I am alive only when I realize that I was crucified with Christ."

In this Philippian passage the Apostle goes on to tell us that he has just one real purpose in life: that is the purpose to know Christ, to know Him in the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, to become conformed to His death, so that that dying which took place so mystically upon the Cross should now become actual in his own life. And then he uses a very humble word: "If by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead." That is one of those great human touches that bring the great Apostle close to every one of us. Do not imagine that it was all plain sailing with him after the event of Damascus. Do not imagine that when he thought of what was lying before him he did not realize that there were tremendous problems, and that they did not often press upon his own imagination. We saw in the first chapter of Philippians, when he faced the nearness of death, that to him the prospect glowed with the thought of being with Christ; but now in this verse, he is looking at his life-task from another angle. He feels himself just as a man amongst other men.

The final and great question for all human beings is: After death, what? What shall we attain? What mystery lies beyond? What reality is to be grasped by our spirit-life when its grasp on the body is loosed? What attainment are we to make then? And the Apostle says: "If by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead." It *is* an attainment. It lies ahead of his will. It is not only an act of God; it is an ascent of man. God does nothing for us except through our will. He will not even raise us from the dead except as a human being with a living will. God will not answer our prayers except through our will. God cannot make anything of us

except through our will. Our will is the material He is handling; it is the stuff with which He is to make His history of us, whatever that is. But our will must live, live up to His task, come under His hand, yield itself to His purpose, turn itself into His material, that He may fashion it into His ideal of what we are to be now and hereafter. If we attain to the resurrection of the dead, we must yield our will to that. We must will it, desire it, look forward to it, plan for it, live for it, die for it—if by any means we may attain unto the resurrection of the dead.

Now the wonder of all this is that the Apostle's experience was of a type that we must call universal. There are those who talk about Paulinism, about the Pauline doctrines as being peculiar and individual. But we must remember that behind Pauline utterances there is the straight dealing of God with a man, dealing with a man on the general principles that apply to all men. While the Apostle speaks so confidently of his Gospel as "my gospel," the Gospel that had been given to him was a Gospel applicable to all men, because the experience with which he illustrated it and from which it sprang was an experience open to all men, not in its mere outward succession of events and conditions, but in its inward meaning. Everywhere men must learn that they cannot make themselves righteous. Everywhere men must learn that Jesus of Nazareth is a universal Person given to all men. Everywhere men must learn that His death has changed the fundamental relations of all men with God. Everywhere men must learn that His rising from the dead was the opening of the future, not to one race, but to all conditions of mankind. It is the universal religion, a universal and final act of God, that has taken place in the experience of Saul in relation to Jesus Christ; and that is why, wherever his message goes, it becomes the challenge to the faith of all men,—the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindus and Mohammedans, the various sad-eyed pigmy savages in Central Africa and the outrageous cannibals of the South Seas. Whether it be in the culture of the courts of Europe and in the great universities of the world, or whether it be among the men of energy and success in American life, the same challenge comes. All are challenged by this one great message which the Church must tell with frankness and power and conviction: that Jesus Christ illustrated in Paul what He can do in all men. He put to death the old terror for Saul and made him alive in the true life of God, when to him He revealed the risen Christ once crucified as the one source of righteousness, the one pledge of eternal life. When will every man in the world learn to say: "He loved me, and gave himself for me"—"that I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead"?

A PATTERN PRAYER.

Rev. Joseph Kyle, D. D., LL. D.

Eph. iii. 14-21.

"Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope." It is this fact that makes the Bible a universal *"vade mecum,"* a guidebook and life-manual to the people of God of every age and clime and tongue. No portions of this Book of books furnish better examples and illustrations of this distinguishing characteristic than do its prayers of faith, the utterances of men of like passions with ourselves, inspired and recorded by the Holy Spirit Who helps our infirmities in prayer. Beyond all comparison the Bible is the "prayer-book" of the Christian Church. It does not profess to furnish "collects" and "litanies," it is true; these are f human compilation. Indeed, of all the prayers found in the Scriptures there are few that are designed for general repetition in the exact form in which they are recorded; nevertheless, of many of them it may be said as it was spoken of that beautifully simple and complete form of prayer our Lord taught His disciples: "After this manner therefore pray ye." They have gone up "for a memorial before God," like the prayers of Cornelius the centurion, and they

have been "written for our learning." In this respect this prayer for the Church at Ephesus may well be styled a pattern prayer. So regarding it, let us mark first:

I. The Supplicant. With the best reason may we study with purpose to imitate the intercessors whom the Bible honors. Touching this very matter the Apostle James points us to Elijah, whose prayers shut the windows of heaven for three long years and opened them again to abundant showers of rain.

Of all men great with God in this respect none is more worthy of our imitation than is Paul. Emphatically was he a man of prayer, habitual, constant, unceasing prayer. The Lord Jesus said of him to Ananias in the vision at Damascus: "Behold, he prayeth." That saying might well be taken to describe his entire Christian life. Evidence abounds in his Epistles of his importunity and unselfishness in interceding on behalf of those to whom he writes. Ephesus herself had had former proof of his intense yearning and earnest pleading. That is a scene full of interest to the Church to all time which Luke has pictured for us at Miletus, where the elders of Ephesus had assembled at Paul's solicitation, that he might meet with them in prayer and conference for the last time on earth. It is an event not unworthy of comparison with Christ's last appeal to Jerusalem. The Lord Jesus heard the screaming of the Roman eagles as they gathered over the doomed city. His soul was moved with pity as He thought of the shelterless brood that must soon be subjected to their cruelty, and His voice "broke in tears" as He spoke His last word of warning. Like the Master, Paul heard the howling of the "wolves" that would rend the little flock which he had so tenderly gathered and so faithfully kept in Ephesus; and, putting his heart into every word he uttered, he charged those under-shepherds to be true to their trust, commended them "to God, and to the word of his grace," and then, kneeling down, he prayed with them there. That last prayer meeting would not soon pass from the memory of the elders of Ephesus. Never would they weary as they would tell the story of it to the people, and never would the people weary of its recital. They had last seen him on his knees, pleading with God for their deliverance from impending evil, and here in the picture which he unconsciously draws of himself in this Epistle they see him again in the posture of prayer.

Paul's prayers were as prevalent as they were importunate, as effectual as they were unceasing. While it is true of all human intercessors, that, but for the sake of the great Intercessor Whom the Father always hears, their petitions would be of no avail—so that no one has power in this respect that he has not received and hence has naught whereof to glory; nevertheless, there is a profound sense in which it is also true that with God there is respect of persons in the matter of intercessory prayer. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." That is one phase of the truth, and this is the other: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." It was the prayer of Abraham, "the friend of God," that held out hope to Sodom. It was hope that was not realized, it is true, for the wicked city's case was hopeless. But so long as Abraham continued to ask, God continued to grant. To the three friends of Job God said: "Go to my servant Job, ... and my servant Job shall pray for you; for him will I accept." Moses and Samuel were specially named to Jeremiah as men whose prayers were mightily prevalent with God. This was true also of Paul. God's power and grace were marvelously manifest through him. Miracles were wrought in response to his petitions. Eutychus was taken up dead out of the street or the court into which he had fallen; Paul prayed and life returned. The locks and the bars of the prison at Philippi were shattered, and the bonds that held the jailer in more hopeless imprisonment than had ever been the lot of any entrusted to his care were broken in answer to the Apostle's prayers.

When this prayer for Ephesus was written for her comfort and for our learning, Paul was a prisoner in Rome, but God's hand was not thereby shortened, nor was the power of prayer restrained. He had written to the Church at Corinth a few years before: "When I am weak, then am I strong." Never did his word find more signal confirmation than in his experience

as the prisoner of the Lord Jesus. His case is not without parallel. Jacob halted on his thigh before he prevailed with the Wrestler on the bank of the Jabbok. Samson, in captivity and blindness, called down from heaven a victory such as he had never won when his arm was fetterless and the light of battle was flashing from his eyes. And Paul was mightiest both with God and with men when he was an "ambassador in bonds." There never yet was prison so secure as to shut out God or to shut in prayer. How farsoever one may be removed from those for whom he prays, he shall find communication direct, immediate, by way of the throne of grace. Paul was in Rome. Beyond Italy, beyond the Adriatic, beyond the isles of Greece, beyond the Ægean Sea, in Asia Minor, eight hundred miles away was Ephesus; yet his petitions went straight to heaven unhindered and the answer came speedily to those for whom the prayer was made, in showers of blessing and in mighty interpositions for deliverance. And the blessed "learning" this record has for us is this: that the spirit of this Elijah may rest upon every Elisha whose heart is open and whose hands are stretched out to receive it. Dear brethren, let us covet earnestly this great gift of power with God in prayer.

Note next:

II. The Hearer of Prayer, as Paul here describes Him. "The Father . . . . of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

Beautiful and touching is the appeal of the wise woman of Tekoah to King David that he would bring home the banished Absalom, and worthy of a better cause than that of one whose hands were already stained with a brother's blood and whose heart was even then nourishing the foul purpose to repay a father's affection with basest treason and murder. Having won the king's sympathy by the recital of that which he supposed was her own heart's sorrow, and called out his sentence, she quickly turned the gracious judgment in favor of the exiled prince. Said she: "The king doth speak this thing as one which is faulty, in that the king doth not fetch home again his banished. For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person: yet doth he devise means, that his banished be not expelled from him." But with all the wisdom and eloquence of the plea, with all the shrewdness of Joab whose hand was with her in this matter, her appeal must have been in vain but for the fact that the king was the exile's father. It was because Prodigal could say: "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare! . . . . I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned," that he could entertain the hope of finding even a lowly place in that father's household. Seven times in seven verses of that parable which tells the story of human penitence and Divine forgiveness is the term "father" employed, and in the eighth the reason for rejoicing is announced as that father says: "This my son was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found." Thus does He Who came "to seek and to save that which was lost" encourage wanderers and outcasts to come home. Teaching us to pray to the great God over all He bids us address Him as "Our Father." And longing to share with us, in so far as participation is possible, His own unparalleled privilege, the first message of the risen Christ to His Church was this: "I ascend unto my Father and your Father."

Paul understood and appreciated the relation that believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, of whatsoever race or class, sustain to God. He did not think of it merely in the broad and general sense in which the world regards it—the world that said long before his day and yet says: "All we are his offspring." That is a precious truth, but the natural relationship that is thus expressed is immeasurably less significant than is that which has been established in grace, the glorious distinction of those who are joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. There has been a vast deal said of the "Fatherhood of God" which utterly ignores the single bond which makes such relationship possible,—namely, personal union with Jesus Christ. Let the inspired John and Paul, the apostles of the inner life, bear witness: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor

of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Regeneration, the act of the Spirit on the Godward side, and faith, the gift of the Spirit on the manward side, are necessary to this sonship. And then, as Paul announces: "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Such is the inspired conception of this relation.

God's Fatherhood in Jesus Christ is a most blessed truth of revelation, full of comfort and assurance to us as we come to the throne of grace for ourselves or for others. It is a doctrine that is held very tenderly in the faith of "the whole family in heaven and earth." Mark how our Lord Jesus Himself employs it: "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?" Father, could you make such response to your hungry boy's appeal? Mother, when the fevered lips of your babe call piteously for water could you pour in bitter, burning poison instead? "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to those that ask him?" So does our Lord Jesus, with a more skilful hand than David's, play upon the harpstrings of our own human sympathy and love to exorcise the evil spirit of doubt and to soothe the troubled, anxious heart to rest and peace with the music of heaven's "Home, Sweet Home." Whatsoever may be our social station in the judgment of the world He has taught us to think of God as our Heavenly Father, as the Father of the whole family in heaven and in earth.

There are three characteristics of God's Fatherhood touched upon in the text that should serve to establish our confidence.

(1) *He is the Father Who recognizes the equal right of every child to the family heritage.* "Of whom the whole family . . . . is named." "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female." There may be some members of the family yet on earth who have something of the spirit of the elder brother in the parable, but such uncharitableness can find no place with the Father nor with any of the children who are in heaven. And more, even those who have entered into rest in the Home above, while they must have larger privilege and holier joy than can be the portion of those on earth, are not one whit more secure in the Father's love than are we who yet remain in the sphere of service and of trial. He is the Father of the family on earth, as well as in heaven.

(2) *He is the Father with Whom are all the riches of glory.* And the prayer of the Apostle is that the grant may be according to the wealth of the Giver's glory. In the greatness of His love and grace, this is the measure that God Himself has set after which His children are to gauge their requests. Not according to our deserts,—how pitiably small the answer would be if God should give us no more than we deserve!—not according to the quality of our faith, although it will be according to the fact of our faith; not according to our needs even, for vast as they may be, they are not to limit the possible answer of grace; but "according to the riches of glory." Is it possible that such a wealth of blessing may be ours? Yes, for He, the great Intercessor Who taught Paul how to pray, has left on record this declaration: "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them"; and this petition: "Father, I will that they . . . . whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory."

(3) *He is the Father Who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."* There is a remarkable heaping of word upon word in this representation of God's ability to answer prayer. He is able to do *"that we ask."* We have not a friend on earth to whom we can go with confidence that he can always meet our wants even in this minor measure. Our Father is able to do what we ask. But thoughts oftentimes outrun words. Who of us has not prayed when the heart was so heavy and sore that it could not frame its desires in words? Can God answer prayer like that? He can do what we think but cannot speak. He can do *"all* that we ask or think." Surely one might say this is enough. But another word is added: *"above all* that we ask or think."

Could the most sanguine faith anticipate larger promise than this? Nevertheless, the Father with Whom are all the riches of glory judges that it is not enough. And therefore, so that no faith, though it be "as a grain of mustard seed"; no hope, though it be as "the smoking flax"—a fire almost extinguished; and no strength, though it be as "the bruised reed"—too feeble to stand alone, need ever fear disappointment, this inspired supplicant employs another word, itself compounded of three words rising one upon the other and so augmenting the force of all that have gone before, that our sturdy English fairly staggers under the effort to give expression to the emphasis: "Able to do *exceeding abundantly* above all that we ask or think." Lo, this is our God; let us wait for Him; this is the Father of Whom the whole family is named.

Consider now:

III. The Burden of Petition here outlined. The requests are such as only a prince with God—an Israel who had often prevailed—would make, and such as only a God Whose grace is infinite, a Father Whose riches are exhaustless as His love, could grant. Queen Esther might have had good reason to question both the ability and the willingness of Ahasuerus. Notwithstanding the royal pledge had been given, she might well have hesitated to ask the half she thought or to expect the half she asked. But Paul knew full well he might take God at His word. He had learned with David the vast significance of the covenant pledge: "I am thy God." He had joined with all his heart in Jeremiah's confident confession: "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul." Therefore he asks for God. Nothing less than the fullness of the Godhead will answer his request. All the Persons of the glorious Trinity are included in his petition. He would have the *"Spirit"* strengthening them in the inner man; he would have *"Christ"* dwelling in their hearts by faith; and he would have *"God"* filling them unto His own fullness.

(1) Note these petitions. The first is *for strength in the inner man.* We have a dual nature, an outward and an inner man. The latter is the "new creation" effected in regeneration by the Holy Spirit. As the Spirit creates, He also renews and strengthens. "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles" in heavenly attainment; "they shall run, and not be weary" in the way of their Lord's commandment; "and"—hardest task of all—"they shall walk" the treadmill round of daily duty, in the home, on the farm, at the desk, behind the counter, as God will and oftentimes with no eye to see but God's—"they shall walk, and not faint." Is not this a consummation devoutly to be wished? Say "Amen" to this petition and make it your own.

(2) The second petition is *for an indwelling Christ.* All of Christ in every one. The wonder of wonders to Solomon was that God should indeed dwell on the earth. Said he: "Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded?" But it is a greater wonder by far that the infinite Lord of lords should say of every believing heart, as He once said of Zion—"beautiful for situation": "This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it." Such knowledge is too wonderful for us, but faith can grasp its substance.

The outcome of this indwelling is, first, establishment in love. "Rooted!"—growing like a cedar in the garden of God, whose roots are by the waters. "Grounded!"—standing like a temple in the city of God, whose foundations are the holy mountains. Enlargement of life follows hard upon establishment in love, in the petition of the Christian as in the purpose of the Christ. Christ's indwelling will be manifest, must be manifest, in the outgoing of heart and soul and mind and strength to Him Who first loved us, and to "the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." This largeness of heart that is the sure consequent of love's ascendancy will evidence its dominion by giving ability to comprehend spiritual things, even in their "breadth, and length, and depth, and height." But this power of comprehension is never enjoyed alone—is

never possible to him who has not learned to say: "Our Father," and to mean it. We "comprehend with all saints"—that is the blessedness of the communion of saints. And this heavenly privilege reaches its climax in the heart experience of the love of Christ—"his great love wherewith he loved us"—to which merely intellectual power, world-astounding though it may be, must ever remain a stranger. Surely such vast possibilities ought to excite within us commensurate desire to attain. Say "Amen" to this petition and make it your own.

(3) The third petition is, *that we may be "filled unto all the fulness of God."* How shall we that are but dust and ashes present such a petition at the throne of grace? Hard thing as it was that Elisha asked of Elijah, it is but a part of that which is compassed by Paul's prayer. But that the Spirit Whose office it is to help our infirmities has taught us so to pray, we should not dare to make such request. What does it mean? Just what it says. Is it the desire that God would fill us in our finite measure as He is full in His infinite capacity? Yes, and something more. For with the infilling there will certainly come enlarging, and the gracious process will continue to all eternity. There will be infilling and expanding, infilling and expanding, and the source of supply will never be exhausted. Life to come, with all its glory and its joy, forever and forever will be life *to come.* "That ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God." Say "Amen" to this petition and make it your own.

And now, having joined in this prayer, let us join in the grand doxology with which it closes, in which Paul gives expression to the hope that cannot be described though word be piled on word as mountain upon mountain; and cannot be exceeded though thought leap up to heaven: "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end." "Let all the people say, Amen."

GOD'S INDICTMENT.

Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M. A.

Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M. A.

"The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." Dan. v. 23.

This chapter is one of the most striking and dramatic in the whole Old Testament, and I commend it to each of you for a fresh personal reading. It opens with a statement as to Belshazzar the king and the great feast which he made to a thousand of his lords. It tells us how when they were inflamed with wine and music and the dance they sent for the sacred vessels of the temple which had been brought to Babylon in the captivity from Jerusalem, and into those vessels they poured their wine and out of those vessels they poured their libations, using for licentious purposes that which had been dedicated to the service of Jehovah God. In the midst of their revelry there appeared upon the plaster of the wall the fingers of a man's hand which wrote in cryptic characters something which none could

read, but which sent terror to the hearts of all present. They called for the soothsayers, the astrologers and the wise men of the realm, but they were unable to decipher the writing. Then Daniel was sent for, the man in whom was known to dwell "the spirit of the holy gods," and this word which I have taken as the foundation of my message to you to-night is a part of what he said to the king, trembling in the banqueting hall. He deciphered the very handwriting of the invisible God; he reminded Belshazzar of all that God was to him; he bade him remember all that God had taught him in the history of his own family; he recalled to him the fact that in the hand of God was his very breath held, and by the hand of God had all his ways been determined. And at the end he brings this indictment against him: "Thou hast not glorified God." Mind you, Daniel did not speak, as he well might have spoken, of the almost unnamable licentiousness and sin of the Babylonian court, and of its recent specially impious sin. He might have charged the king—and justly—with many overt acts of cruelty and sensuality; but in this word is comprehended all the sin which can ever be charged to any man, whether he be king or whether he be beggar: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified."

Beloved, I bring you this message to-night because it is some such word as this which God's Holy Spirit in love and mercy and tenderness would speak to the heart of each one of us: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified."

Now let us think of what this sin consists—this sin of not glorifying God. I might speak about many current sins to-day. We have succeeded largely in banishing sin from the modern pulpit and from modern theology, but we have not begun to banish it out of modern life. It is written indelibly in the record of every life. It is written deep down in the consciences of men, quite apart from the explicit statements of God's eternal word that all have sinned and have come short of His glory. Oh, that we might discover to ourselves to-night wherein our sin lies, what is its nature, whence its power, and how by the grace of God it may be brought to an end, with all its eternal consequences of ill to the man who is verily guilty of it!

There are many sins one might speak about in detail. Life is full of temptations to evil, and alas! too many of us have given ourselves heedlessly, thoughtlessly, indifferently, to working evil. But here is a general word. The sin that comprehends all other sins, the sin in which every man, great and small, young and old, learned and illiterate, is comprehended, is this: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified."

Now I learn from this strange and awe-inspiring scene in the palace of Belshazzar of what this great sin consists. Let me try to point it out to you. First of all, Daniel tells the king that he is guilty of totally disregarding God's revelation to him, and he reminds him of what God did to his father, or, as some say, his grandfather, Nebuchadnezzar. Daniel reminds Belshazzar that Nebuchadnezzar, who had been set upon the throne and established there by the power of God, in the very height of his power lifted up his heart in pride against God, and that then God's patience with him was strained to the breaking point, and he was deposed from his throne, stripped of his royal raiment, exiled from his own country, and that he dwelt with the beasts in the field and himself became beastly in nature. His hair grew like the feathers of an eagle, and his nails like the claws of a bird. He fed himself upon grass as did the cattle, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, until there came a moment of dawning self-consciousness and he knew himself to be a man, a sinner, and justly punished because of his transgression. "And *thou,*" says Daniel, to the king, whose knees now smite together because of the handwriting upon the plaster of the wall, "thou, his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this!" It might have been thought impossible that a man in whose family history God had so wonderfully and awfully intervened would never himself have been found committing the same sin. And yet, such is the human heart that the severest, alike with the tenderest, warnings are

altogether powerless to keep man from doing that for which his soul lusts. And this is the first point in the indictment against Belshazzar, and against you and me: disregard of God's revelation, disregard of what was known to be the will and purpose of God—"Thou knewest all this, and yet thou hast not humbled thine heart."

Who is the man of whom these words are not true? Where is the man or the woman in this place who has always, instinctively, abjectly, fully, with glad heart, obeyed every ray of light which has come to illumine his or her path from God? God has spoken to us as He spoke to Belshazzar. God has spoken to us, not only in His dealings with our own lives, but in all that record of His grace and love which is summarized in Jesus Christ. God has spoken to us, not by a stroke of wrath upon one of our own immediate ancestors, but by the wrath which fell upon our Elder Brother: "God hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." And what has been our response? How truly does the Spirit of God say to us to-night: "Thou knewest all this! Thou knewest the demands of God, the claims of God, the promises of God. Thou knewest the sacrifices of His love and the everlastingness and tenderness of His grace, and yet thou hast not humbled thyself." Oh, how true it is of men to-day, as one has written:

> "They live for themselves,
> They think for themselves,
> For themselves and none beside,
> Just as if Jesus had never lived,
> As if He had never died."

I ask you to-night as one who seeks to be your friend: "What difference has your knowledge of Jesus Christ made in your conduct? What difference in your relationship towards God? What difference in your relationship towards men? What difference in your relationship towards temptation? What difference in your relationship with the world and all it means to men to-day? 'Thou knewest all this,' and yet thou hast lived as if God had never spoken. His Word is without any binding force upon you. You have done just as you pleased, and God has not been in all your thoughts." That is one count in the indictment—*the sin of pride.*

There is a further: "And thou, though thou knewest all this, hast not humbled thine heart," said the prophet to the king. "Thou hast gone to further lengths, and added to the sin of pride *the sin of sacrilege.* Thou hast taken the sacred vessels of the temple and used them in an impious feast." "But," I think I hear someone say: "what is the significance of all this to us? There can be no possible analogy between this sin of Belshazzar's and any of which we are guilty." Not quite so fast, my friend. Let us go back a little. What are the vessels of the temple? What do they signify to you and to me? Back a step further. What is the temple, and what does it stand for? The temple of God, as far as I understand the teaching of His own holy Word, is not any building erected to His name and dedicated to His special use. There is no building of God to-day which is rightly called a temple. In the old covenant God had a temple in the midst of His people; but now "the darkness is passed and the true light shineth," and God's people are His temple. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" If that be so, then what are the vessels of the temple? These powers of ours, these capacities, these members, these rich endowments of life with which God has entrusted us, our mind with its power of conception, our heart with its power of love and of moral indignation, our will with its power of purpose and devotion, our members seen and unseen—these are the sacred vessels of the temple. And when does a man commit sacrilege? Why, when he takes these things and fills them with the heavy wine of self-pleasure, with all the world's trifling, its soul-deadening draughts; when a man takes that with which God has entrusted him, his endowment for His service, and prostitutes it to any lower purposes than the glory of God, that man is guilty of the sin of Belshazzar. When we spend the whole of our powers in the acquisition of that which perishes, when we take this wondrous complex make-up of ours and devote it merely to the gratification of the flesh, or of the mind, or of the appetite, or of the passions, or when we drift with the merely heedless multitude—then, be-

loved, we fall under the ban of an indictment like this: "Thou hast taken these sacred vessels and profaned them. Thou hast failed to glorify God." Oh, it is no lightsome thing to take the control of life into our own hand and live as though God had never said: "Thou shalt not," as though God had never said: "Thou shalt"!

There is a third count in the indictment. To the sin of pride and to the sin of sacrilege there is added the sin of idolatry. "Thou hast praised," said the prophet, "the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not worshipped."

Again I think I hear someone say: "That cannot possibly affect us. We have been brought up to orthodox belief in God. We have been brought up to correct outward worship of God. We have been brought up to believe in the truths concerning God and our Lord Jesus Christ." And yet I venture to say that in spite of all the light in which we have been cradled, in spite of the assurance of God's truth which has come to our hearts and lives, and which we have never even tried to rebut, I believe there is no greater country of idolatry than this your land, unless it be my own land. I have traveled the world over: I have seen the idolatry of China; I have seen something of the idolatry of India; I have seen something of the idolatrous Kaffir worship of South Africa; but I have yet to see a more idolatrous city than London, and I have yet to come into a more idolatrous atmosphere than that of New York. Oh, no, we do not fashion rocks as do the heathen in the lands I have mentioned and fall down and worship them; but who shall say that we do not worship the great god success? Who shall say that we do not worship the great god mammon? Who shall say that we do not worship money and the power that it gives us? Who shall say that we do not worship ambition? Who shall say that we do not worship mental progress? Who shall say that we do not worship pleasure, ease, luxury? Oh, someone says, such idolatry does not reach me. Let me tell you, my friend, the idol in your life is that thing or that pursuit which has more grip on your life than God has, that thing which gets more of your time, more of your love, more of your devotion, that thing which more readily influences your conduct than do God and Christ and the Holy Ghost. Why, I know many women whose homes are idols. I know parents whose children are idols. I know men whose business is an idol. Here we have lawful things which have assumed unlawful places, for they have usurped the very throne of God and the Lamb in men's lives.

Now this is the comprehension of the sin with which Belshazzar and with which you and I likewise are charged of God: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, hast thou not glorified." His revelation is disregarded; His claim is disallowed; His authority is flouted. We are living the self-controlled, self-guided, self-pleasing life, and God is left out of it. No wonder the sentence written in those cryptic characters is: "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." "Weighed and found wanting!" Only think: in this auditorium to-night there is a great balance erected, and into it goes the life of every man and women here for judgment, for examination. On the one scale are all our opportunities, all the life which God has ever thrust into our heart, all the Providence by which God has ever protected our life, all the influences of the Spirit through word and voice and disposition of life; and on the other side our present condition—fruitless, selfish, hardened, nominally Christ's, actually—at heart and in character—utterly worldly! Weighed and found wanting!

The record goes on to say that in that night the sentence was executed. "In that night was Belshazzar slain"; in that night was the kingdom taken from him and given to another who should do God's will more perfectly. As the sentence is pronounced, and ere it is carried into execution, notice the galvanized activity of the man. He is filled with remorse. But remorse is not repentance. I am not surprised that men are filled with remorse when confronted with the straight, irretrievable facts of life as God shows them, but remorse is not repentance. To be sorry for things in a merely emotional way means nothing except

a deeper and firmer hardening of my heart. Oh, believe me, one of the greatest perils of our church life to-day is that we can come to enjoy, positively to enjoy, as an exercise, our confession of that which is wrong and which we have no intention whatsoever of putting right. Remorse! Aye, Judas was seized with remorse, but it had not in it one trace of real repentance. And I say to you to-night that that false security of mere sorrow, or mere regret, that life has so far been wasted, into which you may lull yourself, is utterly unavailing. If it does not lead to something more practical, more radical, more real, it will only make your heart the harder.

Notice how Belshazzar makes a vain attempt to propitiate God and, if possible, stay the execution of His righteous sentence. He takes the messenger and clothes him with a scarlet robe, puts a chain around his neck, and promotes him to be the third ruler of the kingdom. He thinks he will propitiate the Master by flattering the servant. Such a thing is not altogether unknown to-day; but it is as unavailing now as it was then. It may be that in his sin and headstrong folly Belshazzar became reckless. It may be that there dawned upon him in that hour a consciousness—which, alas! it may be some man in this place to-night knows—that he has gone too far to retrace his steps, that the past is utterly irrevocable.

But I take you to another feast altogether. And at this feast the central figure is the Lord of love and glory Himself. It is towards the end of His life. His course has but a few days to run, and He gathers together His disciples in a borrowed chamber, and with borrowed utensils He spreads before them a feast and they all partake of it. When the feast is over they sing together one of the songs of Zion and go out into the night. Now listen. The Son of God goes into the Garden of Gethsemane and begins to pray, and as He prays He surveys His own life and He surveys the field into which He has come seeking fruit for His Father. And He looks down all the ages, past and present and yet to come, and sees—what? Wild grapes. He sees that this word pronounced in that heated banqueting chamber of Belshazzar is true of every man. God has not been glorified. And with the Cross looming up before Him He uses these words: "Father, I have glorified Thee. The thing which man has failed to do, which he is utterly incompetent to do for himself, I have done on his behalf. Father, for this purpose I came forth from Thee, and for this purpose I come back to Thee by the way of sorrow and pain and death. I have glorified Thee." And, O beloved, until the day of His coming again this is the grand harmony of His Evangel: The law which I have broken Christ has kept on my behalf. The sin which I have committed, the sin of not glorifying God Who made me and Whose I am, Christ has atoned for, and He is my Propitiation, my Saviour, my accepted Substitute before God.

One other thing ere I close. Christ looks out upon the days to come when the old sin will reassert itself and its power in the lives of those who have linked themselves with Him and henceforth are accepted by Him, and He says to them: "I am leaving you, and when I go to My Father I will send upon you the Holy Spirit, and when He is come to you He shall glorify Me, and day by day under the power of His anointing and enduement the things which you have failed to do for yourself you shall be enabled to do. You shall be enabled to live on the uplands of obedience and holiness and truth. You shall be enabled to meet that tempter with whom you have wrestled again and again and again, and in the power of the very life of God you shall be more than conquerer through Him Who loved you, and at the end of the day this shall be the record of your life, that God has been glorified. Nevertheless, *you* have not done it, but the Christ Who has lived in you by His blessed Spirit."

Oh, let us take those three words to-night: the word of indictment, God not glorified; the word of confession, "My God, I am verily guilty"; and then let us hear the word of atonement: "I have glorified thee, Father," and with bold heart rest upon that blessed fact.

"Upon a life I did not live,
Upon a death I did not die,
Another's life, Another's death,
I stake my whole eternity."

THE REDEEMING REFUSALS OF JESUS CHRIST.

Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A.

I want to speak to you this evening of an aspect of the life and character of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ which brings before us one feature of His eternal Gospel by which we are saved and in which we are kept and in which all the need and instinct of our lives are satisfied as we trust and loyally follow and obey Him.

You recollect that in the days of His flesh it was written on one occasion: "There was a division among the people because of him." When He came into the midst of men He came as a great divisive force; men were at once compelled to take sides. The minority, faithful and true to Him, even when they could not understand His ways or His words, loyally clave to Him and boldly confessed themselves His disciples; but the great majority of men turned heedlessly and indifferently away from Him, so that this word becomes a true record of the whole of that period of Christ's tarrying here among men: "There was a division among men because of him." It was so at the very beginning, at Bethlehem; it was so right through His life, at Nazareth, at Capernaum, at Jerusalem; it was so at the end, when He hung upon the Cross of shame. There was a division even there "because of him"—on the one hand, a man railing; on the other hand, a man rejoicing.

Beloved friends, so it is to-day. It is always true to say that there is a division—not because of doctrine held or withstood; not because of opinion, which may be simulated or which may exist without the sincerity of the soul; but in respect of personal relationship and attitude to the Lord Jesus Christ. I want, therefore, in the simplest possible way so to speak of Him and so to set Him forth as that each of us shall come to true self-consciousness with regard to our personal attitude and relationship to Him Who is the great gift of God to the world. For back of everything and underlying everything we hear proclaimed in this place is the clear and unmistakable word of the Lord: "He that hath the Son"—he that hath Him for his Saviour, for his Friend, for his Master, for his Guide, for his Keeper, for his King—"he that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God,"—of whatever else he may be possessed,—"hath not life." Therefore there can be no consideration which equals in importance this one: What is my personal relationship and attitude to the Christ of God set forth in His Gospel, mediated to me in a thousand ways by the great God and Father of us all? Oh, may this meeting help each one of us to be quite certain that when we sing, "Blessed assurance! Jesus is mine," it shall be the expression of the deepest faith and truth of our whole being!

I want to speak to you upon one aspect of Christ's life and character which I venture to call "The Redeeming Refusals of Jesus Christ." As when we hold a jewel to the light, its fire and beauty are discerned as with change of angle the light flashes upon it, so now I would seek to hold up the great Gospel of the Lord Christ at this somewhat unusual angle that we may be arrested and attracted, and then wooed and won by the wondrous perfection of His grace, His beauty, His power. We so often consider the things that Jesus did and the things that Jesus said and the things that Jesus promised, that somehow we have come to regard them as commonplace, and it is even possible that our familiarity with them has bred a kind of contempt of them. At any rate, in the lives of many of us they have lost their grip, they have lost their force, they have lost their creative and formative influence. But, mark me, the things that Christ refused to do, taken together, constitute what is as strong and real a proclamation of His purpose, of His Gospel, as do the things He promised and the things in which He acquiesced. And as in our own life a man's character is tested by the things he refuses to do equally with the things in which he willingly engages, so character is revealed and reputation built up by the things which a man refuses to do.

For instance, I know a man who habit-

ually refuses to speak evil of a single soul. Now it is not what he says of another in the way of praise, but what he refuses to say of another in the way of blame, which stamps him as a man of generous mind and kindly heart and which secures for him the respect of all who know him. I know another man, and if there is one hard thing that can be said about anyone, he is the man to say it. He refuses to see good in anyone, and his reputation is built up accordingly. I might go on through the whole scale of human experience, just emphasizing this one thing, but it is not necessary. Every one of us is agreed that the things to which a man steadfastly and habitually refuses to give himself decide what sort of man he really is. And as with you and me, common ordinary men, so with the Man Christ Jesus redeeming men. The things He refused to do vividly illustrate, eloquently proclaim, this wonderful Gospel of grace, to which in these holy days our Lord is bidding us give new heed and new attention.

Let me remind you of some things He refused to do when here among men. Right at the very commencement of the Gospel record I find that He *refused to minister to Himself.* At the hour when He was weary and hungry, when physical life was at its lowest ebb and His power of resistance was down to its very weakest, there met Him in the desert the tempter: "Command these stones that they be made bread, and feed Thyself," and our Lord steadfastly refused to minister to Himself at all. He entered into the human relationship of weakness and hunger and need and utter dependence upon the will and the word of God the Father.

I find the same at the end of His life. When He hung upon the redeeming Cross of shame, and there was offered to Him that which would have alleviated His pain, He put it from Him. He saved others throughout His earthly life, and never so much as in that hour; but Himself He could not save in one single day. The same was true all through His life. They came on one occasion to make Him king, and He—not contemptuously, for He never offered contempt to the sons of men—He quietly and steadfastly and with dignity refused to minister to Himself in any wise.

Oh, beloved, if this illustrates anything it illustrates the utter sympathy and identity of Jesus Christ with humanity in all its need, in all its restriction.

"In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows hath a part."

He is my great High Priest, and yours, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, because He bore and experienced them, and in Christ's refusal to save men at any cost other than that of entire sacrifice of His entire life, I see "love so amazing, so Divine," that it "demands my soul, my life, my all."

And then Christ *refused to accept unreal homage from men.* I have already mentioned the occasion when they tried to make Him a king, when they cried: "Hosanna! Hosanna!" A thrill of emotion such as that which seizes a man when he is the central figure of all the devotion and enthusiasm of the crowd there must have been; but our Lord was utterly unstirred by that emotion, and when they would have enthroned Him and crowned Him He refused to allow it. And if you will trace His life through you will find how constantly this was so. Men came to him and called Him "Good master," but He refused to accept such homage at their hands, for He knew what was in men. He knew that their hearts were far from Him. Beloved, He is the eternal, the unchanged, the unchangeable Christ, and to-night He refuses, and He refuses for my sake and for yours, to accept anything of unreal worship or homage. He refuses to accept any lip prayer or any lip praise which we may offer to Him. "This people . . . . honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me," He says again and again.

What does it mean to you and to me that Christ thus refuses our homage, that it is nothing to Him that we profess to give assent to certain formulas of belief and statements of doctrine, that it is nothing to Him that we give our allegiance to certain outward forms of worship and external acts of devotion,—what does it mean to you and to me? Just this: that our orthodoxy, our church-going, our philanthropy, our patronage of the Son of God are an abhorrence to Him if our hearts are not in

it all. Oh, believe me, there is a kind of worship—and may we be saved from ever being guilty of it!—a kind of worship which reacts upon the worshiper like a putrefying stream upon a living organism. There is a kind of worship that putrefies where it ought to purify. And it is for your sake and for mine, because He loves us and because He came to save us from everything false and unreal and unworthy and not abiding, that our Lord refuses to accept that which does not express the faith, the loyalty and the love of our very being.

I remember again that Christ habitually *refused to gratify idle curiosity concerning Himself.* They came to Him and said: "Tell us by what authority You do these things. You cleanse the leper; You feed the hungry; You give men a new commandment. By what authority do You do all these things?" And Christ knew that all they wanted was to engage in an argument, that their only interest was a mere passing and selfish one. They did not need a fuller disclosure of His heart and purpose than that they already had in order to bow to Him and to follow Him, and He refused to gratify it. And He does the same to-day. There are things, believe me, that you will never, never find out about God and His truth until you are down on your knees or on your face before Him. There are things that you, with all your learning, with all your psychology, with all your philosophy, will never learn about God until as little children you come to Him to be taught as only He can teach men, for while Jesus Christ refused to gratify idle curiosity and to bandy words with men He did say: "If any man follow me he shall have the light of life," and He did say: "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." Christ never promised to rob life of its mystery. If He did, it would be to invest life with absurdity, for life without mystery is entirely unthinkable. Christ never promises immunity from the pressure of an incomplete inspiration; but He does promise that every bit of light we need to walk by we shall have, and that everything that it is necessary for us to know and to comprehend in order to relate our life to the will of God, we shall have. And, for the rest, He inspires p cience until the clouds shall roll away and we shall know no longer in part, but even as we ourselves have been known all along.

Beloved, I remind you of this redeeming refusal of our Lord Jesus lest there should be anyone here who is saying something after this order: "Explain to me my doubt with regard to the Virgin birth. Explain to me my doubt with regard to Inspiration. Explain to me my doubt with regard to the Atonement and its bearing upon the destinies of men and upon the great first purpose of God. Explain these things to me and I will perhaps become a Christian." Believe me, that is not Christ's way at all. Christ's way with you and with me is this: "Obey as far as you see. Trust as far as you are able to comprehend Me. Take the first step and light shall be given you for the second, and never mind the twentieth, for when you get there you will see that God Himself has brought you so far in patience and tenderness and love, understanding all the way the difficulty of your nature."

Again, Christ refused on one occasion to cast off a man who had denied Him. He refused to cast him off, even when that man's own conscience had cast him off. He refused to ratify and confirm the judgment of the man's own best nature. Jesus met him and saw beneath his failure and saw beneath his denial. And, in shame that the foremost of His followers had proved unstable, the Lord Christ saw deep down and beyond, saw that there was a possibility of that man's devotion, and He refused to cast off His denier, and said: "Peter, do you really love Me? Is the last fact in your life that you love Me still?" And you know the sequel.

Beloved, it may be that I am speaking to someone to whom coming back to Northfield is to come under a heavy cloud of condemnation, for here your vows were made, here your consecration to some moral ideal was recorded, and as you come back here the surging waves of failure are shaming you, and you are saying to yourself with regard to the things you have been hearing this past week: "I am excluded from it all. I am not worthy to be in His service. I cannot ever hope to recover the ground I have lost and to regain the spir-

itual frontage which has been eaten away, as in some places the sea eats the soft coast-line of the land." Oh, blessed be God! Jesus Christ with His redeeming refusals would meet you here in this very hour with the power which can convert all your failures into stepping-stones to new victories. It is in His power to take all your discredited professions of past loyalty and out of them organize a new faith with a new possibility of His power in you. Christ can recreate every deteriorated capacity and set on fire again every died-out enthusiasm, as He did with Peter. This is what I learn from Christ's loving refusal to ratify Peter's own self-judgment. What a Saviour! What a Saviour for men! Oh! I tell you, there would be no speakers on this platform, I doubt if there would be any conference here at all, if our Lord were not the same Lord to-day that He was when in the midst of that morning on the sea beach He met the broken-hearted, wet-eyed Peter and renewed him again into a life of communion and service.

One other thing. There was an occasion when our Lord manifested to the full the love of the Father's heart Whom He had come to reveal to men, when He *refused to send away needy seekers,* those who had no title or claim to His goodness, save their deep need of Him. There were five thousand of them. They were hungry. They were faint. They had come to listen to His word, and the evening was upon them and they were far from their homes, and the disciples, who had not yet learned to know who and what their Master was in all the depths of His being, said: "Master, send them away. Send them away!" And He refused to send them away. There was another occasion. There was that occasion when a poor sinful woman—the kind of woman from whom other women draw their skirts in disdain, the kind of woman that you and I would have had difficulty in having in our houses at all, and this woman came to the Lord. We have not got the whole story in the Bible, for we do not know how she came to know about Christ, we do not know how she got to Him. But we do know that she was a broken-hearted woman; we do know that she was a penitent woman; we do know that she was a poor woman who came to His feet as He sat at meat in a rich man's house. And the proud master of the house said: "If this Man were what He professes to be He would know that she is a sinner and He would dismiss her at once." And it was just because He did know that He did not dismiss her. That is the Christ with Whom you and I have to do, the Christ Who never turns needy souls from Him. And this refusal is the ground of our confidence as we draw to Him, each with his own private story of sin, each with her own secret history of shame. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," said Jesus Christ. O friends, do you believe it? Do we really believe this Christ Whom God offers to us, His own gift, and of Whom it is recorded that as many as receive him to them gives he "power to become the sons of God"? For if we do, we shall not keep away from Him. Young men, with life opening to you, with red blood coursing through your veins, seeing visions which you will never, never realize apart from some great invading power, this Christ Who refuses to cast you out and to cast you off because hitherto you have been indifferent and heedless of His claim and call, is the One Who stands in this place to-night, far more really here than you and I are. He is here now, and did we but believe these things of Him we should draw near to Him and take Him at His word and our lives would be all sweetness and brightness in the sunshine of our Lord.

"Bolder grown and braver,
At sight of One to save her,
My soul no more would waver.
With sails no longer furled,
But cut, by one decision,
From sin and men's derision,
That fair and blessed vision
I will follow through the world."

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Ceretè, Colombia, South America.
July 8, 1914.

To the Editor of RECORD OF CHRISTIAN WORK,

Dear Sir:

The missionaries in Colombia of the American Presbyterian Board at their Mission meeting in Barranquilla, June 27-July 2, adopted the following resolution:

"That the exclusion of the Latin American fields from the Edinburgh Conference constituted a direct injury to the work in those countries, and in view of their condition and the urgency of their claims we feel that this work should be included in future conferences and deliberations."

We should like, through your columns to invite other missionaries in Roman Catholic countries to express their opinion upon this matter.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN L. JARRETT.

Little Rock, Ark.
September 8, 1914.

Mr. W. R. Moody,
East Northfield, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I have been a subscriber to the RECORD OF CHRISTIAN WORK ever since it was started by your father—for whom I had the greatest admiration, but whom I never had the privilege of hearing—and have always enjoyed the Bible Notes for Daily Devotions very much. But I feel constrained to express my appreciation of your present arrangement by which we have notes from so many able, good men. Genesis never meant so much to me as it does now, and I write to ask if it would be possible for the present arrangement to continue. It is the richest commentary I have ever seen, and must be a great deal of labor to keep up. But I thought perhaps if you knew how much it was appreciated you might continue it.

Yours,
(MRS.) U. M. ROSE.

RECEIPTS FOR AUGUST.

American Indians:

8058	$ 2 50

Central Africa (Dan Crawford's Work in):

8050	$ 50 00
8054	36 40
8059	288 78
8061	60 00
8062	2 00
8063	10 00
	$ 447 18

India's Child Widows (Pandita Ramabai's Work Among):

8052	$ 73 07

Labrador (Dr. Grenfell's Work in):

8051	$ 10 00

Lumberjacks (Frank Higgins' Work Among):

8058	$ 2 50

New York City Evangelistic Campaign:

8053	$ 5 00

New York City Mission Fresh Air Fund:

8048	$ 1 00

Record of Christian Work (Free Distribution):

8047	$ 2 00
8049	1 00
8055	50
8056	10 00
8057	124 03
8060	1 25
8064	2 00
	$ 140 78

Personalia.

Owing to the war **Dr. G. Campbell Morgan's** proposed Indian tour has been indefinitely postponed.

Below are given the recent and prospective engagements of some workers in the evangelistic field:

Hay Bell.—Oct., Blairstown and Denton, Mo.

Hart and Magann.—Sept.-Oct., Marietta, Ohio; Nov.-Dec., Bellaire, Ohio.

J. R. Hemminger and Party.—Oct. 4-Nov. 8, Columbia, Pa.; Nov. 15-Dec. 20, Chicago, Ill.

Oscar Lowry and Party.—Oct. 4-Nov. 8, Kearney, Neb.; Nov. 15-Dec. 13, McPherson, Kans.

Milton S. Rees.—Oct. 18, Boston, Mass.; Nov. 15, Cohoes, N. Y.

Harold F. Sayles.—Oct., Kent City, Mich.

Charles Cullen Smith and Party.—Sept. 20-Oct. 18, Central City, Neb.; Oct. 25-Nov. 15, Two Harbors, Minn.; Nov. 22-Dec. 15, Hutchinson, Minn.

Obituary.

Rev. **Alexander Mackenzie** [1830-1914] pastor *emeritus* of the Shepard Memorial Church of Cambridge, Mass., died at his home, August 6. Born in New Bedford and educated at Harvard University and Andover Theological Seminary, Dr. Mackenzie was first called to the South Church at Augusta, Me. Upon leaving that church he was invited to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, Mass., which he held for forty-three years and in 1910 was made pastor *emeritus*. Besides his preaching and educational work, Dr. Mackenzie wrote several volumes, the principal of which are: "Christ Himself," "The Divine Force in the Life of the World," and "Cambridge Sermons."

The Coming of His Feet.

Rev. S. Whitney Allen. Edward M. Fuller.

Moderato.

1. In the crim-son of the morn-ing, in the whiteness of the noon,
2. I have heard His wea-ry foot-steps on the sands of Gal - i - lee,
3. Down the min-ster-aisles of splen-dor, from be-tween the cher - u - bim,
In the am - ber glo - ry of the day's re-treat, (re - treat,)
On the tem-ple's mar-ble pave-ment, on the street, (on the street,)
Thro' the won-d'ring throng with motion strong and fleet, (strong and fleet,)
In the mid-night rob'd in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon, I
Worn with weight of sor-row, fal-t'ring up the slopes of Cal - va - ry, The
Sounds His vic-tor tread approaching, with a mu-sic far and dim, The
Chorus
lis-ten for the coming of His feet. He is com-ing, O my spir-it! with His
sorrow of the coming of His feet.
mu-sic of the coming of His feet.
ev - er - last - ing peace, With His bless - ed - ness im - mor - tal and com -

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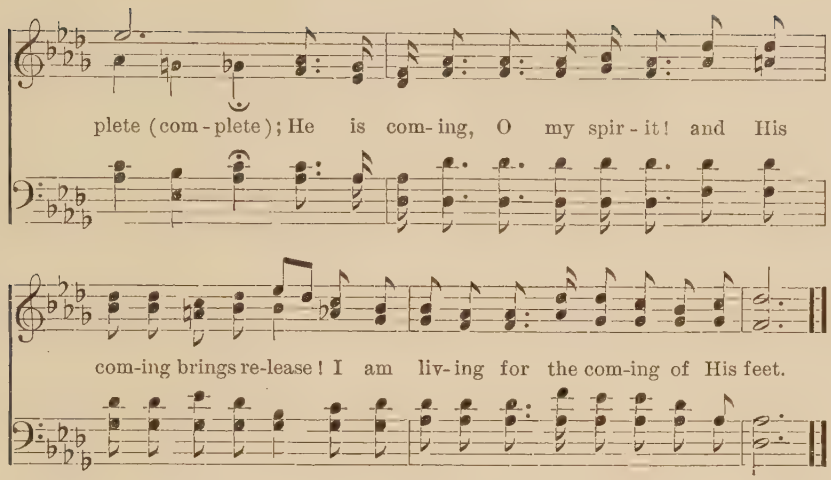

Record of Christian Work

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Our Book Table.

Coming Presence (The): The Second Advent of Jesus Christ in the Light of Scripture and the World Order. By Frank M. Thomas, M. A., D. D. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Cloth. 256 pages. $1.50 net.

The writer calls the attention of the Church to the Second Coming of Christ, a doctrine which is being studied more and more by both layman and clergyman. In Part I the doctrine is traced in the Epistles, the Synoptic Gospels, and in the Gospel of John. In Part II is stated the evidence as found in the Physical Order, Mental Order, Moral Order, Social Order, Ecclesiastical Order, and in the Human Heart. This will prove a helpful book to those who are studying this problem.—*F. L. D.*

Fellowship with Christ. By Rev. R. W. Dale, D. D., LL. D. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 368 pages. 50 cents net.

The fourteen sermons contained in this volume were all preached on important occasions—at gatherings of mission boards, to college audiences, etc. Those who have read Dr. Dale's sermons and have felt their power will welcome this new volume.—*F. L. D.*

Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research (The). By A. T. Robertson, M. A., D. D., LL. D. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 1360 pages. $5 net.

Front-rank scholars, all over the world, will be called upon to express a worthy estimate of this marvelous book, which is practically a compendium and encyclopædia of the most recent results of modern scholarship. Our aim in this notice is of a humbler nature, and is intended to place on record the profound service which Dr. Robertson has rendered to persons with an elementary knowledge of the Greek language. These will find that the author has embodied in an accessible form the research, the collation, and the reflection of a lifetime.

The title gives a very inadequate idea of the content and aim of the book. It is the production not of a grammarian merely, but of a Christian theologian, who handles the Greek Testament constructively and reverently, and who desires to bring out into fuller relief the passages to which the character and fervor of the Church have been keyed in her best days. There is, of course, an

exhaustive treatment of declensions and conjugations, prepositions and participles, etc., but the student learns their special significance in the enforcement and illustration of the text for personal and hortatory use.

Under the various headings Dr. Robertson quotes a vast number of authorities, so that the reader is placed in touch with the opinions of the foremost scholars. He gives a list of some 400 of these, to which he makes constant reference; but he does not allow the discussion of the subjects he deals with to end in a confused maze of contradictory opinions, but conducts to conclusions which he has himself embraced after mature consideration. Each passage of the New Testament is thus passed under review as many times as it contains words, and the familiar sentences flash with the fresh light suggested by the examination of their component parts. The preacher who turns to the references on the passage selected for his text will find his mind and heart greatly enriched. In time, this book will be almost as frequent on ministers' shelves as a concordance. (Perhaps laymen will take the hint and present copies to their ministers!)

Possibly the outstanding feature of the book is its use of the results of scholarship furnished by the papyri. It is marvelous how these dry and brittle leaves, which were the paper of early ages, have preserved for us the epistles, accounts and memoranda of the ancient world. They give glimpses into the inmost nooks and crannies of personal and social life almost from the days of the great Alexander. Used as wrappings for mummies, and discovered in rubbish heaps, they have proved to be of immense value, not only generally as holding a mirror to the past, but particularly in respect to the language of the New Testament, which is proved by them to have been written in the ordinary colloquial of the age. The Greek of the New Testament cannot henceforth be spoken of as inferior and unclassical, but is seen to be "a vital part of the great current of the Greek language." All that has relevance to the elucidation of the text which the papyri, so far as they have been deciphered, afford, is embodied, with immense labor and industry, in this work, and so brought within reach of those who have not personal access to the original sources.

The traces of industrious and laborious research are enormous. Each line seems as though it enshrines the work of hours. For instance, there are nineteen lines of print under Adverb, giving thirty references to various authors; and the ordinary reader appreciates the weight of authority which is thus focused for his help. Marcus Dods admired the grammarians, who are content to add one stone to the permanent temple of truth, but what shall be said of this man who has added an entire annex!

The Indices are of the utmost value. They consist of lists of the subjects, of all Greek words dealt with, and of all quotations in Old and New Testaments, and in ancient and contemporary writers. These place the stores of learning and research in a form that makes them easily available.

We cannot conclude this inadequate notice of this book without expressing the profound thankfulness of those who love the New Testament—that great inspired text-book of Christianity—that one so erudite and so evangelical has consecrated himself to this noble task, and has produced a monumental record of learning and toil which not only places him in the front rank of scholars, but proves that the highest attainments of modern culture are not inconsistent with devout and humble piety.—*F. B. Meyer.*

"If God Be for Us." By Rev. John A. Hutton, M. A. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 141 pages. $1 net.

There is the certainty of assurance in this volume of studies of one of the great passages of St. Paul's writings. Faith is fortified by the fact and truth that God is for us. There is a sympathy for the soul struggle. Dr. Hutton has conviction, charm and courage. His love for the work of the poet is very evident.—*A. A. B.*

In Black and White: An Interpretation of Southern Life. By L. H. Hammond. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 244 pages. $1.25 net.

A bold, intelligent and constructive handling of the Negro problem by a Southern woman. This book should have a wide reading. One cannot read it without bringing an indictment against himself as being in some measure responsible for prevalent conditions.—*F. L. D.*

Lord's Return (The). By Jesse Forest Silver. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Cloth. 311 pages. $1 net.

The layman will find in this book a *résumé* of the history of Premillennialism, or Chiliasm, from apostolic times to the present day. The work has been well done, and the result is an interesting and instructive book on a subject of the greatest importance and of increasing interest.—*F. L. D.*

Popular Lectures on the Books of the New Testament. By Augustus H. Strong, D. D., LL. D., Litt. D. Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia. Cloth. 398 pages. $1.

In a simple and easy style the author has given a brief and interesting account of the origin and content of each of the books of the New Testament. The book will be especially valuable to the lay reader and to the members of adult classes in the Sunday school.—*F. L. D.*

Reformation in Germany (The). By Henry Clay Vedder. Macmillan Co., New York. Cloth. 466 pages. $3 net.

This is one of the distinctive books of the season in the region of Church history. Indeed, it is more: it is one of the distinctive books of a great many seasons. It has a remarkable group of qualities. The style is delightful and carries the reader forward by the very charm and force of it. The scholarship is beyond question, and is the more admirable since the book is not littered with the chips of it. We have only to compare Dr. Vedder's work with the work of contemporaneous American scholars, who have one paragraph of fine print citation of authority for every paragraph of large type text and whose printed pages have "1," "2," "3," at the end of every sentence, to see that here is a man who has learned how to keep the stuff of the workshop out of sight and to bring us only the winnowed and perfected product. In this, whether consciously or unconsciously, he has followed the French school of historians rather than the German. Yet with it all, these clean, solid, fascinating pages reveal to anyone who reads between and behind the lines, out of what fine knowledge and what searching of many sources they have been written. There is an ordered comprehensiveness in the treatment of so vast a movement which is

also a great delight. And finally, Professor Vedder is in full sympathy with his subject; he is not ashamed of the rock from which it has been hewn and feels evidently no necessity of always apologizing for Protestantism and the Reformation, or—as he says himself in substance somewhere—of trying to be impartial by being mordantly critical of the whole Reformation movement. He recognizes that the Reformation in spite of all the cost of it was nevertheless a spiritual epoch in the life of the Western world and that Protestantism, ineptly named as it is, has been a great fruitful and transforming emancipation of the human soul.

All this may be said of the book without any qualification. Probably no better study of the Reformation aiming at once to be scholarly, compact, and in the very finest sense popular, has heretofore been done in America.

The really distinctive thing in Professor Vedder's work must be sought in another region. He has emphasized economic determinism as most distinctive in giving form and direction to the Reformation as no one, writing from the Church and religious point of view, has heretofore done. Of course, we have come clearly to recognize that the Reformation itself was very much more than a purely spiritual movement. Rauschenbusch, for example, in dealing with the Church and the Social Crisis touched upon just this and contended that Luther in failing to recognize the social need of his time, indeed in violently deflecting the Reformation from any possible sympathetic participation in that movement, gave to Protestantism an unsocial quality from which it has ever since been suffering, and no historian of the Reformation has of late touched upon its German beginnings without at the same time finding some of the roots of it in German social discontent. But in his introduction, and to a certain extent in the governing philosophy of his work, Professor Vedder well-nigh makes this his thesis:

In a general way he finds Germany made ripe for the Reformation, not through its spiritual longings and restlessnesses, but through its welter of social and economic changes, its growing sense of nationality, its impatience with papal incapacity, intrusion and exaction. He finds that the Reformation once launched was immensely strengthened at the very first by its appeal to this fermenting Germanic experience, faced its first great problem in the Peasants' Rebellion and was finally carried through by the Princes themselves, not first of all because it was a matter of conviction for them, but because having got hold of the Church lands they were extremely unwilling to give them up.

No doubt there is a very great measure of truth in all this, but the reviewer cannot help thinking that there are other things also which should be dwelt upon. It is a grave question whether social and economic considerations, or questions of self-interest, arising out of the distribution of the Church lands, would have either launched the Reformation or sustained those who highly proclaimed it during the long agony of the travailing generations. A study of the literature of the time, even that which is superficially accessible, shows that social and spiritual restlessness was strangely intermingled; that there was a great hunger and thirst for God toward the end of the Middle Ages, which, expressing itself in Mysticism and in such orders as "The Friends of God" and voicing itself in such books as the "Theologia Germanica," prepared the spiritual ground for the Reformation. As it is impossible to understand the Reformation without a social and economic side it is just as impossible to understand it without this other side.

It was given to Martin Luther to finally voice the whole complex situation, and just as we feel when the last word has been said about Luther's own complex and not wholly consistent personality, that his strength was really in the power of his spiritual aspiration and his sense of God, so one feels that the same thing must be said of the Reformation itself. However it was rooted in a world of social and economic welter, the better, braver part of it moved to great consummations through its power of spiritual appeal and its ability to bring peace to restless and troubled souls. Wolfgang Van Anhalt, whom the author names as one of the German Princes, is said to have answered those who warned him of the danger he was likely to face in joining his fortunes with Protestant Germany: "Many a time I have ridden forth to help my friends—now I will take horse for Jesus Christ." Surely men who so answered and so dared were not first of all concerned with defending their title to confiscated church lands.

It must be said, in conclusion, that Dr. Vedder's study of Luther himself is in every way most admirable. Sympathetic, yet critical; keenly aware of his strength, yet not blind to his weaknesses, the author has probably given us as balanced and illuminating an estimate of Luther as we are likely to have.—*G. G. A.*

What Makes a Nation Great? By Frederick Lynch, D. D. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Cloth. 120 pages. 75 cents net.

Peace is the big answer to this question. But peace for Dr. Lynch means more than the relegating of ironclads to the scrap-heap. It means justice, and education, and hospitality, and stewardship, and altruism. These positive forces he regards as greater than gunboats in defending a nation from her enemies. No one but a fool kills a goose that lays a golden egg. Hence in the laying of golden eggs is found not only a nation's mission and reward, but her sure protection as well. The book is written in Dr. Lynch's usual frank and fearless style, and while there is not much of it (the book, not the style), there is a good deal in it.—*H. P.*

When God Comes Down to Earth. By Rev. Grant Stroh. Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago. Cloth. 220 pages. $1.25 net.

The writer points out that God has intervened in five past crises of the race: The Edenic, the Flood, the Babel, the Egypt, and the crisis of the Cross. He then goes on to treat of the crisis which will mark the premillennial Coming of Christ, and the postmillennial crisis. This is very plain teaching about the hand of God in human affairs. The book has a strong evangelical note. It could be used as a course in Bible study.—*F. L. D.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

American Indian on the New Trail (The). By Thomas C. Moffet. Missionary Education Movement, New York. Illustrated. Chart. Cloth. 302 pages. 60 cents.

Bird-Store Man (The). By Norman Duncan. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Board. 136 pages. 75 cents net.

Call of the East (The). By Thurlow Fraser. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 351 pages. $1.25 net.

China and the Gospel. Report of the China Inland Mission, 1914. China Inland Mission, Philadelphia. Illustrated. Map. Paper. 194 pages.

Christianity and the New Age. By George Preston Mains. Methodist Book Concern, New York. Cloth. 364 pages. $1.50 net.

Days in the Open. By Lathan A. Crandall. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 270 pages. $1.50 net.

Dr. Llewellyn and His Friends. By Caroline Abbot Stanley. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 320 pages. $1.25 net.

Everybody's Birthright: A Vision of Jeanne d'Arc. By Clara E. Laughlin. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Board. 144 pages. 75 cents net.

Fourfold Test of Mormonism (A). By Henry C. Sheldon. Abingdon Press, New York. Cloth. 151 pages. 50 cents net.

From Dawn to Darkness. By Fidelis. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London. Cloth. 228 pages. 1/– net.

Gaunt Gray Wolf (The). By Dillon Wallace. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 314 pages. $1.25 net.

Intolerance in Ireland. By an Irishman. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London. Paper. 208 pages. 1/– net.

Islamic Africa. By R. Burton Sheppard. Methodist Book Concern, New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 127 pages. 75 cents net.

Little Angel of Canyon Creek (The). By Cyrus Townsend Brady. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 292 pages. $1.25 net.

Man of the Desert (The). By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 289 pages. $1.25 net.

Misadventures of Joseph (The). By J. J. Bell. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Frontispiece. Cloth. 192 pages. $1 net.

Modern Church (The). By Philip A. Nordell, D. D. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. Cloth. 333 pages.

New Home Missions (The). By Harlan Paul Douglass. Missionary Education Movement, New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 266 pages. 60 cents.

Our Brother of Joy. By David Baines-Griffiths. Methodist Book Concern, New York. Cloth. 72 pages. 50 cents net.

Pilgrim of the Infinite (A). By William Valentine Kelley. Methodist Book Concern, New York. Cloth. 84 pages. 50 cents net.

Poems. By John T. McFarland. Methodist Book Concern, New York. Frontispiece. Cloth. 74 pages. 75 cents net.

Priests and People in Ireland. By Michael J. F. McCarthy. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London. Paper. 624 pages. 1/– net.

Silver Sand: A Romance of Old Galloway. By S. R. Crockett. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Cloth. 348 pages. $1.25 net.

Social Hymns of Brotherhood and Aspiration. Collected by Mabel Hay Barrows Mussey. A. S. Barnes Co., New York. Cloth. 113 pages.

Stars Not Inhabited (The). By Prof. L. T. Townsend, D. D., S. T. D. Eaton & Mains, New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 254 pages. $1 net.

White Dawn: A Legend of Ticonderoga. By Theodora Peck. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 306 pages. $1.25 net.

THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

OCTOBER, 1914.

Thursday, 1st. *I exhort . . . . that . . . . supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for . . . . kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.*

What a faith in the power of prayer! A few feeble and despised Christians are to influence the mighty Roman Emperors, and help in securing peace and quietness. Let us believe that prayer is a power that is taken up by God in His rule of the world. . . . . When God's people unite in this they may count upon their prayer effecting in the unseen world more than they know.—*Andrew Murray.*

Friday, 2nd. *Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. Heb. x. 36.*

We are reminded here of the frequent cause of doubt and unbelief. We are disappointed in not seeing immediate results. Instead of answered prayer come deeper difficulties and hotter fires, and the adversary injects his fiery darts of questioning and fear. It is then we need to remember that God's greatest purposes ripen slowly, and that we "have need of patience" to wait the fullness of His time and the unfolding of His plan.—*A. B. Simpson.*

Saturday, 3rd. *Christ liveth in me. Gal. ii. 20.*

The best answer any one of us can make when questioned for proof of the Resurrection of the Lord is the humble, but irrefutable, one: "Christ liveth in me."—*J. Stuart Holden.*

Sunday, 4th. *My soul shall be satisfied, ... and my mouth shall praise thee, ...*

when I . . . . meditate on thee. Ps. lxiii. 5, 6.

Moralists of all schools tell us that the great lack of the age is reverence. . . . . How can it be otherwise? When life is narrowed to a little speck of the present that we call to-day; when the relation to our fellow men is scarcely any other than that of buying at the cheapest and selling at the dearest; when that which we see of others, and that which others see of us, is mostly the selfish and earthly side; when the mysteries which used to fill our fathers with awe are all explained to us, and these very forces are tamed and harnessed as our servants—what room is there for reverence? Only by knowing God is reverence begotten. And only by meditation is it that we can know God and enter into any true relationship with Him. . . . . Meditation is the way of revelation—it is the lifting of the veil that we may pass into the very Holy of Holies.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

Monday, 5th. *Your heavenly Father knoweth. Matt. vi. 32.*

Be quiet. Why this anxious heed
About thy tangled ways?
God knows them all, He giveth speed,
And He allows delays.

—*Selected.*

Tuesday, 6th. *Cast thy burden upon the* LORD, *and he shall sustain thee. Ps. lv. 22.*

"Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee"—burden and all. "Thee" is the greatest burden that thou hast! All other burdens are but slight, but this is a crushing burden. But when we come to the Lord with our burden, He just lifts us up, burden and all, and bears us all the way home.—*Charles A. Fox.*

Wednesday, 7th. *Ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit. 1 Cor. vi. 20.*

This is the great principle of action for every really Christian life. "Glorify God in your body," as in the temple in which you are the appointed priest, and this through all your members. Glorify Him "in your spirit," by directing all its powers and energies to the one grand aim, that God really may receive full honor from the work of His hands. Yea, verily, here is a task—an enjoyment for two lives; and the heart in which the work of sanctification has begun may thrill as with a blessed anticipation of what it shall be when the God of his salvation shall be perfectly glorified.—*J. J. van Oosterzee.*

Thursday, 8th. *Our Lord cometh. 1 Cor. xvi. 22 (R. V., margin).*

The apostolic Church was a very small Church, and a very insignificant Church, but it was a Church blessed with magnificent courage and confidence. Its members flung themselves against an embattled world with a dash and an abandon that clean take the breath away. The trumpet never ceased to ring in their ears. "Maranatha" was their watchword—"the Lord cometh,"—and in the strength of that mighty hope they went everywhere preaching the word, and "turned the world upside down."—*J. D. Jones.*

Friday, 9th. *Unto him that loved* [*loveth, R. V.*] *us. Rev. i. 5.*

There is something that our lives lack, something which leaves us able to fret and worry and be anxious. That something, surely, is a clearer realization of the present power of Jesus Christ. . . . . We have lived under the old version, letting His love be a completed past-tense fact. We need to live under the revised version, and know His present love.—*Cleland B. McAfee.*

Saturday, 10th. *The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Matt. xi. 12.*

This is the secret of delayed prayer. Prayer is educative. The man who prays grows; and the muscles of the soul swell from thin whipcord to iron bands.—*F. B. Meyer.*

Sunday, 11th. *God . . . . hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Heb. i. 1-3.*

Nothing is needed more to-day than a revived conception of the greatness of Jesus Christ. The air is full of talk about the Prophet of Galilee and the Peasant of Galilee. I do not forget that He is a prophet and that His lot was that of a

peasant. But I am not a follower of the Peasant of Galilee. Rather I am a servant of the Son of God. . . . . If you want to have backbone in your character, if you want a peace that cannot be shaken by anything in earth or hell, if you want a courage that will quail not before any task life will ever bring, the royal road to these things is to have behind you and within you the Christ of the New Testament, the eternal, changeless, omnipotent Son of God.—*James A. Francis.*

Monday, 12th. *What doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life? Mark viii. 36 (R. V.).*

We have more to do to-day than to make a living; we have to make a life. Let us not spoil the one in seeking to gain the other.—*J. H. Jowett.*

Tuesday, 13th. *I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me. Isa. vi. 8.*

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth:
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

—*March.*

Wednesday, 14th. *Where art thou? Gen. iii. 9.*

Art thou hiding thyself away from Him, Who would send thee forth to do His blessed work in His own way? Oh, let me say to thee: "The Lord hath need of thee." It may seem to be only a little thing He has for you to do, but it is an important one. He has "need of thee." Turn not thy back upon Him; put not thyself out of the way of being employed by Him; do not begin by laying down laws for thyself as to what thou wilt do and what thou wilt not do; but cry out from the very depth of thy heart: "Here am I, send me."—*Selected.*

Thursday, 15th. *Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. 1 Pet. iv. 13.*

The only way to the brightness of the Easter morning and the glory of the day of Ascension lay through the dark shadows of Gethsemane. There is still no path around that woeful garden for those who would know the blessedness that lies beyond it. The lessons we learned under the olive trees are taught nowhere else. To suffer, to seek longingly for human sympathy and support and find it weak and unavailing, and then to turn and in the loneliness of our sorrow be enfolded by Heaven's help and comforting—this is to grow strong with a strength never gained under sunny skies nor along smooth paths.—*J. R. Miller.*

Friday, 16th. *The* LORD *spake, ... saying, ... I have called by name Bezaleel. . . . . And I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship. Ex. xxxi. 1-3.*

The effect of the presence of the Spirit of God is always to enhance ordinary human endowments. . . . . Everywhere this same God can enter our hearts and lives to enliven, enrich, ennoble our present endowments.—*David Fyffe.*

Saturday, 17th. *A chosen vessel unto me, to . . . . Acts ix. 15.*

To come to our service, no matter where it may be, with the consciousness that we are destined *to* something, that we have a commission to *be* something: this is to give life not only definiteness, but inspiration.—*James E. Freeman.*

Sunday, 18th. *The gospel . . . . wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved; . . . . that Christ died for our sins, ... that he was buried, and that he rose again; . . . . and that he was seen of . . . . above five hundred. 1 Cor. xv. 1-6.*

There are many in our day who confess that they regard the human life of Jesus as the most beautiful and morally perfect life which has ever breathed our air. . . . . But such was not the faith in Christ on which the Church of Christ was built. For we must not forget that the Scriptures which tell us of the human life of Jesus are the same Scriptures which tell us, also, of His supernatural revival and continuance after death. We have no higher authority for believing that Jesus ever lived at all than we have for believing that He rose from the dead and appeared amongst men.—*John A. Hutton.*

Monday, 19th. *Let us go on unto perfection. Heb. vi. 1.*

Every single day should be to you a day of royal discontent.—*Selected.*

Tuesday, 20th. *The churches of Judæa which were in Christ . . . . heard, ... That he which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed. And they glorified God in me. Gal. i. 22-24.*

They say in Germany that this is the result of an epileptic fit. Let us look at Saul before he went into the fit, snorting blasphemy and persecution. Together we will look at him in the fit: "Behold, he prayeth." And now look at him when he has come out of the fit: saint, hero, missionary, martyr. Fly on, thou mighty Epilepsy!—*Joseph Parker.*

Wednesday, 21st. *This is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him. 1 John v. 14, 15.*

If when I kneel to pray,
With eager lips I say:
"Lord, give me all the things that I desire,
Health, wealth, fame, friends, brave hearts, religious fire,
The power to sway my fellow men at will
And strength for mighty works to banish ill;"
In such a prayer as this
The blessing I must miss.

* * * * *

But if I lowly fall,
And thus in faith I call:
"Through Christ, O Lord, I pray Thee give to me,
Not what I will, but what seems best to Thee,—
Of life, of health, of service and of strength,
Until to Thy full joy I come at length;"
My prayer shall then avail,
The blessing will not fail.

—*Selected.*

Thursday, 22nd. *Jesus . . . . did not many mighty works [in Nazareth] because of their unbelief. Matt. xiii. 57, 58.*

If Christ could not do "many mighty works . . . . because of their unbelief" how can we expect to accomplish anything if the people of God are unbelieving? I contend that God's children are alone able to hinder God's work. Infidels, atheists, and sceptics cannot do it. Where there is union, strong faith, and expectation among Christians, a mighty work is always done. . . . . There is no power on earth that can stand before the onward march of God's people when they are in dead earnest.—*D. L. Moody.*

Friday, 23rd. *By him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth. Col. i. 16.*

The first time we saw Him He was rocked in His mother's arms like any other child; but ages before, when the universe was in its cradle, it was His hand that rocked that cradle and rocked the universe into life. He remembers the birthday of every star in the sky and every angel in heaven as if it were yesterday, for He gave them birth.—*A. J. Gordon.*

Saturday, 24th. *Charity . . . . thinketh no evil. 1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5.*

"Charity . . . . thinketh no evil," much less repeats it.—*Henry van Dyke.*

Sunday, 25th. *Therefore they could not believe, because . . . . he hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their heart; that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted. John xii. 39, 40.*

The first impression is that if God had blinded the eyes of people so that they could not see, and hardened their hearts so that they could not believe, then there can be no blame attaching to them. But . . . . the only sense in which it can ever be said that God blinds the eyes or hardens the heart, is that man, when he refuses to see and to believe, loses the power of sight and becomes hardened in the very nature of the case. This is an irrevocable law and as God is the Author of all law, He is said to do what is done naturally. Thus, behind the blindness and hardness which prevented men seeing and understanding Christ was the sin of disobedience in the presence of previous light, the penalty of which was inability to appreciate the new light.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

Monday, 26th. *Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. 1 Cor. xv. 58.*

Your own work which God has given you to do, let it be done truly. Leave eternity

to show that it has not been "in vain in the Lord."—*F. W. Robertson.*

Tuesday, 27th. *The word of our God. Isa. xl. 8.*

The Word of God is the water of life; the more ye lave it forth, the fresher it runneth: it is the fire of God's glory; the more ye blow it, the clearer it burneth: it is the corn of the Lord's field; the better ye grind it, the more it yieldeth: it is the bread of heaven; the more it is broken and given forth, the more it remaineth: it is the sword of the Spirit: the more it is scoured, the brighter it shineth.—*Bishop Jewell.*

Wednesday, 28th. *The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. 1 John ii. 8.*

This morning early I awakened and looked out. It was about four o'clock. The morning star was shining directly before our window in a bright sky. . . . . I thought of Christ's words: "I am the bright and morning star." Christ is all this in this world to me—"till the day break." I fell asleep, and when I next awoke the sun was shining through my room. Shall it not be thus at the Resurrection? Our shadowy views of Christ will then be past and He will be indeed "the Sun of righteousness."—*Andrew A. Bonar.*

Thursday, 29th. *Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? John i. 46 (R. V.).*

Comes any good from Nazareth?
The scornful challenge as of old
Is flung on many a jeering breath,
From cloistered cells and marts of gold.

O city of the Carpenter
Upon the hill slope old and gray,
The world, amid its pain and stir,
Turns yearning eyes on thee to-day;

For He Who dwelt in Nazareth,
And wrought with toil of hand and brain,
Alone gives victory to faith
Until the day He come again.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Friday, 30th. *Thus saith the* LORD. *Amos. i. 3.*

Everything we believe as doctrine, everything we do as duty, and everything we observe as worship, must have this authority—"The Master saith it." All tampering with Scripture as the sole and sufficient rule of faith and practice, and all tampering with conscience as bound by that rule, is a guilty resistance of the authority of Christ, and a perilous thing to our own welfare.—*John Angell James.*

Saturday, 31st. *Thou God seest me. Gen. xvi. 13.*

Take care of your secret life; let it be such that you will not be ashamed to read it at the last great day.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

DEVOTIONAL STUDIES IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A., D. D.

THE LAST SUPPER.

(October 11, Mark xiv. 12-25.)

Oct. 5. Mark xiv. 12-25.
Oct. 6. Ex. xii. 21-28.
Oct. 7. 1 Cor. xi. 23-29.
Oct. 8. John vi. 41-51.
Oct. 9. John vi. 52-65.
Oct. 10. John xvii. 1-11.
Oct. 11. John xvii. 12-26.

The extreme danger which surrounded our Lord's movements during this last week of His earthly life is apparent in the precautions He took in preparing for the Passover supper. Probably all had been arranged beforehand between Himself and some loving and loyal friend, and this serving man waiting at one of the gates of the city was according to a prearranged plan, so that our Lord had no need to mention the name or place, lest Judas might overhear, and endeavor to carry out his plans before the feast was over. He did not know where the Lord was taking this last meal until he was led there, like the others, by our Lord. The express words, "The Master saith, ..." were probably agreed on also, that "the goodman of the house" might be assured that these were the friends of the Master, of whom He had previously spoken. When they had bought,

in the Temple courts, the Paschal lamb, and, in the various stores and stalls, the other necessary articles for the feast, these two,—Peter and John (Luke xxii. 8),—seem to have returned, for it is distinctly said: "When it was evening he cometh with the twelve."

The washing of the disciples' feet (John xiii. 1-11) preceded the sad announcement that He would be betrayed by one of His friends (John xiii. 18-30). They were reclining in Oriental manner, at the low table, John probably on our Lord's right hand and, perhaps, Judas on His left, for the traitor must have been near enough that Christ could pass him the sop, dipped in the common dish, without unduly attracting the attention of the rest, and also that the whispered colloquy of Matt. xxvi. 25, 26 could take place.

Notice how humbly these men thought of themselves. They were not indignant, they did not repudiate our Lord's suggestion. Each one, knowing his own heart and his frailty of purpose, thought that under the pressure of trial it might be himself to whom the Master alluded. They did not suspect one another. Each thought himself more likely to do the deed than his neighbor. Judas asked the question hypocritically, lest his silence might betray him.

It is probable that Judas went out, as John xii. 27-30 suggests, before the Lord's Supper was instituted. He must have felt that it was no place for him. The light that shone in that upper room hurt him, as the blazing sun of noon hurts the diseased eye. The Paschal lamb had spoken to Christ of His approaching sacrifice, for it was the custom to stake it out on a cross. The bitter herbs and unleavened bread (Ex. xii. 8) had reminded Him of the sharp pain and bitterness of Calvary. With great desire He had desired to eat that last meal with them before He suffered (Luke xxii. 15, 16). It was for His own comfort and strengthening He had partaken of those emblems of the Exodus from far-away days, when, as the eldest son of the family, it fell to His lot to ask of His Father the question of Ex. xii. 26. How many dear memories and associations clung around it! And now He knew that its work was done, that the substance having come, the shadow must be done away. Henceforth this star which had lighted many pilgrim feet would be merged in the sunrise. What need of lambs? "Behold the Lamb of God!"

But, in infinite mercy, our Lord desired to leave behind some similar memorial of Himself and of that hour. Mark gives us Peter's remembrance of what took place. Paul tells us that he had received by direct transmission from Christ Himself the account which he incorporated in 1 Cor. xi. 23, etc.

The Bread. Before bread there is flour, which is ground wheat; and before flour there is the seed cast into the ground to die. Note that succession: the seed cast away and buried; the bruised corn of wheat; the dying body; the broken bread. They all tell one story: that we have strength through His weakness, healing through His wounds, life through His death.

(1) Bread contains all the nutriment needed for human life, and in Jesus there is a supply for every requirement of our nature.

(2) Bread is common to all the world. Every soil will bear the wheat plant, all men raise it for their own consumption or for export, and there is no race of mankind that cannot be fed and blessed through the Gospel of Jesus. The religions of the East—of Confucius, Buddha and Mahomet—have no affinity for our modern mind; but there is no race, kindred, tongue, or tribe that the Gospel has failed to grip. Remember what Darwin said of the Patagonians, and the donation he made to the Christian missions, which had uplifted such degraded savages.

(3) Bread must be eaten, digested and assimilated. So it is useless to dilate on the moral beauty of Christ's character; He must become our life, He must be embodied in our soul and spirit, He must be assimilated as the Redeemer, Whose body was broken on the Cross, that we might become bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh. We must understand our Lord's words at the supper table in the light of John vi. 48-58. It is our privilege to sit at the Lord's Table, but we must feed on Him always.

(4) The one loaf around which all the family gathers—the father, the boy from

school, the old grandmother—makes them one. The unity of the family is maintained by the common meal. So the whole Church is one at the Lord's Table. (See 1 Cor. x. 16.)

THE WINE. The hidden root of the Vine, the crushed fruit, the blood poured forth, the uplifted cup, the joy of love perfected through death,—all these tell of the blood that was shed for many. Note, it is not life alone, but life through death. We drink of the Wine of Life in the evening cup of Death. How clearly the propitiatory nature of our Lord's death shines out in that *"for"*! The "many" means all (1 Cor. v. 15; 1 Tim. ii. 6). But some trample it under foot (Heb. x. 29).

It is the blood of the covenant. (See Gen. xv. 17; Ex. xxiv. 8; Zech. ix. 11; Heb. ix. 15, etc.) In the olden time covenants were ratified by blood shedding; in our time a will or testament becomes valid at death. So the new covenant was ratified by the death of the Cross. And when we drink of the cup we not only receive into our hearts the very spirit of the Cross, the spirit of sacrificial love; but we, so to speak, drink of the same cup as the Almighty Father, and humbly say: "We are reckoning that Thou wilt remember th covenant." (See Heb. viii. 10-13.)

GOLDEN TEXT: *1 Cor. xi. 26.*

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

(October 18, Mark xiv. 32-42.)

Oct. 12. Mark xiv. 32-42.
Oct. 13. Luke xxii. 39-46.
Oct. 14. Matt. xxvi. 36-46.
Oct. 15. Matt. xxvi. 47-56.
Oct. 16. Heb. xii. 1-13.
Oct. 17. Heb. ii. 5-18.
Oct. 18. Heb. iv. 14-v. 10.

We must take the shoes from off our feet as we enter this Garden, for it is holy ground. It is almost too sacred to talk of it, unless the atmosphere is still and reverent. Its name may be interpreted the Garden of the Oil Press. Some ancient olives that may have witnessed this scene when they were young are still growing there. Christ trod the press alone! (Isa. lxiii. 3.)

THE OBJECT OF THE MASTER'S PRAYER. Eight disciples were left at the gate. Not every one can enter into this sacred enclosure. In the hour of heartbreak the soul of man shrinks from unsympathizing eyes. Jesus had prayed all His life, but had never greater need than now. He poured out His soul into the ear of God, "with strong crying and tears" (Heb. v. 7). From the study of that verse, some have concluded that the Master feared whether His physical strength would hold out, and He prayed that He might be saved from dying of grief in Gethsemane, and might be able at least to reach the Cross. This interpretation has at least the merit of explaining the meaning of "He was heard for his godly fear," i.e., He was delivered from the terror from which He shrank.

Those who do not favor this interpretation account for the agony that rent the Saviour's heart, as resulting from His vivid apprehension of what it meant to be made a sin offering for the whole human race, to become a propitiation, and to put away the sin of the world. We are not to suppose that this was the hour of redemption; *that* came on the following day, during the midnight darkness of the Cross, which culminated in the cry: "Forsaken!" But here were the gathering shadows of that great eclipse. May there not have been added the further bitterness that Jesus realized that His own death would add the last ingredient to Jerusalem's cup of shame and sin, and would assuredly bring on the city of His people its final doom and overthrow? (See Luke xxiii. 27-31.)

THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE MASTER'S PRAYER. *It was the expression of extreme suffering.* "He began to be full of terror and distress." He said, as He left the three whom He loved and trusted most: "My heart is oppressed with anguish to the very point of death." He prayed that the hour of agony might pass away from Him, as though it were insupportable. Another evangelist tells us that "his sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling down upon the ground" (Luke xxii. 44). It was not that He feared to die, but that the loneliness of the scapegoat of humanity and the horror of so close an identification with sin well-nigh crushed Him (Lev. xvi. 8, 10, 26; 2 Cor. v. 21).

It was witnessed by unseen hosts. When He was wrestling, He was conscious that the legions of darkness were assailing Him with their taunts and jibes (Luke xxii.

53; Eph. vi. 12). But He was conscious also of the near presence of more than twelve legions of angels, any one of whom would have given Him deliverance from His enemies (Matt. xxvi. 53). But He would have none of them to deliver Him, and only one to comfort and strengthen (Luke xxii. 43). He did not die the death of the martyr, who has no alternative but to surrender his life. He went through these unfathomable griefs, because He would do so (John x. 18). He never wished to be delivered from the Atonement He had come to make.

It was filial prayer. "He said, Abba, Father." In Matthew, "O my Father" (xxvi. 39, 42). Abba was Aramaic, the language of His childhood. It is the lisp of the child hardly able to articulate. We are taught to employ it by the blessed Spirit of Christ. For we also are babes and have no language but a cry or a lisp (Rom. viii. 15; Gal. iv. 6). In all things Jesus was "made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest." He must needs become acquainted with the brokenness that comes to the spirit in its hours of almost speechless agony (Heb. ii. 10, 17; v. 9).

It was submissive prayer. "Not what I will, but what thou wilt." And the second time: "If this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done." And "the third time, [he said] the same words" (Matt. xxvi. 42, 44). We dare not impose our will on God, because He loves us better than we can love ourselves, and is doing the best for us. Let us trust Him as our Lord did. He will not leave our soul in Hades, nor suffer His holy one to see corruption. In His presence is fullness of joy! Look away to Jesus, and to the joy that is the harvest of grief's sad sowings (Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6; Heb. xii. 2).

The Master's Anxiety for His Disciples. He put aside His own grief, and on three occasions came to and fro across the intervening distance of "a stone's cast" (Luke xxii. 41). He desired their sympathy. When we are in sorrow we need the help and companionship of those we love, but "he looked, and there was no man." He was also anxious that those whom He loved should be arming themselves to meet the hour that was upon them. He would do the best He could for them; but they must watch and pray, lest they should be swept from His side, in the hour of trial, by the dark and rapid current. But "their eyes were heavy" with sleep. They neither watched to give Him sympathy, nor to gird themselves for the fray. The sacred, precious, momentous hour passed away on imperceptible footfalls, and left them unprepared. Jesus knew that their "spirit" was willing to do as He bade them; but He knew also that "the flesh"—i.e., their own asseverations of loyalty and resolution—would require much more than human resources and reinforcement before they would be able to stand in the evil day. We have learnt the same lesson through many failures. Something more that mortal might is needed (Eph. vi. 10).

When He came the third time it seemed as though His words contradicted themselves, for on the one hand He bade them sleep on and take their rest; and on the other, in the same breath, He said: "Arise, let us be going." Yet there is a profound connection between the two. So far as any help for Him, or any preparation of themselves was concerned, it was clear that the suitable occasion was gone, never to return. They might sleep if they could, but whether it were one thing or the other could not matter now. Prepared or unprepared, they must meet that dread hour. It is so that God gives us hours for preparation and prayer, which do not come again if we wilfully misuse them. But, though we have so often failed Him, He gives us the privilege of still accompanying His steps as He goes forth afresh. Always summoning us to new experiences, new trials, new crusades, it is as though He must have us beside Him, in all weathers, and under all skies. Arise from beds of sloth and ease! Arise from stupor and self-indulgence! Arise, companions of the Cross! Jesus summons us to the supreme hour! Let us go with Him to the Cross and to the Glory!

Golden Text: *Matt. xxvi. 41.*

JESUS AND JUDAS.

(October 25, Matt. xxvi. 14-25, 47-50; xxvii. 3-10.)

Oct. 19. Matt. xxvi. 14-25.
Oct. 20. John xiii. 21-30.
Oct. 21. John xviii. 1-11.
Oct. 22. Luke xxii. 47-53.

Oct. 23. Matt. xxvii. 1-10.
Oct. 24. John xiv. 1-15.
Oct. 25. John xiv. 16-31.

We have already in the notes on our Lord's anointing touched on the various hypotheses for Judas' career. We need only touch on them lightly here, in order to give completeness to this paper.

His name means the man from Kerioth, a small town in southern Palestine (Josh. xv. 25). It has been suggested that he belonged from the first to one of the patriotic groups which were determined to overthrow the Roman rule of Palestine, and replace on the throne a scion of the ancient Hebrew dynasty. That Simon, who is always classed with him, is called Cananæan or Zealot gives color to this suggestion (Matt. x. 4; Mark iii. 18). It may be that for some time after joining our Lord he expected that the banner of freedom would be erected (John vi. 14, 15). That Jesus might lead in another Maccabean war was his dream. When, however, he discovered that our Lord's projected kingdom was one of righteousness, peace and love, he became embittered and resolved to make something out of a bad bargain.

Peter's reference to Judas is very explicit. He was not only numbered with them, but became a partaker of the service which they were called upon to render (Acts i. 17). It is clear that when he was added to the apostolic band he was a man of unblemished character. Like Saul of Tarsus, his contemporary, he was, as touching the righteousness of the law, blameless (Phil. iii. 6). Our Lord would not have risked the injury which would have been inflicted on His cause and the other apostles by the addition to His inner circle of a man of evil repute. The brethren respected Judas as a man of uncommon excellence and business faculty, else they had never entrusted to him their slender stores. Each suspected himself sooner than Judas (John xiii. 21-30). Perhaps the love of money was sleeping in his heart from his birth, and awoke when he found himself able to handle it. From small peculations he went to larger ones, until he sold his Master for the price of a slave (Ex. xxi. 32; Zech. xi. 12).

A further explanation which has been hazarded seems to me the most likely of any. Judas had watched the mighty deeds of power which Christ performed. He knew our Lord's passionate patriotism. He was aware that the great purpose at His heart was to save Jerusalem from her impending fate. He felt sure that, when pushed to it, Jesus would certainly reveal His power and would overthrow His enemies. "What harm," thought he, "will be done if I press Him into action? He is deliberating and hesitating too long. I will precipitate the matter; and when all is over and the kingdom established, surely I may be forgiven." This may explain why he took such a paltry price for his deed and may throw some light on the phrase—"When he saw that he was condemned." He was filled with horror when he found that Christ made no effort to deliver Himself from the hands of the priests.

Our Lord knew from the first who would betray Him, and set Himself to give Judas every opportunity of retrieving his position. The later weeks were filled with the Shepherd's anxiety and prayer for this wandering sheep (John vi. 39, 64; xvii. 12). For this cause He washed his feet (John xiii. 5), and only when every effort failed, He said: "That thou doest, do quickly" (John xiii. 27). When Ephraim is joined to idols, and the fig tree refuses to bear, what more can be done than leave them to work out their chosen course? (Hos. iv. 17; Luke xiii. 6-9.) Nevertheless, in the Garden, when Judas had kissed Him effusively (as the Greek word indicates; cf. Prov. xxvii. 6, R. V.), our Lord addressed him by a very kindly word, and with a flash of illuminating light forced him to consider the horror and enormity of his deed. "Companion or comrade," said He, "think to what a deed you have come!" If only this hapless man had repented of his act, and withdrawn from it, or sought forgiveness, there is no doubt that our Saviour would have said: "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven." Though it would not have saved our Lord from arrest, it would at least have averted the awful sequel. But in any case there was no trace of revenge in the heart of our Lord; and surely Judas was included in that last prayer which Jesus offered for His murderers, though Judas' guilt was more deeply dyed than theirs.

The remorse of Judas was terrible. He uttered the words so often used unto re-

pentance of life, but with him they portended the despair of the pit. (Cf. Luke xv. 18; 2 Cor. vii. 10.) The money burned his hands; the full horror of his deed was the fire that is unquenchable and the worm that dieth not. He was already in the outer darkness, with the weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Amid it all he bore his witness to the absolute innocence and beauty of the Lord's life. He had been with Him for more than three years, had slept by His side on Olivet, had eaten with Him, had listened to the outpourings of His heart in prayer, had watched Him with the scrutiny that wicked men exert on the good, to detect some flaw in support of their contention that there is nothing to choose between good men and others. But he could not recall one word, look, or act, which was inconsistent with our Lord's claims. Nothing to justify his act! Nothing to lessen his guilt! Nothing to justify him in retaining one shekel of the thirty! On the testimony of the traitor, He was "holy, harmless, undefiled."

The priests and elders were gathered in one of the Temple courts, in solemn conclave, discussing the affairs of the night, when Judas burst into their midst, the shekels in his hand. They, having gained their point, had no pity for their wretched tool. They flung him away, as he the money on the marble pavement, and he went to a suicide's death. His deed was known throughout the city, and a perpetual reminder was kept by the field which was purchased with the money. They were too squeamish to employ it for God's house, but had not hesitated to give it for the blood of their hated Victim.

How marvelously they fulfilled Zechariah's prediction! These words do not occur in Jeremiah, but Jeremiah may have spoken other words, not recorded in his written prophecies and these were preserved by Zechariah (xi. 12, 13) who lived 60 or 70 years afterwards. Or a later copyist may have made a slip and put Jeremiah for Zechariah. But this does not alter the material fact, that the sacred events of our Saviour's last hours had already been set down for Him to walk in (1 Pet. i. 11).

GOLDEN TEXT: *Matt. xxvi. 24.*

THE ARREST AND TRIAL OF JESUS.

(November 1, Matt. xxvi. 47-68.)

Oct. 26. Matt. xxvi. 57-68.
Oct. 27. John ii. 13-22.
Oct. 28. John xi. 47-57.
Oct. 29. Mark xiv. 53-65.
Oct. 30. John xviii. 12-14, 19-24.
Oct. 31. Jer. xxvi. 10-19.
Nov. 1. John xvi. 16-33.

As soon as Judas had given the agreed-on kiss, the band which had come with him, consisting in part of the Temple watch, and in part of Roman soldiers (John xviii. 3), began to bind our Lord, as though He were a dangerous malefactor. One of the disciples asked whether they should smite with the two swords they had (Luke xxii. 49). Peter, without waiting for the Lord's reply, drew his sword, and brought it down on the first head that came in his way, which happened to be Malchus', the servant of the high priest (John xviii. 10). The ear was almost severed from the head. Instantly our Lord saw that He must interfere. Peter's act had attracted the attention of His captors, and had made him a marked man (John xviii. 26). There was reason to fear that Jesus and His teaching and disciples would be sacrificed to this mad act; and therefore, without delay, our Lord asked the men who were binding Him to allow the use of His right hand, so far, at least, as to reach the wounded ear. He, by Whom the power of healing had been so graciously used for multitudes, now gently asked for the opportunity of doing one more miracle of love, before He yielded Himself to be led as a lamb to the slaughter and to stand dumb before His accusers. Jesus was prodigal of power to help others, but would use none to help Himself (Luke xxii. 51).

How memorable the words of ver. 52! In hundreds of historical examples, as for instance in the case of the great Napoleon, empires founded on force have fallen by force. War is no cure for the injuries of the world. The griefs of our race are aggravated by the armies and navies, on whom the world-empires rely. Would that the doctrines and actions of William Penn and his followers had been universally adopted! But much of our so-called *Christian* civilization has no right to the name.

What a sublime vision our Lord had of the twelve legions of angels, that were

within His reach! We are reminded of 2 Kings vi. 17; Ps. xxxiv. 7. One of these angels could have destroyed the entire host (2 Kings xix. 35). But our Lord willed to die. He had chosen death from the first and would not swerve (Matt. xvi. 21-23). Men sometimes speak of Him as a weak enthusiast. But what an answer is given to the allegation by John vi. 15, and by this passage! The path to safety lay in front of His feet, but for the joy that was set before Him, He set His face like a flint to endure the Cross, despising the shame (Isa. l. 7; Luke ix. 51; Heb. xii. 2). The Scriptures which the Lord had in mind must have been Ps. xxii. and Isa. liii. It is sad to read that, notwithstanding their protestations, all His disciples here forsook Him and fled (Matt. xxvi. 31-35; John xvi. 32). Yet as we review our lives, we can recall many an episode when we have kept silent and concealed our relationship to Jesus, in the face of His detractors and critics. It is not for *us* to sit in judgment on these men!

We gather from John's Gospel (xviii. 13) that, in the first instance, our Lord was set before Annas, who was closely associated with his son-in-law, Caiaphas,* and was largely responsible for the policy they pursued. He was an old man and wily. Apparently this was a private examination, the object being to extract from our Lord some admission which might be construed against Him. These men knew that they must in some way establish a case against Christ, which would not only bring Him under the condemnation of their own courts, but would demand the sentence of death from the Roman governor (John xviii. 31). The account of that first arraignment is given in John xviii. 19-24.

Whilst this private examination was in process, the Sanhedrin was being assembled by private messengers despatched to their homes; and the proper trial of Jesus was opened as the first suggestion of dawn began to glimmer in the sky. It was at least before cockcrow (ver. 34).

Every endeavor had been put forth to secure evidence against Jesus. Many witnesses came, but their evidence was so flimsy that, even by those judges, it could not be received (Mark xiv. 56). Finally the court had to go back to one of our Lord's earliest utterances, recorded by John only (John ii. 19; but see Mark xiv. 59).

Throughout all this time Jesus had remained absolutely silent. It is a great lesson! When we are traduced and slandered, we are so apt to take up weapons in self-defense, and argue our innocence of the charges formulated against us. It is so much wiser to leave God to vindicate us, as He will (Ps. xxvii. 12, 14; xxxv. 11-28). Our Lord's silence is in strange contrast to His willingness to help and comfort all who came to Him. It is an awful thing for a soul or a community when He ceases to speak. His silence is our condemnation.

The only course that remained for extracting ground for condemnation was to put our Lord on His oath as to His essential nature. It is clear that Caiaphas and others knew that He claimed to be the Son of God in a unique sense. One of their first encounters with Him was on this very point (John v. 18). The adjuration was on two points: (1) did Jesus claim to be the Messiah? (2) did He claim to be the Son of God? (See Ps. ii. 7; Mark i. 1; Rom. i. 4; 1 John v. 5, etc.)

Not for an instant would our Lord evade that challenge. "It is as you have said," He replied. This clearly proves that the prohibition of Matt. v. 34 was not meant to apply to judicial oaths. Then our Lord quoted and applied to Himself the great Messianic prophecy of Dan. vii. 13, introducing it with the words, "Before long" or "From now," i.e., the age was now to begin which was to issue in the Second Advent.

The high priest tore his robes, as though he could not endure the blasphemy of the statement. "Impious language!" he exclaimed. "Surely we need no further evidence. What is your verdict?" "He deserves to die," was the unanimous reply. Then the court broke up, and in the interval that elapsed between its dissolution and the move to Pilate's palace the Master was exposed to a disgraceful scene of riot and obscenity. "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds" (Heb. xii. 3). But do not forget that it is possible still to treat Him with similar contumely (Heb. vi. 6).

GOLDEN TEXT: *Isa. liii. 7.*

ILLUSTRATIVE HINTS AND HELPS.

Ida Q. Moulton.

2 Peter i. 1 to 8.

"Resolve:
To keep my health,
To do my work,
To live, to see to it
I grow and gain and give.
Never to look behind me for an hour,
To wait in patience and to walk in power,
But always fronting forward to the light,
Always, always facing toward the right,
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray,
On with what strength I have, back to the way."

* * * * *

When someone asked Saint Francis of Assisi why and how he could accomplish so much, he replied: "I have thought about that myself and this may be why: The Lord looked down from heaven upon the earth and said: 'Where can I find the weakest, the littlest, the meanest man on the face of the earth?' Then He saw me and said: 'Now I've found him, and I will work through him. He won't be proud of it. He'll see that I am only using him because of his littleness and insignificance.'"

* * * * *

Someone has said, we must pray as if everything depended on God, and work as if everything depended upon ourselves. But why pray when we are doing our best? Because we must. Nothing but prayer will satisfy the knowledge that there is something outside of ourselves better and stronger than we are. After General Gordon had received a telegram telling him he had been appointed a commission to that which he had longed all his life, he immediately knelt down by the side of his horse and prayed: "O my God, take me away out of myself lest I fall into pride." When prayer is the soul's motto and humility the goal, progress is assured.

Habakkuk ii. 1 to 14.

"Society," says Thomas Edison, "will have to stop this whiskey business, which is like throwing sand into the bearings of a steam engine."

"Shame to the Christian nation that supinely brooks
An evil so gigantic and a crime so vast;
Shame to the State that with indifference looks
Upon the hideous rum-wrought lessons of the past;
Shame, that this harlot mother of unnumbered woes
Should nestle and be nourished in our goodly land;
Shame, that this barbarous and most vile of mortal foes
Should from our rulers gain a ready, helping hand!"

* * * * *

We are moved to remark in words from those who know whereof they speak that "most troubles of the policeman," 46% of the cases of wrecked homes, 75% of all crime, 90% of cases of neglect among children, are due to intemperance.

"There's not in all the borders of our wide domain
A blight so dark and deadly, nor a foe so fell,
A plague so devastating, with its countless slain,
A thing so reeking with the fetid breath of hell,
As that foul traffic which, unwhipped of justice, plies
Its blasting, desolating work of death and shame,
Unheeding man's despair, or childhood's piteous cries,
Nor sparing youth nor age, nor fairest, loftiest name."

* * * * *

We should keep these facts before us: The saloon is the greatest burden *economically,* the worst foe *socially,* a burden of corruption *politically,* the lowest and vilest force *morally,* the strongest enemy *religiously,* and that living in the midst of these terrible progenies of the saloon there are those who say: "I cannot see any harm in liquor."

* * * * *

A number of years ago when the great liquor struggle was on in Texas, one of its foremost supporters said: "We are bound to win. We have the drinking men on our side; we have the foreigners on our side; we have money on our side, and money is power, and don't you forget it!"

A few days later Miss Willard ended her speech with these words: "We are bound to win. We have the sober men on our side; we have the women on our side; we have God on our side, and God is a Power, and don't you forget it!"

In the light of the liquor struggles in 1914, which was nearer the truth?

Luke xix. 41 to 48.

In the words of another we desire to say: "What goes in at the hopper of the primary, in case of party success, comes out in the trough of the ballot-box." Both hopper and trough need guarding.

Queer manœuvring, is it not?—disenfranchising the ignorant poor who sell their vote, and enfranchising educated rich who buy?

It is not enough that a voter carry his ballot intelligently, he should carry it with a "sense of trusteeship," as *his* ballot, *his* responsibility, *his* symbol of citizenship, *his* voucher for ideals, *his* representative of character.

* * * * *

A politician has been defined as the man thinking of the next election, and a statesman as one thinking of the next generation. Some men who are praying "Thy kingdom on earth" would be sorely puzzled to explain their position as either politicians or statesmen, for even those who have asked God's hand to control this nation have let the devil control their own hands when they went to vote. P is the initial letter of both prayer and patriotism, and also of pure politics.

* * * * *

Why do we allow enemies of our Republic to cast trenches of injustice about us? Why do we sanction by law perils that are laying us and our children even with the ground? Why do 90,000,000 people dwelling together in a rich and broad land permit trenches to be cast about us, and submit to be kept in on every side when we hold in our hand a weapon of self-defense—the ballot?

"A weapon firmer set,
And better than the bayonet,
A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
Yet executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God."

Ecclesiastes ix. 10.

"Lord of workers, endless wise,
It would be a wondrous prize
If our work so firmly stood
Thou couldst praise and call it good.

Lord of workers, Whose design
Finer grows, and yet more fine,
All our work with purpose fill,
Help us make it better still.

Lord of workers, pointing far
To ideal's perfect star,
Leave us no ignoble rest,
Lift our better up to best."

* * * * *

"Whatsoever."

"No service in itself is small,
Nor great, though earth it fill;
But that is small which seeks its own,
And great which seeks God's will."

"Thy hand." The devil asks nothing better of mankind than that they should sit down and fold their hands.

"Findeth to do." The lost silver coin came not back on legs or wings to the woman; diligent searching revealed it.

"Do it with thy might." A certain theological student, in his trial sermon, became confused and said: "A Christian is one who forgets not the assembling of himself together." He struck nearer the truth than he realized.

"For there is no work . . . . in the grave, whither thou goest."

"You and to-day! a soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time.

"With God Himself to bind the twain!
Go forth, I say; attain! attain!"

* * * * *

Someone tells of a noted violin maker who always went into the forests himself and chose his violin woods from the north side of the trees. Is not this a precious suggestion to those living in the north rooms of the school of experience, working out the problems of faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity? Be of good cheer, beloved! The work of the world is being done by those toughened in the storms of life. God knows where His choice bits of timber grow.

BIBLE NOTES FOR DAILY DEVOTIONS.

OCTOBER, 1914.

Thursday, 1st. Gen. xxvii. 18-29.

A bad man naturally Jacob was not; nor a false man; but simply a pliable and weak man. Hence he became the tool of another, the agent in a plan of villainy which he had not the contrivance to originate. He was one of those who if they could would have what they wish innocently; he would not play false, and yet would unjustly win. He was more afraid of doing the deceit than anxious that the deceit should not be done. He had obtained the birthright and doubtless often longed for the blessing, though of himself he was not yet bad enough to form a plan like his mother's. . . . . Here was guilt in its germ. He had indulged and pampered the fancy. . . . . All temptations and all occasions of sin are powerless, except so far as they fall in with previous meditations upon the guilt; an act of sin is only a train long laid and fired by a spark at last. Jacob pondered over the desire of the blessing, dallied with it, and then—fell.—*F. W. Robertson.*

There are the two grand points brought out in Jacob's history: God's purpose of grace on the one hand; and, on the other, nature plotting and scheming to reach what that purpose would have infallibly brought about without any plot or scheme at all. This simplifies Jacob's history amazingly, and not only simplifies it, but heightens the soul's interest in it also. . . . . God did not need the aid of such elements as Rebekah's cunning and Jacob's gross deceit in order to accomplish His purpose. He had said: "The elder shall serve the younger." This was enough—enough for faith, but not enough for nature, which must ever adopt its own ways, and knows nothing of what it is to wait on God.—*C. H. Mackintosh.*

Yet this is the man who became the prince of God. And if he became so, is there not hope for us, who can trace in him many resemblances to ourselves? . . . . If the Almighty Workman could fashion such clay into so fair a vessel, what may He not do for us? Our only hope is to hand ourselves over to Him in . . . . entire self-surrender.—*F. B. Meyer.*

The Bible is a book rather of examples than of precepts. There is comparatively little teaching of moral lessons in the abstract. . . . . The narrative itself seldom or ever develops those lessons; no comments are made, as a general rule, upon the conduct of the characters which are brought before us; we are left to gather the moral for ourselves, either from the results of the conduct, or from principles laid down in another part of the Sacred Volume. Thus God's abhorrence of Jacob's deceit and falsehood is not stated expressly in the narrative, but left to be gathered from the after fortunes of the Patriarch, whose latter years only were gilded with some gleam of comfort—who may be said to have paid a lifelong penalty of his sin.—*E. M. Goulburn.*

Ver. 28, 29. The summit and the center of the blessing are contained in the words, "Be lord over thy brethren," since thereby was signified that he alone was bearer of the blessing; the others only shared the advantage through him.—*Otto von Gerlach.*

Friday, 2nd. Gen. xxvii. 30-40. (Cf. Job iv. 8; Gal. vi. 7, 8; Heb. xii. 15-17.)

Of all the parties in this transaction none is more to blame than Esau. . . . . While he so furiously and bitterly blamed Jacob for supplanting him, it might surely have occurred to him that it was really he who was supplanting Jacob. He had no right, Divine or human, to the inheritance. God had never said that His possession should go to the oldest, and had in this case said the express opposite. Besides, inconstant as Esau was, he could scarcely have forgotten the bargain that so pleased him at the time, and by which he had sold to his younger brother all title to his father's blessings. Jacob was to blame for seeking to win his own by craft, but Esau was more to blame for endeavoring furtively to recover what he knew to be no longer his. His "bitter cry" was the cry of a disappointed and enraged child, what Hosea calls the "howl" of those who seem to seek the Lord, but are really merely crying out, like animals, for corn and wine. . . . .

Esau would now very gladly have given a mess of pottage for the blessing that secured to its receiver "the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine." Like many another sinner, he wanted both to eat his cake and have it. He wanted to spend his youth sowing to the flesh, and have the harvest which those only can have who have sown to the Spirit. He wished both of two irreconcilable things—both the red pottage and the birthright. He is a type of those who think very lightly of spiritual blessings while their appetites

are strong, but afterwards bitterly complain that their whole life is filled with the results of sowing to the flesh and not to the Spirit.

"We barter life for pottage; sell true bliss
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown;
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded crown."

—*Marcus Dods.*

It is natural to pity Esau; but one has no right to do more. One has no right to fancy for a moment that God was arbitrary or hard upon him. Esau is not the sort of man to be the father of a great nation, or of anything else great. Greedy, passionate, reckless people like him, without due feeling of religion or of the unseen world, are not the men to govern the world or help it forward, or to be of use to mankind, or train up their families in justice and wisdom and piety.—*Charles Kingsley.*

"[Esau] found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully, with tears." Do not mistake that, as if it meant that Esau wishing to repent could not. No man ever desired the grace of repentance in vain. The very tears of Esau would disprove that. Had they been tears of sorrow, repentance was begun. Clearly, the repentance he sought for was his father's, not his own; repentance in the sense of change of purpose; and all his tears could not alter that purpose or change the word once passed. In a moment of passionate desire he had parted with his birthright, and now, having had his pleasure, he expected to have his blessing. He had sowed to the flesh, and expected to reap both the joys of the flesh and the peace of the Spirit. This may not be. We reap as we have sown.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Saturday, 3rd. Gen. xxvii. 41-46. (Cf. xxxii. 10.)

This alienation was never healed, though, long after, there was a partial reconciliation. . . . . The conflict between the brothers still lives in their descendants.—*A. T. Pierson.*

A twofold motive animates [Rebekah]; she acts partly under the impulse of natural affection, and partly also under the guidance of religious belief or spiritual faith. . . . . The two motives are by no means incompatible. Rebekah dreads the double bereavement she must experience if Jacob die by Esau's hand, and Esau also should die as a murderer, by the hand of "the avenger of blood," or of the Lord Himself, making "inquisition for blood." . . . . But besides, she perceives the necessity of the chosen family being kept holy and uncontaminated by heathen admixture; and she feels that the time has come for a wife being found for Jacob, to be the mother of the promised seed, not from among the daughters of the land, but from the kindred out of whom the Lord had so evidently selected herself as a spouse to Isaac.—*R. S. Candlish.*

The fate of all such attempts to manage God's matters by keeping things dark, and misrepresenting fact, is written for all who care to understand in the results of this scheme of Rebekah's and Jacob's. They gained nothing, and they lost a great deal, by their wicked interference. They gained nothing; for God had promised that the birthright would be Jacob's, and would have given it him in some way redounding to his credit and not to his shame. And they lost a great deal. The mother lost her son; Jacob had to flee for his life, and, for all we know, Rebekah never saw him more. And Jacob lost all the comforts of home, and all those possessions his father had accumulated. He had to flee with nothing but his staff, an outcast to begin the world for himself. From this first false step onwards to his death, he was pursued by misfortune, until his own verdict on his life was: "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." . . . .

Persons who employ a great deal of craft in the management of their affairs are invariably entrapped in their own net. . . . . Rebekah was a clever woman, and quite competent to outwit men like Isaac and Esau, but she had in her scheming neglected to take account of Laban, a man true brother to herself in cunning. She had calculated on Esau's resentment, and knew it would last only a few days, and this brief period she was prepared to utilize by sending Jacob out of Esau's reach to her own kith and kin, from among whom he might get a suitable wife. But she did not reckon on Laban's making her son serve fourteen years for his wife, or upon Jacob's falling so deeply in love with Rachel as to make him apparently forget his mother.—*Marcus Dods.*

Sunday, 4th. Gen. xxviii. 1-5. (Cf. xxxv. 27-29.)

Too keenly does Isaac feel the grief which Esau's Canaanitish wives had caused him, not at once and cordially to have seconded such a proposal; the more so as he has now perceived that in many respects he had been unjust to Jacob, and has learned to regard him as the person in whom the promised race is to be continued. As formerly unconsciously and in prophetic emotion, so now consciously and of set purpose, he transfers the blessing of Abraham to the son whom he had neglected, and sends him away with the injunc-

tion not to take a wife of the daughters of Canaan.—*J. H. Kurtz.*

As the blessing now pronounced on Jacob was obtained without any deception on his part, it is likely that it produced a salutary effect upon his mind, might have led him to confession of his sin, and prepared his heart for those discoveries of God's goodness with which he was favored at Beth-el.—*Adam Clarke.*

This blessing is more express and full than the former; it is an entail of the blessing of Abraham, that blessing which was poured on the head of Abraham like the anointing oil, thence to run down to his chosen seed, as the skirts of his garments. It is a Gospel blessing, the blessing of church privileges, that is "the blessing of Abraham which comes upon the Gentiles through faith" (Gal. iii. 14). It is a blessing from God Almighty, by which name God appeared to the patriarchs (Ex. vi. 3). Those are blessed indeed whom God Almighty blesses; for He commands and effects the blessing. Two great promises Abraham was blessed with, and Isaac here entails them both upon Jacob.—*Matthew Henry.*

Isaac lived other forty-three years. But he no more appears on the stage of covenant history, as Jacob takes up the thread of further development, the promise having now devolved on him. The text only records that he was gathered to his fathers when 180 years old and full of days, and that he was buried in the cave of Machpelah by Esau and Jacob. . . . . Rebekah, who at parting had so confidently promised Jacob to let him know whenever Esau's anger was appeased, had probably died soon after her favorite had left. At least, the promised message was never delivered, nor is her name mentioned on Jacob's return.—*J. H. Kurtz.*

Monday, 5th. Gen. xxviii. 6-10. (Cf. Hos. xii. 12.)

Ver. 6-9. The effect this had on Esau is very noticeable. He sees, as the narrative tells us, a great many things, and his dull mind tries to make some meaning out of all that is passing before him. . . . . He had an idea that Jacob's obedience in going to seek a wife of another stock than he had connected himself with would be pleasing to his parents; and perhaps he had an idea that it would be possible to steal a march upon Jacob in his absence, and, by a more speedily affected obedience to his parents' desire, win their preference, and perhaps move Isaac to alter his will and reverse the blessing.

Though living in the chosen family, he seems to have had not the slightest idea that there was any higher will than his father's being fulfilled in their doings. He does not yet see why he himself should not be as blessed as Jacob; he cannot grasp at all the distinction that grace makes; cannot take in the idea that God has chosen a people to Himself, and that no natural advantage or force or endowment can set a man among that people, but only God's choice. Accordingly, he does not see any difference between Ishmael's family and the chosen family; they are both sprung from Abraham, both are naturally the same, and the fact that God expressly gave His inheritance past Ishmael is nothing to Esau—an act of *God* has no meaning to him. He merely sees that he has not pleased his parents as well as he might by his marriage, and his easy and yielding disposition prompts him to remedy this.—*Marcus Dods.*

[Esau] is the image of a man who is determined to correct his false steps by his own strength; and, accordingly, attempts it in a wrong temper.—*Otto von Gerlach.*

We are expressly told that "Esau went unto Ishmael." There was a kindredness of condition, probably of taste and habits, between the father and son-in-law. Both were rejected offshoots from the direct line which led downward to the birth of Christ; and we can well imagine a community of feeling between them toward the preferred and favored branch of the house from which they sprung.—*Thomas Chalmers.*

[Esau's] communion with the chosen family had always been only external. He had always been, and he remained, a stranger to its higher interests, to its calling and destiny. He went his own ways, and that even while he remained in his father's house, and was yet invested with the outward and natural claims to be the head of his family. His total exclusion from the chosen family is only the completing of his former tendency. But, like Lot and Ishmael, he thereby becomes really a heathen. From the first, and even before we have studied the life of Jacob, we can fully understand the choice of Jacob and the rejection of Esau.—*J. H. Kurtz.*

Ver. 10. Jacob . . . . was a quiet man, and a dweller in tents, different from Esau in this very particular. To him home meant far more than to his brother, and this severance of its ties and departure to Padan-aram must have cost him a great deal.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

Tuesday, 6th. Gen. xxviii. 11, 12. (Cf. John i. 45-51; xiv. 6.)

From Abraham to Jacob is a great descent. The former embodied the nobler side of the Jewish character—its capacity for religious ideas; its elevation above, and separation from, the nations; its consciousness of, and peaceful satisfaction in, a Divine Friend; its consequent vocation in

the world. These all were deep in the founder of the race, and flowed to it from him. Jacob, on the other hand, has in him the more ignoble qualities, which Christian treatment of the Jew has fostered, and which have become indissolubly attached to the name in popular usage. He is a crafty schemer, selfish, overreaching, with a keen eye to the main chance. Whoever deals with him has to look sharply after his own interests. Self-advantage in its most earthly form is uppermost in him; and, like all timid, selfish men, shifty ways and evasions are his natural weapons. The great interest of his history lies in the slow process by which the patient God purified him, and out of this "stone raised up a worthy child to Abraham." We see in this context the first step in his education, and the very imperfect degree in which he profited by it.—*Alex. Maclaren.*

Jacob had undertaken this journey on his mother's advice, with the narrow policy of allowing Esau's anger to subside. She was minimizing Providence into a local incident; she had undertaken too much. . . . . Rebekah little knew how large a door she was opening, when she bade her son good-by. She opened the universe! The supplanter has gone to meet Laban—he will meet the Lord before he meets Laban.—*Joseph Parker.*

As Jacob journeyed northwards, he came . . . . to the hills of Beth-el. . . . . Slabs of rock, piled one upon another, form the whole hillside, and to Jacob's eye, accustomed to the rolling pastures of Beer-sheba, they would appear almost like a structure built for superhuman uses, well founded in the valley below, and intended to reach to unknown heights. Overtaken by darkness on this rugged path, he readily finds as soft a bed and as good shelter as his shepherd habits require, and with his head on a stone and a corner of his dress thrown over his face to preserve him from the moon, he is soon fast asleep. But in his dreams the massive staircase is still before his eyes, and it is no longer himself that is toiling up it as it leads to an unexplored hilltop above him, but the angels of God are ascending and descending upon it, and at its top is Jehovah Himself.—*Marcus Dods.*

What Jacob saw in his dream Jesus Christ has done. A stairway—"a king's highway of holiness"—springing from the great continent of heaven spans the impassable gulf, and is securely fastened to earth. So that on it are passing spiritual messengers innumerable in execution of the plans of God for every intelligent creature. Yea, and up that highway redeemed souls are ever passing, till "ten thousand times ten thousand" and "thousands of thousands" of earth's inhabitants are gathered there. Yes, Jesus, the Mediator, is the Way.—*Stuart Robinson.*

We are not left to conjecture what this ladder typifies, for the Lord Jesus Himself interprets it. . . . . He is the way of man to God, and of God to man. He touches the earth in His humanity; He touches heaven in His Divinity. In Him, God can descend to man, and man can ascend to God. In Him, prayer goes up with acceptance, and blessing comes down in abundance. And, in Him, the covenant promise is realized: "Emmanuel, ... God with us!"—*A. T. Pierson.*

Wednesday, 7th. Gen. xxviii. 13-15. (Cf. Hos. xii. 4.)

That this is really an account of the conversion of Jacob we infer, not only from the circumstances of the case, but from the beautiful saying of the prophet Hosea: "He found him in Beth-el, and there he spake with us." In this view of the vision at Beth-el we may see the very great importance of just such an interposition of God at that period of the Church's history. The earthly head of the Church, Isaac, is now aged, blind and feeble. The true heir to the succession is a fugitive and a wanderer, and it is needful to put beyond all uncertainty the question of his appointment of God to the leadership, even though, like David afterward, he must still struggle on and wait long till the purpose of God respecting him is fully accomplished.—*Stuart Robinson.*

[Jacob] had just committed a great offense; his flight from home; his personal loneliness, his fears about the future, all the consequences of this transgression, the burden of care that his condition brought with it, were all incalculably enhanced by that heavier burden that an awakened conscience presses down upon his heart. Never before had the Lord appeared to him, never before had that voice Divine sounded in his ear. Jehovah now meets him by the way, as he comes fresh from his transgression, and meets him how? . . . . Not a word of challenge, not a hint as to the past, not an expression of displeasure. It is thus that the God of his fathers deals with His adopted child, become now humbled and penitent, depressed, doubtful even of Divine forgiveness, still more of Divine protection and favor.—*William Hanna.*

The Divine promise is the best commentary on the meaning of the vision. The familiar ancestral promise is repeated to him, and the blessing and the birthright thus confirmed. In addition, special assurances, the translation of the vision into word and adapted to his then wants, are given: God's presence in his wanderings, His protection, Jacob's return to the land, and the promise of God's persistent presence, working through all paradoxes of

Providence and sins of His servant, and incapable of staying its operations, or satisfying God's heart, or vindicating His faithfulness, at any point short of complete accomplishment of His plighted word.—*Alex. Maclaren.*

Why should not we, as the spiritual seed of Jacob, catch a gleam of refreshing light from this assurance as we pass along? If God will be with *us,* if He will keep us in all places and circumstances, if He will never leave us nor forsake us, and if He will bring us at last to our promised and hoped-for land of rest, then may we go on our way with confidence and joy. Whoever we may leave, or whatever we may lose, still we part not from our best Friend, nor are we deprived of our most valuable portion. We cannot be lonely, if God be with us. We cannot want, if He provide for us. We cannot err, if He guide us. We cannot perish, if He preserve us. And all this He *will* do for those that put their trust in Him.—*George Bush.*

Thursday, 8th. Gen. xxviii. 16-19.

Jacob's startled exclamation on awakening from his dream indicates a very low level both of religious knowledge and feeling. . . . . Dread, not unmingled with the superstitious fear that he had profaned a holy place by laying himself down in it, is his prevailing feeling, and he pleads ignorance as the excuse for his sacrilege. He does not draw the conclusion from the vision that all the earth is hallowed by a near God, but only that he has unwittingly stumbled on His house; and he does not learn that from every place there is an open door for the loving heart into the calm depths where God is throned, but only that *here* he unwittingly stands at "the gate of heaven." So he misses the very inner purpose of the vision, and rather shrinks from it than welcomes it.—*Alex. Maclaren.*

The Lord is everywhere. We talk about special providences—but why special? Every day is full of God; no event is independent of Him. He is in what we call the accidents of life. If we would remember this, it would make us reverent always, for any chance meeting or any smallest circumstance may be God's hand laid on our shoulder. . . . . There is no spot on earth which may not any moment become a real "gate of heaven."—*J. R. Miller.*

Jacob obeyed a good instinct when he set up as a monumental stone that which had served as his pillow while he dreamt and saw this inspiring vision. He felt that, vivid as the impression on his mind then was, it would tend to fade, and he erected this stone that in after days he might have a witness that would testify to his present assurance. One great secret in the growth of character is the art of prolonging the quickening power of right ideas, of perpetuating just and inspiring impressions. And he who despises the aid of all external helps for the accomplishment of this object is not likely to succeed. . . . . By fixed hours of worship, by rules and habits of devotion, by public worship, and especially by the monumental ordinance of the Lord's Supper, must we cherish the memory of known truth, and deepen former impressions.—*Marcus Dods.*

Jacob erects the stony pillow into a pillar, and pours on it consecrated oil—the first instance of such anointing—as a symbol of setting apart for God. From this point the idea of a *chrism* runs through the Word of God, and suggests the name "Christ"—one who receives the chrism or anointing. This explains the countless references to anointing,—of prophets, priests, kings, of believers and witnesses; and unlocks Joel's prophecy of the outpouring of the Spirit on all flesh. Possibly to this act of Jacob may be traced the custom of setting up stones for sacred purposes, as in cromlechs, etc.—*A. T. Pierson.*

Friday, 9th. Gen. xxviii. 20-22.

This is the first recorded prayer for blessing upon oneself. . . . . Jacob supplicated for himself, both at Beth-el and Peniel (xxxii. 26), though the latter marks a much more advanced stage of experience.—*A. T. Pierson.*

[Jacob's] vow shows that he had but *begun* to learn in God's school. He hedges about his promise with a punctilious repetition of God's undertaking, as if resolved that there should be no mistake. Clause by clause he goes over it all, and puts an "if" to it. . . . . Nor is he contented with repeating to God the terms of His engagement, but he adds a couple of clauses which strike him as being important, and as having been omitted. There was nothing about "bread to eat, and raiment to put on," nor about coming back again "in peace," so he adds these. A true "Jew"—great at a bargain, and determined to get all he can, and to have no mistake about what he must get before he gives anything! . . . . "And if the Lord will, ... then" . . . . he will rear an altar, and he will tithe his substance. Not a very munificent pledge! And where in it is the surrender of the heart? Where is the outgoing of love and gratitude? Where the clasping of the hand of his heavenly Friend with calm rapture of thankful self-yielding, and steadfastness of implicit trust? God did not want Jacob's altar or his tenths; He wanted Jacob. But many a weary year and many a sore sorrow have to leave their marks on him before the evil strain

is pressed out of his blood; and by the unwearied long-suffering of his patient Friend and Teacher in Heaven, the crafty, earthly-minded Jacob "the supplanter" is turned into "Israel, the prince with God, in whom is no guile." The slower the scholar, the more wonderful the forbearance of the Teacher; and the more may we, who are slow scholars too, take heart to believe that He will not be soon angry with us or leave us until He has done that which He has spoken to us of.—*Alex. Maclaren.*

There is something in this whole transaction characteristically Jacobian. It is repulsively mercantile, if not mercenary. For such covenants with God we do not believe the Word of God, or the spirit of faith, affords any warrant. It is far too common for both godly and ungodly men and women in time of sickness and danger, or threatened calamity, to make such vows to God, that *if* He will do thus and so, they will serve Him. It may please God to bring careless and disobedient souls to reflection and compel them to consider neglected duty and their unprepared state; and it may also please Him in His great compassion to accept even such vows. But such compacts with God belong to a low plane of living. Faith never yet suggested such a covenant. Perfect love casts out all tormenting fear of God's unfaithfulness. He has spoken, and His word is changeless.—*A. T. Pierson.*

Saturday, 10th. Gen. xxix. 1-12. (Cf. xxiv.)

Ver. 1. "Then Jacob lifted up his feet [margin]." A new hope had dawned in his breast, and now he starts on his way from Beth-el with alacrity. The revelation of God and the assurance of God's presence and blessing had brought light and cheer to his heart, and, like every young convert fresh from the experience of meeting God for the first time, he "went on his way rejoicing." . . . . The long journey (450 miles from Beer-sheba) was at length accomplished, and he arrived in the country of his kinsfolk, "the people of the east."—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

Wells are still the spot where the youth and girls of Bedouin life congregate, and at the wells alone is Oriental courtship carried on to this day. The Syrian girl, especially if a Druse or a Christian, unlike the secluded daughter of the towns, is frequently intrusted with the care of her father's flock. The well, the most precious of possessions, is carefully closed with a heavy slab until all those whose flocks are entitled to share its water have gathered. The time is noon. The first comers gather and report the gossip of the tribe. The story of Jacob and Rachel is, in its most minute details, a transcript of the Arab life of to-day.—*H. B. Tristam.*

The story before us is a very ordinary one. A journey, a meeting with shepherds near a well, a young woman coming up, an act of courtesy; and yet these small events led to great and far-reaching results. How very much depends upon very little! There is nothing really small in human life. We start out in the morning, and what we may call a chance meeting, or the receipt of an ordinary letter, or some very slight circumstance may affect the whole of the subsequent life of quite a number of people. We call this the "Providence" of God, and we do well; and the true Christian heart will always love to trace the hand of God in the ordinary everyday experiences of life. For, after all, "ordinary" means "ordered," and it is the joy of the believer to realize that everything is ordered and that "all things work together for good to them that love God." The harmonious and beneficent combination of circumstances guided and overruled by the wisdom and will of God constitutes for the Christian soul the joy and cheer of everyday living.—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

Ver. 10, 11. It is not without purpose that his mother is thus presented to us. It apprises us that his mother was present to Jacob's mind. He pictured to himself that, just as that maiden appeared there before him, so, in that very place, had his mother appeared before Abraham's servant many years before, and that now he was among the scenes of *her* youth, of which she had often spoken to him. We can therefore well understand how, when he kissed his fair cousin and told her who he was, he "lifted up his voice, and wept." This is a fine touch of nature. We begin to feel that there is truth in this man, of whom we have not yet seen much that is good. . . . . His future career begins to interest us.—*John Kitto.*

Sunday, 11th. Gen. xxix. 13-24. (Cf. Isa. xxxiii. 1; Gal. vi. 7.)

Laban meets Jacob with effusive greetings. There can be little doubt, however, that he saw, with the shrewdness which characterized him, how much he would gain from the services of Jacob, and this accounts for the readiness with which he promised him Rachel to wife. The true nature of the man is first manifested in the brutal deceit he practiced upon Jacob at the end of the seven years.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

This is a step in Jacob's training, in the fulfilment of God's promise at Beth-el. It shows a new feature in his character. We see not the man of cunning devices, but one full of pure, self-sacrificing love: fourteen years of service willingly given

to purchase, according to Eastern custom, his bride.—*J. F. Montgomery.*

As we . . . . [saw] . . . . Jacob utterly failed in the apprehension of God's real character, and met all the rich grace of Beth-el with an "if," and a miserable bargain about food and raiment. . . . . Jacob had not yet found his true level in the presence of God; and therefore God uses circumstances to chasten and break him down.—*C. H. Mackintosh.*

He who, by subtilty and falsehood, stole away the blessing intended for his brother, is punished for his deceit, by finding a Leah where he expected a Rachel. He who employed undue advantage to arrive at the right of the firstborn has undue advantage taken of him in having the firstborn put in the place of the younger. He who could practice upon a father's blindness, though to obtain a laudable end, is, in his turn, practiced upon by a father, employing the cover of the night to accomplish a very unwarrantable purpose.—*Hunter.*

Jacob has left home as a *deceiver*—how will he be made to feel that? In a very direct manner: Jacob himself will be . . . . deceived: the only intelligible way by which he can be taught the wickedness of deceit. . . . . We do not like to be paid in our own coin; it does not enter into our minds that we have to reap the produce which we have sown. Is it to be supposed that we can do just what we like, and hasten away from the consequences, or escape the penalty due to evil? "Be sure your sin will find you out."—*Joseph Parker.*

God makes use elsewhere of the circumstance of this servitude of Jacob to keep up a spirit of humility, as well as a memory of their ancestry, among the children of Israel. It was a part of the confession required to be made by every Israelite when he presented his basket of first ripe fruits before the Lord: "A Syrian *ready to perish* was my father," alluding to Jacob's poverty and distress when he first came, at this time, into Syria. Again when the prophet Hosea (xii. 12) reproves the people for their luxury and pride and haughtiness, he reminds them that "Jacob *fled* into the country of Syria, and Israel *served* for a wife, and for a wife he *kept sheep*." It would, no doubt, tend to abate the loftiness of spirit of many of the wealthy and the great of this world, if they would look back upon the humble and perhaps servile condition of the founders of their families.—*George Bush.*

Monday, 12th. Gen. xxix. 25-35.

The beautiful innocence that never put on skins that his hands might be hairy asks Laban however it has come to pass that he, Jacob, of all guileless persons, should be deceived. We understand the mystery: it is part of our own daily life. . . . . We ask, What is this? . . . . How odd that *we* should have to suffer! How mysterious the ways of Providence! No: how mysterious the ways of *man* first. There is a mystery in us: that we, who were made to sing God's praise, and to hold converse with heaven in holy prayer, should have deceived the old, and the blind, and the helpless. *That* is the ineffable and eternal mystery.—*Joseph Parker.*

With the burning humiliation of one who has been cheated in so cruel a way, [Jacob] finds himself married to Leah. He protests, but he cannot insist on his protest, or divorce Leah; for, in point of fact, he is conscious that he is only being paid in his own coin, foiled with his own weapons. In this veiled bride brought in to him on false pretenses he sees the just retribution of his own disguise when, with "the hands of Esau," he went in and received his father's blessing. His mouth is shut by the remembrance of his own past. But submitting to this chastisement, and recognizing in it, not only the craft of his uncle, but the stroke of God, that which he at first thought of as a cruel curse became a blessing. It was Leah much more than Rachel that built up the house of Israel. To this despised wife six of the tribes traced their origin, and among these was the tribe of Judah. Thus he learned the fruitfulness of God's retribution: that to be humbled by God is really to be built up, and to be punished by Him the richest blessing.—*Marcus Dods.*

It were an entire mistake to infer from the silence of the Scripture that this double marriage of Jacob received Divine approbation. As always, Scripture states facts, but makes no comment. *That* sufficiently appears from the lifelong sorrow, disgrace, and trials which, in the retributive Providence of God, followed as the consequence of this double union.—*Alfred Edersheim.*

The deceiver is at length deceived. He had come to the school whence all his own powers of deceit had originally come. Laban is seen to be the equal of his clever sister Rebekah, and Jacob is being paid back with the family coin. God has no favorites, and if His own children wander from the pathway they have to suffer. And yet the sufferings are not punitive, but disciplinary.—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

Ver. 32-35. It deserves special notice, that in the birth of at least three of these sons, Leah not only recognized God, but specially acknowledged Him as *Jehovah*, the covenant-God.—*Alfred Edersheim.*

Tuesday, 13th. Gen. xxx. 1-24.

Ver. 1. It is remarkable that as soon as Rachel had "children" (literally, sons) she did die.—*Henry Alford.*

In this disclosure of the interior life of Jacob's household we have an instructive picture of the evils of polygamy, in its legitimate results as here described. The peace of the domestic fireside is destroyed by conflicting rival interests. The paternal home, the sanctuary where God intended that all Divine influences should center and harmonize in the development and growth of the human spirit into the likeness of God, is made the scene of discord and strife. It is no wonder that from such a nursery proceeded such characters as are some of those described in the subsequent family history of Jacob.—*Thomas J. Conant.*

In our last chapter, we saw how Jacob built for himself a home. But, ah—what a home! The presence of the two sisters there was fatal to its peace. . . . . Each had her own grievance. Poor Leah knew that Jacob had never loved her; and that she was not the wife of his choice: and though God compensated her by giving her, that pride of Oriental women, a family of sons, yet even this was a new source of anguish to her; for Rachel envied her. Frightfully desolate was she in that home. . . . . But Rachel must have been equally miserable: true, she had her husband's love, but she could not be sure of keeping it; and she had the mortification of seeing her sister's children growing up as her husband's heirs. How eagerly she prayed, and fretted, and proudly chafed!

What wonder, then, that the children grew up wild and bad? Reuben, "unstable as water," excitable and passionate; Simeon, quick to obey, but quick to desperate cruelty; and Levi, a willing accomplice in his crime. When children turn out badly, and the beautiful gate of childhood does not lead to the fair temple of mature life, it is generally the fault of the home training; and it is more often the result of what they see than of what they are taught. Whatever Jacob may have been—and I fear that his example was none of the best—yet the impressions received, in the women's tents, of high words and evil passion, would be enough to ruin any child.—*F. B. Meyer.*

Wednesday, 14th. Gen. xxx. 25-43.

The birth of Rachel's son seems to have been a turning point in Jacob's life, and to have prompted a desire to return to his own country. He had now been with Laban the best part of twenty years (xxxi. 38, 41), and the longing for the old country and the old home pressed heavily upon him. Laban, however, was altogether unwilling to lose so valued a servant, for far too much blessing had come into his life through Jacob to allow him willingly to depart. He, therefore, suggested to Jacob that he should stay and fix his own terms; but Jacob was not ready to do this. He had had experience already of the way in which Laban had not kept his engagements about wages (xxxi. 7, 41), and he therefore preferred to take matters into his own hands.—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

The bargain-making Jacob meets with the bargain-making Laban, and they are both seen, as it were, straining every nerve to outwit each other. Nor can we wonder at Laban, for he had never been at Beth-el: he had seen no open heaven with a ladder reaching from thence to earth; he had heard no magnificent promises from the lips of Jehovah, securing to him all the land of Canaan, with a countless seed: no marvel, therefore, that he should exhibit a grasping, groveling spirit; he had no other resource. . . . . But to find Jacob, after all he had seen and heard at Beth-el, struggling with a man of the world, and endeavoring by such means to accumulate property, is peculiarly humbling.

And, yet, alas! it is no uncommon thing to find the children of God thus forgetting their high destinies and heavenly inheritance, and descending into the arena with the children of this world, to struggle there for the riches and honors of a perishing sin-stricken earth.—*C. H. Mackintosh.*

Darwin himself could scarcely have devised a more scientifically complete experiment on the "variation of animals under domestication" than that which Jacob conducted among the flocks of Laban. The setting of the pilled rods in the "watering troughs," and that by selection before the stronger cattle and at "breeding time," shows, if anything could show, an acquaintance with the modifiability of life-processes through the intelligent use of exterior agencies.—*J. B. Thomas.*

Do not let us become special pleaders on Jacob's behalf. All I can say can be said under two divisions of thought. First, *God* spared Jacob: therefore I must not strike; God forbore him, had patience with him, saw something in him that no one else could see. Blessed be God! He is the same with us, or who could live one whole day upon the earth? . . . . God sees in every Jacob more than Jacob sees in himself. Second, we may not really know the *whole* story. . . . . We do not know all that Jacob did, or all that Laban did. We know in part; the part we do know we do not admire; but we must always fall back upon the circumstance that God spares, and therefore has a reason for the sparing. . . . . In the worst of us there is some faint sparkle of better things which God sees, ... some point on which, if not the Divine complacency, the Divine compassion, may be fixed. "His mercy endureth forever"; His patience is greater than our transgression. Where sin

aboundeth, grace doth much more abound.—*Joseph Parker.*

Thursday, 15th. Gen. xxxi. 1-21. (Cf. xxxv. 4; Judg. xvii, xviii; 1 Sam. xix. 13; 2 Kings xxiii. 24; Zech. x. 2.)

There is a reason for every step in our education, whether we see it or not: and, though Jacob could not have guessed it at the time, yet, as we look back, we can easily understand why his residence at Haran was suddenly closed; and his home broken up; and he driven across the desert, as a fugitive, hotly pursued. . . . . In point of fact, Jacob was becoming too contented in that strange land; . . . . he was in danger of forgetting the land of his birth, the tents of his father, and the promises of which he was the heir. . . . . His mean and crafty arts to increase his wealth were honeycombing his spirit, and eating out his nobler nature, prostituting it to the meanest ends. His wives, infected with the idolatry of their father's house, were in danger of corrupting the minds of his children; and how then would fare the holy seed, destined to give the world the messages of God? It was evident that his nest must be broken up in Haran; that he must be driven back into the pilgrim life—to become a stranger and a sojourner, as his fathers were. And this was another step nearer the moment when he became an Israel, a prince with God.—*F. B. Meyer.*

If thus the world is getting hold of [Jacob's] heart, and causing him to be content in Syria, and unmindful of Canaan,—how graciously is his case met! The very murmuring of Laban's sons and the change of Laban's countenance toward him are in this view special mercies. They make him feel how precarious his position is, and how uncertain is his tenure of all that he has got. They reawaken his sense of the bitterness of his exile, and set him upon thinking of his home, and his father, and his father's God. And when, at that precise crisis, just as his soul is becoming weary under the feeling of the utter vanity of the very success he has attained, God once more comes specially to deal with him, what can be more fitted to drive home the blow which has been already struck, what more likely to give a gracious turn to the disappointment and resentment naturally rankling in his bosom, what more certain to touch a tender cord and revive in him the freshness of his first love, than so affecting a reference as the Lord is pleased to make to that old fellowship between Himself and His broken-hearted servant: "I am the God of Beth-el, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow unto me: now arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred"!—*R. S. Candlish.*

[Jacob] was evidently afraid his wives would hinder his return. . . . . He at least thought it necessary to fortify himself with a quiverful of arguments, in order to carry his point. In those arguments we catch another glimpse of his cowardly and crafty nature. They are a strange medley of lies, and cant and truth. He might have saved himself from all this, if he had only trusted God to roll away the stones from the path of obedience. For God had been at work before him; and had prepared their hearts. . . . . If we would only go forward in simple obedience, we should find that there would be no need for our diplomacy; He would go before us, making the crooked straight, and the rough smooth.—*F. B. Meyer.*

The true character of Laban is clearly seen from the fact that his daughters entirely sided with Jacob against their own father.—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

Ver. 19. These ["images"] were a sort of "family idols," figures of human shape, borrowed from the heathen world around him, which Laban probably used as a kind of oracle, to discover the future, or the fortunate issue of any undertaking. Such "teraphim" also appear from time to time in Israel, until, under Josiah, they were rooted out as "abominations."—*C. G. Barth.*

Rachel stole the teraphim, either . . . . because she wished to prevent Laban's consulting them on the direction of their flight, or to secure their guardianship for a journey apparently fraught with difficulties and dangers.—*M. M. Kalisch.*

Friday, 16th. Gen. xxxi. 22-35.

At the head of his flocks and herds; with his wives, children and slaves, [Jacob] strikes away, across the Euphrates, at the utmost speed so cumbered a march allows, for Mount Gilead, the outpost of "his own country."—*Cunningham Geikie.*

[Jacob] did not get beyond reach of pursuit; he could never have expected to do so. But he stole away to such a distance from Haran as made it much easier for him to come to terms with Laban, and much more difficult for Laban to try any further device for detaining him.—*Marcus Dods.*

Ver. 26-31. [Laban's] words are obviously full of hypocrisy. However he may talk about his regard to his children and grandchildren, that which lay nearest his heart was the substance which Jacob had taken with him, and which he no doubt meant in some way to recover. But he acts the part of thousands, who, when galled by an evil conscience, endeavor to ease themselves of its reproaches by transferring the blame from themselves to the persons they have wronged. He reproaches Jacob with a conduct which he well knew

had resulted entirely from his own harshness and severity; and with the utmost self-complacence talks of the liberal and generous things which he *intended* to have done, after the call and occasion are over, and when his generosity is in no danger of being put to the test.—*George Bush.*

[Laban] had had many years of opportunity to show love to them, but the very reverse had been their experience, as they had told Jacob. Love expressed so late as this cannot be worth much. It is what we are prepared to do for our loved ones while they are with us, not the kind things we say of them after they are gone, that is the real test and genuine measure of our affection.—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

In the endeavors of Laban to retain Jacob, we have a vivid picture of the eager energy with which the world would retain us, when we are about to turn away from it forever. It pursues us, with all its allies, for seven days and more (ver. 23). It asks us why we are not content to abide with it (ver. 27). It professes its willingness to make our religion palatable, by mingling with it its own tabret and dance (ver. 27). It appeals to our feelings, and asks us not to be too cruel (ver. 28). It threatens us (ver. 29). It jeers us with our sudden compunction, after so many years of contentment with its company (ver. 30). It reproaches us with our inconsistency in making so much of our God, and yet harboring some cunning sin: "Wherefore hast thou stolen my gods?" (ver. 30).—*F. B. Meyer.*

Saturday, 17th. Gen. xxxi. 36-42.

At last Jacob's anger flamed forth, and he said to Laban all he thought of him. This outburst of anger is most refreshing, as for once Jacob at least speaks the language of honesty.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

Laban having thus openly failed to substantiate the charge, Jacob's lips are angrily opened, and in the language almost of poetry and rhythm, he upbraids his father-in-law for all his conduct toward him during the past twenty years. We go so fully along with him in the eloquence of his wrath, that our only regret is in the remembrance that it is founded on the fiction of Rachel's innocence.—*William Hanna.*

There is a deal of nature in this free and indignant outbreak of Jacob's—restrained by the fear of a detention that might have involved some of his family; but when that fear had passed away, and its operation as a check was removed, then the sense of injury, kept under till now, comes forth in loud and open remonstrances against him who had inflicted it. It is this trueness to humanity which stamps an authentic character on the whole narrative.—*Thomas Chalmers.*

With exemplary humility and a devout sense of his dependence on the blessing of heaven, Jacob here refers his prosperity to its true source and in so doing he administers a keen reproof to Laban. He gives him plainly to understand that notwithstanding his specious talk about his regard for his children and his sending him away "with songs, with tabret, and with harp," yet it was owing to a special interposition of the Almighty that he was not stripped of everything he had. Laban had made a merit of obeying the dream, but Jacob was not to be imposed upon by such a pretense. He therefore construes the Divine visitation into an evidence of his evil design, one by which God intended expressly to rebuke him, and thus plead the cause of the injured.—*George Bush.*

Ver. 42. "The God of Abraham, and the fear of Isaac." Abraham was long since dead, and God was his unalienable portion forever. Isaac was yet alive in a state of probation, living in the fear of God; not exempt from the danger of falling, therefore God is said to be his fear; not only the object of his religious worship in a general way, but that holy and just God, before Whom he was working out his salvation with fear and trembling—fear, lest he should fall; and trembling, lest he should offend.—*Adam Clarke.*

Sunday, 18th. Gen. xxxi. 43-55.

Laban, despite his hypocritical professions of how affectionate their leave-taking might have been if Jacob had not "stolen away," stood convicted of selfishness and unkindness. In fact, if the conduct of Jacob, even in his going away, had been far from straightforward, that of Laban was of the most unprincipled kind. However, peace was restored between them, and a covenant made, in virtue of which neither party was to cross for hostile purposes the memorial pillar which they erected, and to which Laban gave a Chaldee and Jacob a Hebrew name, meaning "the heap of witness." Hypocritically as in the mouth of Laban the additional name of "Mizpah" sounds, which he gave to this pillar, it is a very significant designation to mark great events in our lives, especially our alliances and our undertakings. For Mizpah means "watchtower," and the words which accompanied the giving of this name were: "Jehovah watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—*Alfred Edersheim.*

That when Abraham was with Nahor and Terah they were idolaters is clearly intimated (Josh. xxiv. 2). "The God of Abraham, of Nahor, and of Terah," therefore, were words capable of a very ill

construction. It is, in fact, little else than swearing by the idols of his Chaldean ancestors, and a virtual reproach of Jacob for having forsaken the religion of his forefathers. Jacob seems evidently aware of Laban's design in thus referring to their early ancestors, and therefore, that he might bear an unequivocal testimony against all idolatry, even that of Abraham in his younger years, he would swear only "by the fear of his father Isaac," who had never worshiped any other than the true God.—*George Bush.*

"Mizpah" ends the story, a heap of stones telling for evermore of suspicion, and indicating that there is to be no more meeting between them. It is the monument of separation and suspicion. Two men call upon God, not to ratify their comradeship, but to watch over each on behalf of the other, as a policeman watches a thief. Laban does not appear again in the history, and the last we see of him is the nauseating spectacle of a man kissing his sons and daughters, after having wronged them through long years.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

In Laban and his tribe, as they sweep out of sight into the Eastern Desert, we lose the last trace of the connection of Israel with the Chaldean Ur or the Mesopotamian Haran.—*A. P. Stanley.*

Monday, 19th. Gen. xxxii. 1, 2. (Cf. 2 Kings vi. 8-17; Ps. xxxiv. 7; civ. 4; Matt. xxvi. 53; Heb. i. 14.)

Having just escaped one host of enemies, another is coming forth to meet him. At this juncture the heavenly messengers make their appearance, teaching him to Whom he owed his late escape, and that He Who had delivered did deliver, and he might safely trust would still deliver him; thus making good the previous promise (Gen. xxviii. 15): "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land."—*George Bush.*

His road leads him close by the country of Esau. Jacob was no soldier, and he is naturally terrified to meet his justly incensed brother. And so, as he plods along with all his defenseless company trailing behind him, as you may see the Arab caravans streaming over the same uplands to-day, all at once, in the middle of his march, a bright-harnessed army of angels meets him. Whether visible to the eye of sense, or, as would appear, only to the eye of faith, they *are* visible to this troubled man; and, in a glow of confident joy, he calls the name of that place "Mahanaim," two camps. One camp was the little one of his down here, with the helpless women and children and his own frightened and defenseless self, and the other was the great one up there, or rather in shadowy but most real spiritual presence around about him, as a bodyguard making an impregnable wall between him and every foe. . . . .

Long centuries after Jacob's experience at Mahanaim, another trembling fugitive found himself there, fearful, like Jacob, of the vengeance and anger of one who was knit to him by blood. When poor King David was flying from the face of Absalom his son, the first place where he made a stand, and where he remained during the whole of the rebellion, was this town of Mahanaim, away on the eastern side of the Jordan. Do you not think that to the kingly exile, in his feebleness and his fear, the very name of his resting place would be an omen? Would he not recall the old story, and bethink himself of how round that other frightened man

"Bright-harnessed angels stood in order serviceable";

and would he not, as he looked on his little band of friends, faithful among the faithless, have his eyesight cleared to behold the other camp? Such a vision, no doubt, inspired the calm confidence of the psalm which evidently belongs to that dark hour of his life, and made it possible for the hunted king, with his feeble band, to sing even then: "'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, LORD, makest me dwell in safety,' solitary though I am." . . . .

It is in the path where God has bade us walk that we shall find the angels round us. We may meet them, indeed, on paths of our own choosing, but it will be the sort of angel that Balaam met, with a sword in his hand, mighty and beautiful, but wrathful too; and we had better not front him! But the friendly helpers, the emissaries of God's love, the apostles of His grace, do not haunt the roads that we make for ourselves. They confine themselves rigidly to the paths in which "God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." . . . .

The vision was for a moment; the fact is forever. . . . . The heavenly warriors die not, and hover around us to-day, excelling in the strength of their immortal youth, and as ready to succor us as they were all these centuries ago to guard the solitary Jacob. . . . .

It was blessed that Jacob should be met by the many angels of God. It is infinitely more blessed that "the angel of the LORD"—the One Who is more than the many—"encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—*Alex. Maclaren.*

Tuesday, 20th. Gen. xxxii. 3-8.

"The land of Seir" [is] Arabia Petræa, with which Esau became connected by his

marriage with a daughter of Ishmael.—*James G. Murphy.*

Jacob sends messengers south to sound Esau. His message is so contrived as to beget the idea in Esau's mind that his younger brother is a person of some importance, and yet is prepared to show greater deference to himself than formerly. But the answer brought back by the messengers is the curt and haughty dispatch of the man of war to the man of peace. No notice is taken of Jacob's vaunted wealth. No proposal of terms, as if Esau has an equal to deal with, is carried back. There is only the startling announcement: "Esau . . . . cometh to meet thee, and four hundred men with him." Jacob at once recognizes the significance of this armed advance on Esau's part. Esau has not forgotten the wrong he suffered at Jacob's hands, and he means to show him that he is entirely in his power.—*Marcus Dods.*

"My lord" and "thy servant" is not like the language of a brother, or of one in the conscious dignity of the presence of God; but it was the language of Jacob, and of Jacob, too, with a bad conscience.—*C. H. Mackintosh.*

Jacob was panic-stricken; and well he might be. His all was at stake: wives and children; herds and cattle; the careful gains of six laborious years. The Mizpah tower barred the way back; his bridge was, so to speak, burnt behind him. Around him were robber tribes, eager to seize on the rich booty, if he showed the least sign of vacillation or fear. But to go on seemed to involve a risk of inevitable ruin. There was just one alternative—which most men will only turn to when all other expedients have failed: he could at least pray; and to prayer he betook himself.—*F. B. Meyer.*

The joy with which, a few days ago, he had greeted the host of God was quite overcast by the tidings brought him regarding the host of Esau. Things heavenly do always look so like a mere show; visits of angels seem so delusive and fleeting; the exhibition of the powers of heaven seems so often but as a tournament painted on the sky, and so unavailable for the stern encounters that await us on earth, that one seems, even after the most impressive of such displays, to be left to fight on alone. No wonder Jacob is disturbed. . . . . But though in fancy he already hears their rude shouts of triumph as they fall upon his defenseless band, and already sees the merciless horde dividing the spoil with shouts of derision and coarse triumph, and though all around him are clamoring to be led into a safe retreat, Jacob sees stretched before him the land that is his, and resolves that, by God's help, he shall win it. What he does is not the act of a man rendered incompetent through fear, but of one who has recovered from the first shock of alarm and has all his wits about him. He disposes his household and followers in two companies, so that each might advance with the hope that it might be the one which should not meet Esau; and having done all that his circumstances permit, he commends himself to God in prayer.—*Marcus Dods.*

Wednesday, 21st. Gen. xxxii. 9-12.

A breath of higher life is stirring in the shifty schemer who has all his life been living by his wits. Now he has come to a point where he knows that his own power can do nothing. With Laban, a man of craft like himself, it was diamond cut diamond; and Jacob was equal to the position. But the wild Bedouin brother, with his four hundred men, is not to be managed so; and Jacob is driven to God by his conscious helplessness.—*Alex. Maclaren.*

The very first sentence of Jacob's prayer has this peculiarity about it, that it is steeped in humility; for he does not address the Lord as his own God at the first, but as the God of Abraham and Isaac. The prayer itself, though it is very urgent, is as lowly as it is earnest. With all its intensity, there is a loving remembrance of who Jacob is and Who Jehovah is; and the suppliant speaks in terms fit to be used toward the thrice holy God by a man of lowly heart.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

There passed before his mind his deceit to his aged father, his behavior to Esau; his years of trickery to Laban. . . . . And as the sea of memory gave up the dead past to a terrible resurrection, and as it all stood in vivid minuteness before him, was there not plenty to justify his penitent confession: "I am not worthy"?—*F. B. Meyer.*

On the one hand, Jacob seems the father of Jewish guile, fear, unscrupulousness, and thrift. On the other, he appears not only as the deeply faithful lover in his youth and the most tender father, but as an elevated, majestic man of faith, who believed in high things, who valued them, and who left on record such words of lowliness and penitence for his faults, in such genuine tones, that the purest, most repentant hearts take them up from age to age and repeat them as their own: "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies."—*A. G. Mercer.*

"Thou saidst." . . . . Oh, the force of that plea! He was holding God to His word. . . . . The attribute of God's faithfulness is a splendid horn of the altar to lay hold upon; but the promise, which has in it the attribute and something more, is a yet mightier holdfast: "Thou saidst." . . . . And has He said, and shall He not do it?—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Thursday, 22nd. Gen. xxxii. 13-23.

Once again we seem to be brought face to face with the other and less worthy side of Jacob. After prayer he is planning again. What is the connection between his praying and his planning? Was the latter the due use of precautions? Was it the proper way of answering his own prayer? It would hardly seem so. It appears rather to be an expression of his intense fear. . . . . He is still concerned to manage Esau, instead of letting God do it for him; and the message to the servants breathes the same spirit of obsequious cringing to his brother. Truly "the fear of man bringeth a snare," and it is only "he who trusteth in the LORD" that is "set on high" above all such dread.—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

Jacob's first thought was always a plan. He had a plan for Isaac's blessing; and another for his property; and now another to appease Esau. Of course, I have no word to say against planning, when that is evidently God's method of delivering us; but I am desperately afraid lest our planning should take the place of simple waiting on God, till the cloud rises, and moves forward, and shows us our path across the trackless sands. We are all so apt to pray, and then to try and concoct a plan for our own deliverance. Surely the nobler attitude is, after prayer, to stand still for God to develop His plan, leading us in ways that we had never guessed.—*F. B. Meyer.*

His final act of preparation is the sending of gifts to Esau. Here again Jacob shows his worldly wisdom. The disposition of this princely present in several droves, following one another at intervals, was such as to repeat the favorable impression made by each, as they successively came before Esau accompanied with a conciliatory message. The announcement made with the first, and repeated with each succeeding one—"Thy servant Jacob is behind us"—would give time for reflection and kindly impressions, before their meeting.—*T. J. Conant.*

Anticipating the experience of Solomon, that "a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city," [Jacob] in the style of a skilled tactician lay siege to Esau's wrath, and directs against it train after train of gifts, which, like successive battalions pouring into a breach, might at length quite win his brother. This disposition of his peaceful battering trains having occupied him till sunset, he retires to the short rest of a general on the eve of battle. As soon as he judges that the weaker members of the camp are refreshed enough to begin their eventful march, he rises and goes from tent to tent awaking the sleepers, and, quickly forming them into their usual line of march, sends them over the brook in the darkness, and himself is left alone, not with the depression of a man who waits for the inevitable, but with the high spirits of intense activity, and with the return of the old complacent confidence of his own superiority to his powerful but sluggish-minded brother—a confidence regained now by the certainty he felt, at least for the time, that Esau's rage could not blaze through all the relays of gifts he had sent forward.—*Marcus Dods.*

Friday, 23rd. Gen. xxxii. 24.

Having . . . . seen all his camp across the brook, he himself pauses for a moment, and looks with interest at the stream before him, and at the promised land on its southern bank. This stream, too, has an interest for him as bearing a name like his own—a name that signifies the "struggler," and was given to the mountain torrent from the pain and difficulty with which it seemed to find its way through the hills. Sitting on the bank of the stream, he sees gleaming through the darkness the foam that it churned as it writhed through the obstructing rocks, or heard through the night the roar of its torrent as it leapt downwards, tortuously finding its way towards Jordan; and Jacob says, "So will I, opposed though I be, win my way, by the circuitous routes of craft or by the impetuous rush of courage, into the land whither that stream is going." With compressed lips, and step as firm as when, twenty years before, he left the land, he rises to cross the brook, and enter the land—he rises, and is seized in a grasp that he at once owns as formidable.—*Marcus Dods.*

The conflict originated not with Jacob, but with the angel: "There wrestled a man with him." This passage is often quoted as an instance of Jacob's earnestness in prayer. It is nothing of the sort. It is an instance of God's earnestness to take from us all that hinders our truest life; whilst we resist Him with all our might and main. It was not that Jacob wished to obtain aught from God; but it was that He—the Angel of Jehovah—had a controversy with this double-dealing and crafty child of His: desirous to break up his self-sufficiency forever; and to give scope for the development of the Israel that lay cramped and coffined within.—*F. B. Meyer.*

What is the meaning, purpose, and use of this opposition to his entrance? . . . . Jacob . . . . was about to enter the land as Jacob the supplanter, and that would never do; he was going to win the land from Esau by guile, or as he might; and not to receive it from God. And, therefore, just as he is going to step into it, there lays hold of him, not an armed emissary of his brother, but a far more formidable

Antagonist; if Jacob will win the land, if it is to be a mere trial of skill, a wrestling match, it must at least be with the right person. Jacob is met with his own weapons. He has not chosen war, so no armed opposition is made; but with the naked force of his own nature, he is prepared for any man who will hold the land against him; with such tenacity, toughness, quick presence of mind, elasticity, as nature has given him, he is confident he can win and hold his own. So the real Proprietor of the land strips Himself for the contest, and lets him feel, by the first hold He takes of him, that if the question be one of mere strength he shall never enter the land.—*Marcus Dods.*

The crisis came when "Jacob was left alone." So our crises always come; in solitude and solitariness our great self-revelations and self-conquests are found. We have to go alone into the desert and the darkness to know ourselves and find God. The habit of aloneness is indispensable to all spiritual growth.—*A. T. Pierson.*

Saturday, 24th. Gen. xxxii. 25.

Why "the angel" stooped to enter into this prolonged struggle we know not, unless to indulge Jacob's fleshly confidence for a time; and, then, by a touch, show him with Whom he was contending, and how easily He might have ended the contest at any instant by disabling His adversary.—*A. T. Pierson.*

All along, Jacob's life had been the struggle of a clever and strong, a pertinacious and enduring, a self-confident and self-sufficient person, who was sure of the result only when he helped himself—a contest with *God,* Who wished to break his strength and wisdom, in order to bestow upon him real strength in Divine weakness, and real wisdom in Divine folly.—*J. H. Kurtz.*

In one final and sensible struggle, his Jacob-nature, his natural propensity to wrest what he desires, and win what he aims at, from the most unwilling opponent, does its very utmost, and does it in vain. His steady straining, his dexterous feints, his quick gusts of vehement assault, make no impression on this Combatant and move Him not one foot off His ground. Time after time [Jacob's] crafty nature puts out all its various resources—now letting his grasp relax and feigning defeat, and then with gathered strength hurling himself on the Stranger—but all in vain. What Jacob had often surmised during the last twenty years, what had flashed through him like a sudden gleam of light when he found himself married to Leah, that he was in the hands of One against Whom it is quite useless to struggle, he now again begins to suspect. And as the first faint dawn appears, and he begins dimly to make out the face, the quiet breathing of which he had felt on his own during the contest, the Man with Whom he wrestles touches the strongest sinew in Jacob's body, and the muscle on which the wrestler most depends shrivels at the touch and reveals to the falling Jacob how utterly futile had been all his skill and obstinacy, and how quickly the Stranger might have thrown and mastered him.—*Marcus Dods.*

The conception of a Divine manifestation wrestling all night long with a man has been declared "crude," "puerile," and I know not how many other disparaging adjectives have been applied to it. But is it more unworthy of Him, or derogatory to His nature, than the lifelong pleading and striving with each of us, which He undoubtedly carries on? The idea of a man contending with God has been similarly stigmatized; but is it more mysterious than that awful power which the human will does possess of setting at naught His counsels and resisting His merciful strivings?—*Alex. Maclaren.*

Whatever it is that enables a soul, whom God designs to bless, to stand out against Him, God will touch. It may be the pride of wealth, or of influence, or of affection; but it will not be spared—God will touch it. It may be something as natural as a sinew; but if it robs a man of spiritual blessing, God will touch it. It may be as small a thing as a sinew; but its influence in making a man strong in his resistance of blessing will be enough to condemn it—and God will touch it. And beneath that touch it will shrink and shrivel; and you will limp to the end of life. Remember that the sinew never shrinks save beneath the touch of the Angel hand—the touch of tender love.—*F. B. Meyer.*

Sunday, 25th. Gen. xxxii. 26-28. (Cf. Hos. xii. 4.)

All in a moment, as he falls, Jacob sees how it is with him, and Who it is that is with him, and Who it is that has met him thus. As the hard, stiff, corded muscle shriveled, so shriveled his obdurate, persistent self-confidence. And as he is thrown, yet cleaves with the natural tenacity of a wrestler to his conqueror; so, utterly humbled before this mighty One Whom now he recognizes and owns, he yet cleaves to Him and entreats His blessing. It is at this touch, which discovers the almighty power of Him with Whom he has been contending, that the whole nature of Jacob goes down before God. He sees how foolish and vain has been his obstinate persistence in striving to trick God out of His blessing, or wrest it from Him, and now he owns his utter incapacity to

advance one step in this way, he admits to himself that he is stopped, weakened in the way, thrown on his back, and can effect nothing, simply nothing, by what he thought would effect all; and, therefore, he passes from wrestling to praying, and with tears, as Hosea says, sobs out from the broken heart of the strong man: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." In making this transition from the boldness and persistence of self-confidence to the boldness of faith and humility, Jacob becomes Israel; the supplanter, being baffled by his Conqueror, rises a prince. Disarmed of all other weapons, he at last finds and uses the weapons wherewith God is conquered, and with the simplicity and guilelessness now of "an Israelite indeed," face to face with God, hanging helpless with his arms around Him, he supplicates the blessing he could not win.—*Marcus Dods.*

"Let me go," he said, "for the day breaketh." He could have gone without asking leave of Jacob; but He suffers the firm embrace, and He asks relief from it only to draw out from Jacob the declaration: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Thus at last it is—when utterly stripped of the power by which he had previously maintained the struggle, when ceasing from wrestling, he simply clasps and cleaves, and clings, and weeps, and prays—that Jacob prevails, and becomes in turn the conqueror.—*William Hanna.*

"Let me go, for the day breaketh." Then, did the Stranger wish to go; and if He did, why could not He, Who had lamed His antagonist, loose Himself from his grasp? The same explanation applies here which is required in reference to Christ's action to the two disciples at Emmaus: "He made as though he would have gone further." In like manner, when He came to them on the water, He appeared as though He "would have passed by." In all three cases the principle is the same. God desires to go, if we do not desire Him to stay. He will go unless we keep Him.—*Alex. Maclaren.*

"What is thy name?" the mysterious Stranger says. The old name, representing the old character, must be confessed before the new name, representing the new character, is bestowed. "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob,"—a supplanter, an overreacher, a successful wrestler with Esau or Laban,—"but Israel,"—a prince of God: "for as a prince hast thou power with God, ... and hast prevailed."—*William Hanna.*

Monday, 26th. Gen. xxxii. 29, 30.

The Divine answer, which sounds at first like refusal, is anything but that. "Why dost thou ask after My name? Surely I need not give thee more revelation of My character. Thou hast enough of light; what thou needest is insight into what thou hast already." We have in what God has made known of Himself already to us . . . . sources of certain knowledge of Him so abundant and precious that we need nothing but the loving eye which shall take in all their beauty and completeness, to have our most eager desires after His name more than satisfied.—*Alex. Maclaren.*

This is life: a long wrestle against the love of God, which longs to make us royal. As the years go on, we begin to cling where once we struggled; and as the morn of Heaven breaks, we catch glimpses of the Angel face of love, and hear His whispered name; and as He blesses us, we awake to find ourselves living, and face to face with God—and that is Heaven itself. —*F. B. Meyer.*

"Peniel" was a noteworthy landmark in Jacob's spiritual history. It was the third occasion and culminating point of a special Divine revelation. The first was Beth-el, where "the house of God" reminded and assured him of the Divine *Presence.* The second was Mahanaim, where "the host of God" taught him the Divine *power.* The third was Peniel, where he was led beyond the ideas of God's presence and power to that of Divine *favor* and *fellowship.*—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

As Abraham had to become God's heir in the simplicity of humble dependence on God, as Isaac had to lay himself on God's altar with absolute resignation, and so become the heir of God, so Jacob enters on the inheritance through the most thorough humbling. Abraham had to give up all possessions and live on God's promise, Isaac had to give up life itself, Jacob had to yield his very self, and abandon all dependence on his own ability. The new name he receives signalizes and interprets this crisis in his life. He enters his land, not as Jacob, but as Israel. The man who crossed the Jabbok was not the same as he who had cheated Esau and outwitted Laban and determinedly striven this morning with the Angel. He was Israel, God's prince, entering on the land freely bestowed on him by an authority none could resist; a man who had learned that, in order to receive from God, one must ask.—*Marcus Dods.*

The Book of Job is, in a certain sense, a detailed commentary on this scene in Jacob's history. Throughout the first thirty-one chapters Job grapples with his friends, and maintains his point against all their arguments; but in ch. xxxii. God, by the instrumentality of Elihu, begins to wrestle with him; and in ch. xxxviii. He comes down upon him directly with all the majesty of His power, overwhelms him by

the display of His greatness and glory, and elicits from him the well-known words: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." This was really touching the hollow of his thigh.—*C. H. Mackintosh.*

Tuesday, 27th. Gen. xxxii. 31, 32.

God's manifestation to [Jacob] is not destructive of life—his soul is preserved; and though he halts on his thigh, the sun rises full of blessing upon him. This history is not only full of signification to Jacob, but it represents the combat and the triumph of the soldiers of God in their severest trials. At different times in their life God seems to be an adversary, to withdraw His grace and protection; they find themselves in great peril, outwardly or inwardly; and they have nothing on which to rely but God's promise, in naked faith, without the comfort of His presence in their souls. These are the times when God is pleased to crown His true combatants, and for their greater confirmation to relieve them from their distresses.—*Otto von Gerlach.*

Jacob is not always called Israel in his subsequent history. His new name was a name of character and of spiritual standing, and that might fluctuate, and the old self resume its power; so he is still called by the former appellation, just as, at certain points in his life, the apostle forfeits the right to be "Peter," and has to hear from Christ's lips the old name, the use of which is more poignant than many reproachful words: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you." But in the last death-bed scene, when the patriarch lifted himself in his bed, and with prophetic dignity pronounced his parting benediction on Joseph's sons, the new name reappears with solemn pathos.

That name was transmitted to his descendants, and has passed over to the company of believing men, who have been overcome by God, and have prevailed with God. It is a charter and a promise. It is a stringent reminder of duty and a lofty ideal. A true Christian is an "Israel." His office is to wrestle with God. Nor can we forget how this mysterious scene was repeated in yet more solemn fashion, beneath the gnarled olives of Gethsemane glistening in the light of the paschal full moon, when the true Israel prayed with such sore crying and tears that His body partook of the struggle, and "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." The word which describes Christ's agony is that which is often rendered "wrestling" and perhaps is selected with intentional allusion to this incident. At all events, when we think of Jacob by the brook Jabbok, and of a "greater than our father Jacob" by the brook Kedron, we may well learn what persistence, what earnestness and effort of the whole nature, go to make up the ideal of prayer, and may well blush for the miserable indifference and torpor of what we venture to call our prayers.—*Alex. Maclaren.*

Wednesday, 28th. Gen. xxxiii. 1-11.

That midnight wrestle . . . . made an epoch in Jacob's life. It was the moment in which he stepped up to a new level in his experience—the level of Israel the prince. But . . . . it is one thing to step up to a level like that; it is quite another to keep it. . . . . Jacob, alas! soon stepped down from that glorious level to which the Angel had lifted him. This descent is indicated by the retention, in the Sacred Record, of the name Jacob. We should have expected that it would have been replaced by the new title, Israel—as Abram was by Abraham; but it is not so. How could he be called Israel, when he had so soon reverted to the life of Jacob; and had gone back from the life of clinging, to the cringing, crafty, scheming life which he had been leading all too long? The time will come when Israel shall become his habitual designation,—but not yet, not yet. Our Heavenly Father is very tender with us; and if we do not learn His lessons at once, He will present them to us again and again—now in one form, then in another—until at last His ideal is accomplished in our characters and lives.—*F. B. Meyer.*

When the Angel at Peniel said: "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel," the obvious meaning was that from that time forward the man was to be known by the new name only. In similar cases the change of name, Abram to Abraham, Saul to Paul, Simon to Peter, the new name persisted and, at least with Abraham and Paul, the old one was never used again, but what do we find in the story of Jacob? This: that after Peniel the name "Jacob" occurs no less than forty-five times, while "Israel" appears only twenty-three times. And what is equally significant, the usage to which we are familiar is "Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," not "Abraham, Isaac, and Israel."

Why, then, did not the name "Jacob" disappear entirely and "Israel" take its place? Was it not because Jacob went back from the new position and privilege given him at Peniel? He did not continue true to that Divine revelation; he did not abide in the position and power of a "prince of God." . . . . Instead . . . . of Jacob meeting Esau "in the strength of that

meat" received by Peniel, we find him still actuated by fear. Leaving household and cattle as arranged the preceding day (xxxii. 7, 8) he makes a new disposition of his wives and children, placing them in such order than the best-loved are hindermost. Thus he prepares for the worst, still contemplating the possibility, not to say the probability, of Esau's vengeance. . . . . We cannot but feel that Jacob does not come quite worthily out of this meeting. After Peniel it does not read well. In the face of that guarantee of power and grace we are disappointed to read of further precautious, manifest fear, obvious fawning, and continued planning. Jacob has still to learn the lesson of absolute trust in his God.—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

Thursday, 29th. Gen. xxxiii. 12-16. (Cf. xxvii. 39, 40; Deut. ii. 12, 22.)

How splendidly Esau showed up on this occasion! Warmth, generosity, unselfishness, willingness to help, friendliness—all these features characterized him. Men of the world often put to shame the children of God in the manifestation of the practical virtues of life. Yet this ought not to be so.

Jacob met [Esau's] generous proposal in a very characteristic way, and thereby gave another revelation of himself. . . . . It was a polite though shrewd way of declining his brother's invitation. He was evidently still mindful of the diversity of their temperaments, and feared that if they were long together, some occasion of friction would arise, and again sever their friendly relations. There was, quite probably, real worldly wisdom in this attitude of Jacob. He had a keener insight into the facts of the case than his more superficial brother. Yet we would rather have seen a hearty response to the proposal and a more definite trust in God as to the consequences. And certainly we could have easily dispensed with the renewed obsequiousness that marked Jacob's language to Esau. It was surely unworthy of a brother to a brother, an equal to an equal—yea, rather a child of God to a man of the world. If a believer has to refuse a request to a non-Christian he should not be afraid to give the right reason for his refusal. Testimony to truth, if given in the right spirit and with a right motive, will never be allowed to do harm.—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

The best about Esau is "good nature," which is but nature after all, nature and not grace. As contemplated according to the higher requirements and demands which God makes on men, he is described by the apostle in a single word, but one full of significance—"a profane person"; one with no sanctuary in his soul, with little sense, or none, of the privileges so glorious and unique which were the inheritance of the elect family, and of himself as the center of that family, Divinely appointed to this honor. That the prerogatives of the first-born, slighted and despised by him, should pass to his younger brother, lay in the very nature and moral necessity of things. There were no fitnesses, no predispositions for this honor in him; rather the most marked unfitnesses for standing at the head of the great religious movement in which was wrapped up the whole future hope of the world.—*R. C. Trench.*

Esau . . . . disappears on his way to the wild mountains of Seir. In those wild mountains, in the red hills of Edom, in the caves and excavations to which the soft sandstone rocks so readily lend themselves, in the cliffs which afterward gave to the settlement the name of "Sela" or "Petra," lingered the ancient aboriginal tribe of the Horites or dwellers in the holes of the rock. These "the children of Esau succeeded," and "destroyed from before them, and dwelt in their stead." It was the rough rocky country described in their father's blessing: a savage dwelling, "away from the fatness of the earth, and the dew of heaven"; by the sword they were to live; a race of hunters among the mountains.—*A. P. Stanley.*

Friday, 30th. Gen. xxxiii. 17-20.

To reconcile Esau to the separation [Jacob] promised to come . . . . to Seir, where Esau had fixed his abode. Now I do not, for a single moment, believe that Jacob really meant to go to Seir; for as soon as he had seen the rear of Esau's retiring forces, he journeyed in the contrary direction to Succoth. All such subterfuge and lying were utterly unworthy of the man who had seen God's angels face to face.—*F. B. Meyer.*

We wonder what Esau must have thought when he found Jacob did not arrive. We wonder whether he discounted Jacob's references to God which he had made on their meeting together. What is the use of our pious verbal acknowledgment of God if we deny Him by our actions and give cause to the men of the world to reflect on our profession of religion and even to blaspheme it? How long will it be before we learn that orthodoxy of profession with unreality of conduct is the most deplorable combination of this world?

Jacob did not content himself with a temporary stay at Succoth. He "built him a house and made booths for his cattle." Hitherto he had lived the pilgrim life, as his father and grandfather before him; but now he seeks for something more perma-

nent, and builds a house. A tent was no longer sufficient for him. But it may be asked: Was this wrong? Not *per se,* perhaps, and yet pretty certainly wrong for him. There are many things not essentially sinful which become sinful under particular circumstances. Jacob had forgotten his vow at Beth-el (xxviii. 21), and by making Succoth so evidently his home he was showing himself to be on a very low spiritual level in his forgetfulness of the claim of God upon him. When God revealed Himself in Haran it was as the "God of Beth-el" (xxxi. 13), and the reminder at that time of the vow made by Jacob was evidence of the prominent and even predominant place Beth-el was intended to occupy in the subsequent life of the patriarch. He thus fails to rise to the full height of God's purpose. He had overlooked all this, and was settling down, at any rate for a time, in earthly ease and prosperity.—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

After all that had happened to Jacob, we should have expected him to make for Beth-el as rapidly as his unwieldly company could be moved forwards. But the pastures that had charmed the eye of his grandfather captivated Jacob as well. He bought land at Shechem, and appeared willing to settle there. The vows which he had uttered with such fervor when his future was precarious are apparently quite forgotten, or more probably neglected, now that danger seems past. To go to Beth-el involved the abandonment of admirable pastures, and the introduction of new religious views and habits into his family life.—*Marcus Dods.*

Jacob proceeded to erect an altar in this place. He thought to counteract his disobedience by consecration to God. He had no right to be there at all. Beth-el, not Shechem, was the place for the altar. . . . . Even the name of the altar—"God the God of Israel"—seems to indicate a low tone, in its reference to himself, especially as he was not living the life of "Israel," the prince of God. The sin lay in being "near the city," and indeed in being there at all. And the results, as we shall see, were disastrous, as they always are when people try to blend worldliness and Godliness, society and Christ, Mammon and God. The world always wins; religion always recedes. —*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

Saturday, 31st. Gen. xxxiv. (Cf. xlix. 5-7.)

The last chapter closed with the declaration of Jacob's staying at Shechem. This was undoubtedly a mistake. He should have gone direct to Beth-el. There is nothing more perilous than to stay anywhere short of the place to which God is calling, and our present chapter tells the story of a sad and tragic reaping from this halt. . . . . It is a startling revelation of how the fruits of a man's disobedience may be gathered in the history of his family. How often, alas, children have been harmed incalculably, because parents, while believing in God, had yet tarried at some Shechem of worldly advantage, instead of centering all the life around Beth-el and the altar!—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

The events related in this chapter could not have happened till Jacob had lived six or seven years in the neighborhood of Shechem.—*George Bush.*

How often do we see Christian parents . . . . in keen anguish of soul about the wildness, unsubduedness and worldliness of their children; and, all the while, they have mainly to blame themselves for not walking faithfully before God in reference to their family. Thus was it with Jacob. He was on low moral ground at Shechem; and, inasmuch as he lacked that refined sensibility which would have led him to detect the low ground, God, in very faithfulness, used his circumstances to chastise him.—*C. H. Mackintosh.*

In all the simplicity of truth [Moses] gives an unvarnished statement of atrocities which have reflected everlasting disgrace upon the memory of the founder of his line. Would an imposter have done this?—*George Bush.*

As a token of the Divine displeasure at this treachery and cruelty, [Simeon and Levi] were excluded from the subsequent blessing, sharing in this respect the fate of Reuben, the firstborn, who incurred the same punishment from a similar cause. Hence it was that the promise of the progenitor of the Messias devolved upon the fourth son, Judah. Moses, however, though himself a Levite, relates this enormity of Levi without a scruple—a sufficient proof that he wrote in the service of God and truth, and not for any selfish purpose or personal interest.—*C. G. Barth.*

The complaint of Jacob with which the chapter closes is utterly unworthy of a man of faith. It breathes a spirit of selfish fear from first to last. There is no word of jealousy for the honor of God, or of appreciation of the necessity for the purity of the chosen seed. It is wholly indicative of a cowardly fear for himself. The moment faith ceases to be the simple principle of life, self is enthroned, and instead of the calm courage, which is the result of obedient faith, there ensues the miserable fear of personal suffering.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*